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THE QUEEN'S CADET

And other Tales

By JAMES GRANT

AUTHOR OF

"THE ROMANCE OF WAR," "FIRST LOVE AND LAST LOVE,"

"THE WHITE COCKADE," ETC., ETC.

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

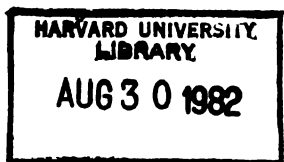
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THE QUEEN'S CADET.

" I HAVE been forced to believe in the existence and influence of an unseen world, of something which is described in that line of Dryden's,

" ' With silent steps I follow you all day.' "

" I have felt the influence of the spiritual and invisible on the senses, though I know nothing of the complications, the deceptions and alleged perils, forming a portion of that which is now termed spiritualism ; and which affirms that the unseen world cannot become manifest, save in obedience to certain occult laws which regulate the phenomena of nature."

What rigmarole was this ?

Could the speaker—this man with the melancholy tone and saddened eye—actually be the same handsome Jack Arkley, my old college

chum at Sandhurst, who was always rather sceptical even in religious matters, who was one of the merriest fellows there, who had been once nearly rusticated for breaking the lamps and dismounting the guns to spite the adjutant, but who, as a Queen's cadet, had more marks of excellence than any of us ; who was afterwards the beau-ideal of a fine young English officer—a prime bat and bowler, who pulled a good stroke oar, had such a firm seat in his saddle, and who was the best hand for organizing a picnic, a ball, or a scratch company, for amateur theatricals ; and who in the late expedition against the Looshais, had won the reputation of being a regular fire-eater—a fellow who would face the devil in his shirt sleeves !

Could the champagne of "the Rag" have affected him, thought I, as he continued earnestly and sadly, and while manipulating a cigar selected from the silver stand on the table :

"I have somewhere read that very few persons in this world have been unfortunate enough to have seen those things that are invisible to others."

"By Jove ! Do you mean a—ghost ?"

"Not exactly the vulgar ghost of the nursery," said he, his pale face colouring slightly.

"But we have all met with those who knew

some one else who had seen something weird, unearthly, unexplainable."

"Precisely ; but I shall speak from personal experience—so now for a little narrative of my own."

We had dined that evening at the club, where D—— of the Greys had given a few fellows a dinner, in honour of being gazetted to his troop, and to "wet" the new commission ; and though it seemed to me that, like the rest of us, Jack Arkley had done justice to all the good things set before him, from the soup to the coffee and curaçoa, he had been, during dinner, remarkably *triste* or abstracted, and took but little interest in the subjects discussed by the guests, who were mostly all upon short leave from Aldershot, and, the Spring drills being over, were thankful to exchange the white dust of the Long Valley, for the Row or Regent Street.

We were alone now, and lingering over some iced brandy-pawnee (as we called it in India) in the cool bay-window of his-room in Piccadilly, where it overlooked the pleasant Green Park and where the clock of Westminster was shining above the trees, like a red harvest moon. So I prepared to listen to him with more curiosity than belief, while he related the following singular

story, which he would never have ventured to relate to the circle of heedless fellows whom we had just left.

“My parents died when I was little more than an infant, leaving me to the care of two uncles, a maternal one, named Beverley, a man of considerable wealth, who in consequence of a quarrel with my father, whose marriage with his sister he resented, totally ignored my existence, and was ever a kind of myth to me ; the other a paternal one, a bachelor curate in North Wales, poor old Morgan Apreece Arkley, than whom there was no better or more kind-hearted man in all the principality.

“His means were most limited ; but to share the little he possessed he made me freely and tenderly welcome, all the more so that to two appeals he had made to the generosity of my Uncle Beverley, no response was ever returned—a cutting coldness and rudeness, bitterly resented by my hot-tempered but warm-hearted old Welsh kinsman.

“A career was necessarily chosen for me.

“The death of my father on duty at Benares, enabled me to be borne on the strength of the Military College at Sandhurst as one of the twenty Queen's cadets ; and to that seminary I

repaired, a few months after you did, when in my sixteenth year, leaving with sincere sorrow the lonely white-haired man who had been as a parent to me, and whose secluded parsonage by the margin of Llyn Ogwen, and under the shadow of Carneydd Davydd, had been the only home I could remember. There for years he had been my earnest and anxious tutor, mingling with the classics a store of quaint old Welsh legends and ancient songs, for he was an excellent and enthusiastic harper, and had come of a long line of harpers.

"Prior to this change in my life, I encountered an adventure which has had considerable influence in my after career.

"From childhood I had been familiar with the mountains that overhang Llyn Ogwen. I knew every track and rock and fissure of Carneydd Davydd, of 'the Black Ladders' of Carneydd Llewellyn, and the brows of the greater giant of the three, cloud-capped Snowdon. For miles upon miles among them I had been wont to wander with my gun, and at times to aid the shepherds in tracking out lost sheep or goats, by places where we looked down upon the gray mist and vapour that floated below us, and where the mountain peaks seemed to start out of it like

isles amid a sea. In the heart of such solitudes as these I found food for much reflective thought, and was wont to give full swing to my boyish fancies.

“Under every variety of season and weather I was wont to wander among these mountains; sometimes when their sides seemed to vibrate under the hot rays of a cloudless summer sun; at others when the glistening snow lay deep in the passes and valleys, or when height and hollow were alike shrouded in thick and impenetrable mist; but my favourite spot was ever Llyn Idwal, the wildest and most savage of all our Welsh lakes. It fills the crater of an ancient volcano, and is the traditional scene of the murder of Idwal, a prince of Wales, who was flung over its precipice—a place which for gloomy grandeur has no equal, as the bare rocks that start out of it, sheer as a wall, darken by their shadows its depth to the most intense blackness; and the peasants aver that no fish can swim in it, and no bird fly over it and live.

“Lying upon the mountain tops, amid the purple heather or the scented thyme-grass, I was wont to watch the distant waters of the Channel, stretching far away beyond the Puffin

Isle and Great Orme's Head, ever changing in hue as the masses of cloud skimmed over them; and from thence I followed, with eager eyes, the white sails of the ships, or the long smoky pennants of the steamers that were bound for—ah! where were they bound for?—and so, far from the solitary parsonage of the good old man who loved me so well, I was ungrateful enough to follow to distant isles and shores these vanishing specks, in the spirit.

“I see that you are impatient to know what all this preamble has to do with Sandhurst and the melancholy which now oppresses me; but nevertheless, I am fast coming to the matter—to ‘that keystone of the soul which must exist in every nature.’

“One day I was up a wild part of the mountains, far above Llyn Ogwen, a long and narrow sheet of water which occupies the whole pass between Braich-ddu and the shoulder of Carneydd Davydd. My sole companion was my dog Cidwm—in English, ‘Wolf’—which lay beside me on the sunny grass, when from one of my day-dreams I was suddenly roused by voices, and found three persons close beside me.

“Mounted on sturdy Welsh ponies, two of these were a gentleman in the prime of life, and

a very young lady, apparently his daughter, attended by David Lloyd, one of the guides for the district, who knew me well. He led the bridle of the girl's pony with one hand, and grasped his alpenstock with the other. This group paused near me, and some conversation ensued. Lloyd had evidently mistaken the path, and was loath to admit the fact, or to suggest that they should retrace their steps, and yet he knew enough of the mountains to be well aware that to advance would be to court danger. During the colloquy that ensued between him and his employer, a haughty and imperious-looking man, I was earnestly gazing in the half-averted face of the girl, who was watching an eagle in full flight.

“She was marvellously beautiful. Her features—save in profile—were perhaps far from correct, yet there was a divine delicacy, a charming purity of complexion, and brightness of expression over them all ; and her minute face seemed to nestle amid the masses of her fair rippling hair. She turned towards me, and her eyes met mine. They were dark violet blue, and shaded by brown lashes, so long that they imparted much of softness to their dove-like expression, and she smiled, for no doubt the little maid saw that

there was something of unequivocal admiration to be read in my ardent gaze ; and so absorbed was I, that, for a few seconds, I was not aware that the guide was addressing me, and inquiring how far the path was traversable in this particular direction. Ere I could reply,

“‘How should this mere lad know, if *you* don't?’ asked the male tourist, haughtily and sharply.

“‘Few here can know better, sir,’ replied Lloyd. ‘I have seen him climb where the eagles alone can go.’

“‘Shall we proceed, then?’ he asked me, sharply.

“‘I think not, sir,’ said I ; ‘Moel Hebog was covered with mist this morning, and——’

“‘But Moel Hebog is clear enough now,’ said David Lloyd, with irritation—the mountain so named being deemed an unerring barometer, as regards the chances of mist upon its greater brethren—‘so I think we may proceed,’ he added, touching his hat to his employer. ‘I don't require, sir, to be taught my trade by a mere lad, a gentleman thof you be, Master Arkley.’

“‘*Arkley!*’ repeated the stranger, starting and eyeing me keenly, and yet with a lowering expression of face.

"I warned them of the danger of farther progression, but the avaricious guide derided me; and I heard his employer, as they passed on, asking him some questions, amid which—but it might be fancy—I thought my own name occurred. I gazed after them with interest, and with much of anxiety, for their path was perilous, and the sweet soft beauty of the girl had impressed me deeply; and, as she disappeared, with all her wealth of golden hair, the brightness seemed to have departed from the mountain side.

"What was the magic this creature, whom I had only seen for a few minutes, possessed for me? She was scarcely a woman, yet past childhood; and her features remained as distinctly impressed upon my memory as if they were before me still. Do not infer from this strange interest that 'love at first sight,' as the novels used to have it, was an ingredient of this emotion. No; it was something deeper—a subtle magnetism—something that I know not how to define or to express; and with a repining sigh, I thought of my lonely life, and longed to go forth on the career that awaited me beyond those green mountains that were bounded by the sea.

"Had I ever seen that fair little face before,

or dreamed of it by night or by day, that already it seemed to haunt me so ?

“The little group had not disappeared above five minutes, when a sound like a cry was borne past me on the mountain breeze. I started up, my heart beating wildly ; and with undefined apprehension, hastened in the direction of the sound, while Wolf careered in front of me. There now came the sound of hoofs, and with bridle trailing, saddle reversed, and nostrils distended, the pony on which I had so recently seen the young girl, came tearing over the crest of the hill, and galloped madly past me towards Llyn Idwal.

“Quicker beat my heart, and my breath came thick and fast. Something dreadful had taken place ! True to his instincts as ever was the faithful Gelert of the Welsh tradition, Wolf sped in haste to the edge of what I knew to be a frightful ravine. There the hoof marks were fresh in the turf, the edge of which was broken ; the grass too, was crushed and torn, as if something had fallen over it. The dog now paused, lifted up his nose, and howled ominously. I peered over ; and far down below, on a ledge of green turf, but perilously overhanging a chasm in the mountain side, lay that which

appeared at first to be a mere bundle of clothes, but which I knew to be the little maiden dead—doubtlessly dead—and a wail of sorrow escaped me.

“ Her father and the guide had disappeared.

“ Partly sliding, partly descending as if by a natural ladder, finding footing and grasp where many might have found neither, mechanically, and as one in a dream, I reached her in about ten minutes ; and, as I had a naturally boyish dread of facing death, with joy I saw her move, and then took her in my arms tenderly and caressingly ; while she opened her eyes and sighed deeply, for the fall had stunned and shaken her severely. Otherwise she was, happily, uninjured ; but I had reached her just in time, for, if left to herself, she must have tottered and fallen into the terrible profundity below.

“ ‘ Papa ! oh, where is my papa ? I was thrown suddenly from my pony—a bird scared it—and remember no more ; ’ then a passion of tears and terror came over her, with the consciousness of the peril she had escaped and that which still menaced her, for to ascend was quite impracticable, and to descend seemed nearly equally so. Above us the mountain side seemed to rise like a wall of rock ; on the other hand, at the bottom

of the ravine, where the shadows of evening were dark and blue, though sunset still tipped Snowdon's peaks with fire, and clouds of crimson and gold were floating above us, I could see a rivulet, a tributary of the Ogwen, glittering like a silver thread far down, perhaps a thousand feet below.

"'Courage,' said I, while for a time my heart died within me; 'I shall soon conduct you to a place of safety.'

"'But papa, he will die of fright. Where is my papa?' she exclaimed, piteously.

"'Gone round some other way,' I suggested. And subsequently this proved to be the case. Placing an arm round her for aid, we now began to descend, but slowly, the face of the hill, which was there so steep and shelved so abruptly, that to lose one step might have precipitated us to the bottom with a speed that would have insured destruction. From rock to rock, from bush to bush, and from cleft to cleft, I guided and often lifted her, sometimes with her eyes closed; and gazed the while with boyish rapture on the beautiful girl, as her head drooped upon my shoulder. She had lost her hat, and the unbound masses of her golden hair, blown by the wind, came in silken ripples across my face; and delight, mingled with alarm, bewildered me.

"Till that hour no sorrow could have affected a spirit so pure as hers ; and certainly love could not have agitated it—she was so young. But when we drew nearer the base of the hill, and reached a place of perfect safety, the soft colour came back to her face, and the enchantment of her smile was as indescribable as the clear violet blue of her eye, which filled with wonder and terror as she gazed upward to the giddy verge from which she had partly fallen ; and then a little shudder came over her.

"With a boy's ready ardour, I was already beginning to dream of being beloved by her, when excited voices came on the wind ; and round an angle of the ravine into which we had descended came Lloyd, the guide, several peasants, and her father, who had partially witnessed our progress, and whose joy in finding her alive and well, when he might have found her dashed perhaps out of the very semblance of humanity, was too great for words. The poor man wept like a very woman, as he embraced her again and again, and muttered in broken accents his gratitude to me, and praise of my courage. Suddenly he exclaimed to the guide,

" ' You said his name was—Arkley, I think ? ' "

" ' Yes, sir,' replied Lloyd.

“ ‘John Beverley Arkley, nephew of the curate at the foot of the mountain yonder!’ he added, turning to me.”

“ ‘The same, sir.’

“ ‘Good heavens! I am your Uncle Beverley!’ said he, colouring deeply, and taking my hand again in his. ‘The girl you have saved is your own cousin—my darling Eve. I owe you some reparation for past neglect, so come with me to the parsonage at once.’

“ ‘Here was a discovery that quite took away my breath. So this dazzling little Hebe was my cousin! How fondly I cherished and thought over this mysterious tie of blood—near almost as a sister, and yet no sister. It was very sweet to ponder over and to nurse the thoughts of affection, and all that yet might be.

“ ‘What a happy, happy night was that in the ancient parsonage! The good old curate forgave Uncle Beverley all the short-comings in the years that were past, and seemed never to weary of caressing the wonderful hair and the tiny hands of Evelyn Beverley, for such was her name, though familiarly known as Eve.

“ ‘It is quite a romance, this,’ said kind Uncle Arkley to his brother-in-law; ‘the young folks will be falling in love!’

"Eve grew quite pale, and cast down her eyes ; while I blushed furiously.

"‘Stuff!’ said Uncle Beverley, somewhat sharply. ‘She has barely cut her primers and pinafores, and Jack has Sandhurst before him yet.’

"He presented me with his gold repeater, and departed by the first convenient train, taking my newly-discovered relation with him. I had a warm invitation to visit them for a few weeks before entering at Sandhurst ; and, to add to my joy and impatience, I found that Beverley Lodge was in Berkshire, and within a mile of the College : and so, but for the presence of the golden gift, and the memory of a kind and grateful kiss from a beautiful lip—a kiss that made every nerve thrill—I might have imagined that the whole adventure on the slopes of Carneydd Davydd was but a dream.

"Naturally avaricious, cold, and hard in heart, Mr. Beverley had warmed to me for a time, but a time only ; yet I revered and almost loved him. He was the only brother of my dead mother, whom I had never known. *She*—this golden-haired girl—was of her blood, and had her name ; so my whole soul clung to her with an amount of youthful ardour, such as I cannot

portray to you—for I was always much of an enthusiast—and I was again alone, to indulge in the old tenor of my ways amid the voiceless mountain solitudes.

“Again and again in my lonely wanderings had my mind been full of vague longings and boyish aspirations after glory, pleasure, and love: and now the memory of Eve’s minute and perfect face—so pure and English in its beauty—by its reality filled up all that had been a blank before; and I was ever in fancied communion with her, while lying on the hill-slopes and looking to the sea that sparkled at the far horizon, into the black ravines through which the mountain brooks went foaming to the rocky shore, or where our deep Welsh *llyn*s were gleaming in the sunshine like gold and turquoise blue—amid the monotony of the silent woods; and so the time passed on, and the day came when I was to start for Beverley Lodge, and thence to Sandhurst; while love and ambition rendered me selfishly oblivious of poor old Uncle Morgan, and the fervent wishes and blessings with which he followed my departing steps.

“A month’s visit to Beverley Lodge, amid the fertility of Berkshire, many a ride and ramble in the Vale of the White Horse, many an hour

spent by us together in the shady woods, the luxurious garden, in the beautiful conservatory, and in the deep leafy lanes where we wandered at will, confirmed the love my cousin and I bore each other. A boy and a girl, it came easily about ; while many were our regrets and much was our marvelling that we had not known each other earlier.

"No two men make a declaration of love, perhaps, in precisely the same way, though it all comes to the same thing in the end ; but it might be interesting to know in what precise terms, and having so little choice, Father Adam declared his passion for Mother Eve, and in what fashion she responded.

"I know not now how my love for *my* little Eve was expressed ; but told it was, and I departed for college the happiest student there, every hour I could spare from study and drill being spent in or about Beverley Lodge.

"With an income of forty pounds per annum till gazetted, I almost thought myself rich ; and I had three years before me—it seemed an eternity of joy—to look forward to. At Sandhurst I was, as you know, entered as a Queen's cadet *free*, and a candidate for the infantry. I had thus to master algebra, the three first books of Euclid,

French, German, and 'Higher Fortification ;' but in the pages of Straith, amid the ravelins of Vauban and the casemates of Coehorn, I seemed to see only the name and the tender eyes of Eve. The daily drills, in which I was at first an enthusiast, became dull and prosaic, and hourly I made terrible mistakes, for Eve's voice was ever in my ear, and her delicate beauty haunted me ; for wondrously delicate it became, as consumption—which she fatally inherited from her mother—shed over it a medium that was alike soft and alluring.

"Since then I have met girls of all kinds everywhere. Though only a sub, I have been dressed for, played for, sung for ; but never have I had the delight of those remembered days that were passed with Eve Beverley in our dream of cousinly love ; however, a rude waking was at hand !

"When she was eighteen, and I a year older, she told me one day that her father had been insisting upon her marrying an old friend of his, a retired Sudder judge, who had proposed in form ; but she had laughed at the idea.

"'Absurd ! It is so funny of papa to have a husband ready cut and dry for me ; is it not, Jack ?' said she.

"I did not think so ; but my heart beat painfully as I leaned caressingly over her, and played with her beautiful hair.

" 'I don't thank him for selecting a husband for me, Jack, dear,' she continued, pouting ; 'do you ?' "

" 'Certainly not, Eve.'

" 'But I must prepare my mind for the awful event,' said she, looking up at me with a bright, waggish smile.

"The time was fast approaching, however, when neither of us could see anything 'funny' in the prospect ; for 'the awful event' became alarmingly palpable, when one day she met me with tears, and threw herself on my breast, saying :

" 'Save me, dearest Jack—save me !'

" 'From whom ?'

" 'Papa and his odious old Sudder judge, Jack, love. You know that I must marry you, and you only !'

" 'The devil he does !' said a voice, sharply ; and there, grim as Ajax, stood Uncle Beverley, with hands clenched and brows knit. 'My sister married his father, a beggar, with only his pay ; and now, minx, you dare to love their son, by heavens, with *no* pay at all ! Leave this house,

sir—begone instantly !’ he added, furiously, to me. ‘I would rather that she had broken her neck on the mountains than treated me to a scene like this.’

“The gates of Beverley Lodge closed behind me, and our dream was over.

“Half my life seemed to have left me. After three years of such delightful intercourse I could not adopt the conviction that I should never see her again ; and in a very unenviable state of mind I entered the college, where you may remember meeting me under the Doric portico, and saying :

“‘What’s up, Jack ? But let me congratulate you.’

“‘On what ?’ I asked sulkily.

“‘Your appointment to the Buffs. The *Gazette* has just come from town. They are stationed at Jubbulpore.’

“And so it proved that the very day I lost her saw me in the service, with India, and a far and final separation before us. Necessity compelled us to prepare for an almost instant departure ; short leave was given me by the adjutant-general ; and I had to join the Candahar transport going with drafts from Chatham for the East, on a certain day.

“Rumours reached me of Eve being seriously ill. She was secluded from me, and there was every chance that I should see her no more. A letter came from her imploring me to meet her for the last time at a spot known to us both—a green lane that led to a churchyard stile—the scene of many a tender tryst and blissful hour, as it was a place where overhanging trees, with the golden apple, the purple damson, and the plum, formed a very bower, and where few or none ever came, save on Sunday ; and there we met for the last time !

“There once again her head lay on my shoulder, my circling arm was round her, and her hot, tremulous hand was clasped in mine. I was shocked by the change I perceived in her. Painful was her pallor to look upon ; there were circles dark as her lashes under her sad, melancholy eyes ; her nostrils and lips were unnaturally pink ; she had a short, dry cough ; and blood appeared more than once upon her handkerchief.

“Consumption on one hand, and parental tyranny on the other, were fast doing their fatal work.

“Her father was pitiless and inexorable—wonderfully, infamously so, as he was so rich that,

where money was no object, and as she was his only child, and one so tender, and so fragile. His studied system of deliberate 'worry' had wrung a consent from her; she was to marry the old judge; and in more ways than one I felt that too surely I was losing her for ever. She could not go out with me. I felt desperate, and in silence folded her again and again to my breast. At last the ting-tong of the old church clock announced the hour when we must part, never to meet again, and the fatal sound struck us like a shock of electricity.

"'Jack, my dearest—my dearest,' she whispered wildly; 'I don't think I shall live very long now. I may—nay, I must, die very soon; but the spirit is imperishable, and I shall always be with you, wherever you may be, wherever you may go, hovering near you, I hope, *like a guardian angel!*'

"Her words struck me as strange and wild; I did not attach much importance to them then, but they have had a strange and terrible significance since.

"'Would you welcome me?' she asked, with a mournful smile.

"'Dead or living shall I welcome you!' I replied, with mournful ardour.

“ ‘Then kiss me once again, dear Jack ; and now we part—in this world, at least !’

“ Another wild, passionate embrace, and all was over. In a minute later I was galloping far from the villa to reach the railway. I saw her beloved face no more ; but voice and face, eye and kiss, were all with me still. Would a time ever come when I might forgot them ?

“ Adverse winds detained us long in the Channel, but we cleared it at last ; and the last *Times* that came on board announced the marriage of this unhappy girl.

“ Six months subsequent found me in cantonments at Neemuch, with a small detachment of ours, and in hourly expectation of the mutiny which had broken out at Meerut and Delhi, with such horrors, being imitated there, though we had sworn the sepoys to be ‘true to their salt,’ the Mahometans on the Koran, the Hindoos on the waters of the Ganges, and the other darkies on whatever was most sacred to them ; and if they revolted, all Europeans were to seek instant shelter in the fort.

“ It was the night of *the 3rd June*—one of the loveliest I ever saw in India—the moonlight was radiant as midday, and not a cloud was visible throughout the blue expanse of heaven.

I was lying in my bungalow, with sword and revolver beside me, as we could not count upon the events of an hour, for all Hindostan seemed to be going to chaos in blood and outrage.

“The cantonment ghurries had clanged midnight ; my eyes were closing heavily ; and when just about to sleep I thought that my name was uttered by some one near me, very softly, very tenderly, and with an accent that thrilled my heart's core. Starting, I looked up, and there—oh, my God !—there, in the slanting light of the moon, like a glorified spirit, with a brightness all about her, was the figure of Eve Beverley bending over me, with all her golden hair unbound, and a garment like a shroud or robe about her.

“Entranced, enchained by love as much as by mortal terror, I could not move or speak, while nearer she bent to kiss my brow ; but I felt not the pressure of her lips, though reading in her starry, violet eyes a divine intensity of expression—a mournful, unspeakable tenderness, when, pointing in the direction of *the fort*, she disappeared.

“‘It is a dread—a dreadful dream!’ said I, starting to my feet preternaturally awake, to hear the sound of artillery, the rattle of mus-

ketry, the yells of 'Deen ! deen !' and the shrieks of those who were perishing ; for the mutineers had risen, and the 1st Cavalry, the 72nd N. I., and Walker's artillery, had commenced the work of massacre. I rushed forth, and at the moment I left my bungalow on one side it was set in flames and fired through from the other. I fled to the fort, which, thanks to my dream—for such I supposed it to be—I reached in safety, while many perished, for all the station was sheeted now with flame.

"Once again I had that dream, so wild and strange, when a deadly peril threatened me. I was hiding in the jungle, alone and in great misery, near Jehaz-ghur, a fugitive. The time was noon, and I had dropped asleep under the deep, cool shadow of a thicket, when that weird vision of Eve came before me, soft and sad, tender and intense, with her loving eyes and flowing hair, as, with hands outstretched, she beckoned me to follow her. A cry escaped me, and I awoke.

" 'Was my Eve indeed dead ?' I asked of myself ; 'and was it her intellectual spirit, her pure essence, that imperishable something engendered in us all from a higher source, that followed me as a guardian angel ?' I remem-

bered her parting words. The idea suggested was sadly sweet and terrible ; and so, as a sense of her perpetual presence as a *spirit-wife* hovered at all times about me, controlling all my actions, rendered me unfit for society, till at Calcutta, a crisis was put to all this.

"With some of the 72nd, and other Europeans who had escaped from Neemuch, or had 'distinguished themselves,' as the 'Hurkaru' had it, I once went to be photographed at the famous studio near the corner of the Strand. I sat, in succession, alone and in a group, after being posed in the usual fashion, with an iron hoop at the nape of my neck. On examining the first negative, an expression of perplexity and astonishment came over the face of the artist.

"'Strange, sir,' said he; 'most unaccountable!'

"'What is strange; what is unaccountable?' asked several.

"'Another figure that is *not* in the room appears at Captain Arkley's back—a woman, by Jove!' he replied, placing the glass over a piece of black velvet; and there—there—oh, there could be no doubt of it—was faintly indicated the outline of one whose face and form had been but too vividly impressed on my heart

and brain, bending sorrowfully over me, with her soft, bright eyes and wealth of long bright hair.

"From my hand the glass fell on the floor, and was shivered to atoms. A similar figure hovering near me, was visible among the pictured group of officers, but faded out. I refused to sit again, and quitted the studio in utter confusion, and with nerves dreadfully shaken, though my comrades averred that a trick had been played upon me. If so, how was the figure that of my dream—that of my lost love—who, a letter soon after informed me, had burst a blood-vessel, and expired on *the night of the 3rd June*, with my name on her lips?"

Such was the story of Jack Arkley. Whether it was false or true, in this age of spiritualism and many other *isms* of mediums with the world unseen, and in which Enemoser has ventilated his theory of polarity, I pretend not to say, and leave others to determine. He became a moody monomaniac. I rejoined my regiment, and from that time never saw my old chum again. The last that I heard of him was, that he had quitted the service, and died a Passionist Father, in one of the many new monastic institutions that exist in the great metropolis.

THE SPECTRE HAND.

Do the dead ever revisit this earth ?

On this subject even the ponderous and unsentimental Dr. Johnson was of opinion that to maintain they did not was to oppose the concurrent and unvarying testimony of all ages and nations, as there was no people so barbarous, and none so civilized, but among whom apparitions of the dead were related and believed in. "That which is doubted by single cavillers," he adds, "can very little weaken the general evidence, and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their *fears*."

In the August of last year I found myself with three friends, when on a northern tour, at the Hôtel de Scandinavie, in the long and handsome Carl Johan Gade of Christiania. A single day, or little more, had sufficed us to "do" all the

lions of the little Norwegian capital—the royal palace, a stately white building, guarded by slouching Norsk rifle-men in long coats, with wide-awakes and green plumes ; the great brick edifice wherein the Storting is held, and where the red lion appears on everything, from the king's throne to the hall-porter's coal-scuttle ; the castle of Aggerhuis and its petty armoury, with a single suit of mail, and the long muskets of the Scots who fell at Rhomsdhal ; after which there is nothing more to be seen ; and when the little Tivoli gardens close at ten, all Christiania goes to sleep till dawn next morning.

English carriages being perfectly useless in Norway, we had ordered four of the native carriages for our departure, as we were resolved to start for the wild mountainous district named the Dovrefeld, when a delay in the arrival of certain letters compelled me to remain two days behind my companions, who promised to await me at Rodnaes, near the head of the magnificent Ransfjord ; and this partial separation, with the subsequent circumstance of having to travel alone through districts that were totally strange to me, with but a very slight knowledge of the language, were the means of bringing to my knowledge the story I am about to relate.

The table d'hôte is over by two o'clock in the fashionable hotels of Christiania, so about four in the afternoon I quitted the city, the streets and architecture of which resemble portions of Tottenham Court Road, with stray bits of old Chester. In my carriage, a comfortable kind of gig, were my portmanteau and gun-case; these, with my whole person, and indeed the body of the vehicle itself, being covered by one of those huge tarpaulin cloaks furnished by the carriage company in the Store Standgade.

Though the rain was beginning to fall with a force and density peculiarly Norse when I left behind me the red-tiled city with all its green coppered spires, I could not but be struck by the bold beauty of the scenery, as the strong little horse at a rasping pace tore the light carriage along the rough mountain road, which was bordered by natural forests of dark and solemn-looking pines, interspersed with graceful silver birches, the greenness of the foliage contrasting powerfully with the blue of the narrow fiords that opened on every hand, and with the colours in which the toy-like country houses were painted, their timber walls being always snowy white, and their shingle roofs a flaming red. Even some of the village spires wore the same sanguinary hue,

presenting thus a singular feature in the landscape.

The rain increased to an unpleasant degree ; the afternoon seemed to darken into evening, and the evening into night sooner than usual, while dense masses of vapour came rolling down the steep sides of the wooded hills, over which the sombre firs spread everywhere and up every vista that opened, like a sea of cones ; and as the houses became fewer and farther apart, and not a single wanderer was abroad, and I had but the pocket-map of my " John Murray " to guide me, I soon became convinced that instead of pursuing the route to Rodnaes I was somewhere on the banks of the Tyri-fiord, at least three Norwegian miles (*i.e.* twenty-one English) in the opposite direction, my little horse worn out, the rain still falling in a continual torrent, night already at hand, and mountain scenery of the most tremendous character everywhere around me. I was in an almost circular valley (encompassed by a chain of hills), which opened before me, after leaving a deep chasm that the road enters, near a place which I afterwards learned bears the name of Krogkleven.

Owing to the steepness of the road, and some decay in the harness of my hired carriage, the

traces parted, and then I found myself, with the now useless horse and vehicle, far from any house, homestead, or village where I could have the damage repaired or procure shelter, the rain still pouring like a sheet of water, the thick, shaggy, and impenetrable woods of Norwegian pine towering all about me, their shadows rendered all the darker by the unusual gloom of the night.

To remain quietly in the carriage was unsuitable to a temperament so impatient as mine ; I drew it aside from the road, spread the tarpaulin over my small stock of baggage and the gun-case, haltered the pony to it, and set forth on foot, stiff, sore, and weary, in search of succour ; and, though armed only with a Norwegian tolknife, having no fear of thieves or of molestation.

Following the road on foot in the face of the blinding rain, a Scotch plaid and oilskin my sole protection now, I perceived ere long a side gate and little avenue, which indicated my vicinity to some place of abode. After proceeding about three hundred yards or so, the wood became more open, a light appeared before me, and I found it to proceed from a window on the ground floor of a little two-storeyed mansion, built entirely of wood. The sash, which was divided in

the middle, was unbolted, and stood partially and most invitingly open; and knowing how hospitable the Norwegians are, without troubling myself to look for the entrance door, I stepped over the low sill into the room (which was tenantless), and looked about for a bell-pull, forgetting that in that country, where there are no mantelpieces, it is generally to be found behind the door.

The floor was, of course, bare, and painted brown; a high German stove, like a black iron pillar, stood in one corner on a stone block; the door, which evidently communicated with some other apartment, was constructed to open in the middle, with one of the quaint lever handles peculiar to the country. The furniture was all of plain Norwegian pine, highly varnished; a reindeer skin spread on the floor, and another over an easy-chair, were the only luxuries; and on the table lay the *Illustreret Tidende*, the *Aftenblat*, and other papers of that morning, with a meerschau and pouch of tobacco, all serving to show that some one had recently quitted the room.

I had just taken in all these details by a glance, when there entered a tall thin man of gentlemanly appearance, clad in a rough tweed

suit, with a scarlet shirt, open at the throat, a simple but *déagé* style of costume, which he seemed to wear with a natural grace, for it is not every man who can dress thus and still retain an air of distinction. Pausing, he looked at me with some surprise and inquiringly, as I began my apologies and explanation in German.

"Taler de Dansk-Norsk," said he, curtly.

"I cannot speak either with fluency, but——"

"You are welcome, however, and I shall assist you in the prosecution of your journey. Meantime, here is cognac. I am an old soldier, and know the comforts of a full canteen, and of the Indian weed too, in a wet bivouac. There is a pipe at your service."

I thanked him, and (while he gave directions to his servants to go after the carriage and horse) proceeded to observe him more closely, for something in his voice and eye interested me deeply.

There was much of broken-hearted melancholy—something that indicated a hidden sorrow—in his features, which were handsome, and very slightly aquiline. His face was pale and care-worn; his hair and moustache, though plentiful, were perfectly white-blanced, yet he did not seem over forty years of age. His eyes were blue, but without softness, being strangely keen and

sad in expression, and times there were when a startled look, that savoured of fright, or pain, or insanity, or of all mingled, came suddenly into them. This unpleasant expression tended greatly to neutralize the symmetry of a face that otherwise was evidently a fine one. Suddenly a light seemed to spread over it, as I threw off some of my sodden mufflings, and he exclaimed—

“You speak Danskija, and English too, I know! Have you quite forgotten me, Herr Kaptain?” he added, grasping my hand with kindly energy. “Don’t you remember Carl Holberg of the Danish Guards?”

The voice was the same as that of the once happy, lively, and jolly young Danish officer, whose gaiety of temper and exuberance of spirit made him seem a species of madcap, who was wont to give champagne suppers at the Klampenborg Gardens to great ladies of the court and to ballet girls of the Hof Theatre with equal liberality; to whom many a fair Danish girl had lost her heart, and who, it was said, had once the effrontery to commence a flirtation with one of the royal princesses when he was on guard at the Amalienborg Palace. But how was I to reconcile this change, the appearance of many years of premature age, that had come upon him?

"I remember you perfectly, Carl," said I, while we shook hands ; "yet it is so long since we met ; moreover—excuse me—but I knew not whether you were in the land of the living."

The strange expression, which I cannot define, came over his face as he said, with a low, sad tone—

"Times there are when I know not whether I am of the living or the dead. It is twenty years since our happy days—twenty years since I was wounded at the battle of Idstedt—and it seems as if 'twere twenty ages."

"Old friend, I am indeed glad to meet you again."

"Yes, old you may call me with truth," said he, with a sad weary smile as he passed his hand tremulously over his whitened locks, which I could remember being a rich auburn.

All reserve was at an end now, and we speedily recalled a score and more of past scenes of merriment and pleasure, enjoyed together—prior to the campaign of Holstein—in Copenhagen, that most delightful and gay of all the northern cities ; and, under the influence of memory, his now withered face seemed to brighten, and some of its former expression stole back again.

"Is this your fishing or shooting quarters, Carl?" I asked.

"Neither. It is my permanent abode."

"In this place, so rural—so solitary? Ah! you have become a Benedick—taken to love in a cottage, and so forth—yet I don't see any signs of——"

"Hush! for God's sake! You know not *who* hears us," he exclaimed, as terror came over his face; and he withdrew his hand from the table on which it was resting, with a nervous suddenness of action that was unaccountable, or as if hot iron had touched it.

"Why?—Can we not talk of such things?" asked I.

"Scarcely here—or anywhere to me," he said, incoherently. Then, fortifying himself with a stiff glass of cognac and foaming seltzer, he added: "You know that my engagement with my cousin Marie Louise Viborg was broken off—beautiful though she was, perhaps *is* still, for even twenty years could not destroy her loveliness of feature and brilliance of expression—but you never knew *why*?"

"I thought you behaved ill to her,—were mad, in fact."

A spasm came over his face. Again he

twitched his hand away as if a wasp had stung, or something unseen had touched it, as he said—

“She was very proud, imperious, and jealous.”

“She resented, of course, your openly wearing the opal ring which was thrown to you from the palace window by the princess——”

“The ring—the ring! Oh, do not speak of *that!*” said he, in a hollow tone. “Mad?—Yes, I was mad—and yet I am not, though I have undergone, and even *now* am undergoing, that which would break the heart of a Holger Danske! But you shall hear, if I can tell it with coherence and without interruption, the reason why I fled from society and the world—and for all these twenty miserable years have buried myself in this mountain solitude, where the forest overhangs the fiord, and where no woman’s face shall ever smile on mine!”

In short, after some reflection and many involuntary sighs—and being urged, when the determination to unbosom himself wavered—Carl Holberg related to me a little narrative so singular and wild, that but for the sad gravity—or intense solemnity of his manner—and the air of perfect conviction that his manner bore with it, I should have deemed him utterly—mad!

“Marie Louise and I were to be married, as

you remember, to cure me of all my frolics and expensive habits—the very day was fixed ; you were to be the groomsman, and had selected a suite of jewels for the bride in the Kongens Nytorre ; but the war that broke out in Schleswig-Holstein drew my battalion of the guards to the field, whither I went without much regret so far as my *fiancée* was concerned ; for, sooth to say, both of us were somewhat weary of our engagement, and were unsuited to each other : so we had not been without piques, coldnesses, and even quarrels, till keeping up appearances partook of boredom.

“ I was with General Krogh when that decisive battle was fought at Idstedt between our troops and the Germanizing Holsteiners under General Willisen. My battalion of the guards was detached from the right wing with orders to advance from Salbro on the Holstein rear, while the centre was to be attacked, pierced, and the batteries beyond it carried at the point of the bayonet, all of which was brilliantly done. But prior to that I was sent, with directions to extend my company in skirmishing order, among some thickets that covered a knoll which is crowned by a ruined edifice, part of an old monastery with a secluded burial-ground.

“Just prior to our opening fire the funeral of a lady of rank, apparently, passed us, and I drew my men aside, to make way for the open catafalque, on which lay the coffin covered with white flowers and silver coronets, while behind it were her female attendants, clad in black cloaks in the usual fashion, and carrying wreaths of white flowers and immortelles to lay upon the grave. Desiring these mourners to make all speed lest they might find themselves under a fire of cannon and musketry, my company opened, at six hundred yards, on the Holsteiners, who were coming on with great spirit. We skirmished with them for more than an hour, in the long clear twilight of the July evening, and gradually, but with considerable loss, were driving them through the thicket and over the knoll on which the ruins stand, when a half-spent bullet whistled through an opening in the mouldering wall and struck me on the back part of the head, just below my bearskin cap. A thousand stars seemed to flash around me, then darkness succeeded. I staggered and fell, believing myself mortally wounded; a pious invocation trembled on my lips, the roar of the red and distant battle passed away, and I became completely insensible.

“How long I lay thus I know not, but when I

imagined myself coming back to life and to the world I was in a handsome, but rather old-fashioned apartment, hung, one portion of it with tapestry and the other with rich drapery. A subdued light that came, I could not discover from where, filled it. On a buffet lay my sword and my brown bearskin cap of the Danish Guards. I had been borne from the field evidently, but when and to where? I was extended on a soft fauteuil or couch, and my uniform coat was open. Some one was kindly supporting my head—a woman dressed in white, like a bride; young and so lovely, that to attempt any description of her seems futile!

“She was like the fancy portraits one occasionally sees of beautiful girls, for she was divine, perfectly so, as some enthusiast’s dream, or painter’s happiest conception. A long respiration, induced by admiration, delight, and the pain of my wound escaped me. She was so exquisitely fair, delicate and pale, middle-sized and slight, yet charmingly round, with hands that were perfect, and marvellous golden hair that curled in rippling masses about her forehead and shoulders, and from amid which her *piquante* little face peeped forth as from a silken nest. Never have I forgotten that face, nor shall I be *permitted*

to do so, while life lasts at least," he added, with a strange contortion of feature, expressive of terror rather than ardour; "it is ever before my eyes, sleeping or waking, photographed in my heart and on my brain! I strove to rise, but she stilled, or stayed me, by a caressing gesture, as a mother would her child, while softly her bright beaming eyes smiled into mine, with more of tenderness, perhaps, than love; while in her whole air there was much of dignity and self-reliance.

" 'Where am I?' was my first question.

" 'With me,' she answered naively; 'is it not enough?'

" I kissed her hand, and said—

" 'The bullet, I remember, struck me down in a place of burial on the Salbro Road—strange!'

" 'Why strange?'

" 'As I am fond of rambling among graves when in my thoughtful moods.'

" 'Among graves—why?' she asked.

" 'They look so peaceful and quiet.'

" Was she laughing at my unwonted gravity, that so strange a light seemed to glitter in her eyes, on her teeth, and over all her lovely face? I kissed her hands again, and she left them in mine. Adoration began to fill my heart and

eyes, and he faintly murmured on my lips ; for the great beauty of the girl bewildered and intoxicated me ; and, perhaps, I was emboldened by past success in more than one love affair. She sought to withdraw her hand, saying—

“ ‘Look not thus ; I know how lightly you hold the love of one elsewhere.’

“ ‘Of my cousin Marie Louise ? Oh ! what of that ! I never, never loved till now !’ and, drawing a ring from her finger, I slipped my beautiful opal in its place.

“ ‘And you love me ?’ she whispered.

“ ‘Yes ; a thousand times, yes !’

“ ‘But you are a soldier—wounded, too. Ah ! if you should die before we meet again !’

“ ‘Or, if you should die ere then ?’ said I, laughingly.

“ ‘Die—I am already dead to the world—in loving you ; but, living or dead, our souls are as one, and——’

“ ‘Neither heaven nor the powers beneath shall separate us now !’ I exclaimed, as something of melodrama began to mingle with the genuineness of the sudden passion with which she had inspired me. She was so impulsive, so full of brightness and ardour, as compared to the cold, proud, and calm Marie Louise. I boldly encircled her

with my arms ; then her glorious eyes seemed to fill with the subtle light of love, while there was a strange magnetic thrill in her touch, and, more than all, in her kiss.

“ ‘ Carl, Carl ! ’ she sighed.

“ ‘ What ! You know my name ? — And yours ? ’

“ ‘ Thyra. But ask no more.’

“ There are but three words to express the emotion that possessed me—bewilderment, intoxication, madness. I showered kisses on her beautiful eyes, on her soft tresses, on her lips that met mine half way ; but this excess of joy, together with the pain of my wound, began to overpower me ; a sleep, a growing and drowsy torpor, against which I struggled in vain, stole over me. I remember clasping her firm little hand in mine, as if to save myself from sinking into oblivion, and then—no more—no more !

“ On again coming back to consciousness, I was alone. The sun was rising, but had not yet risen. The scenery, the thickets through which we had skirmished, rose dark as the deepest indigo against the amber-tinted eastern sky ; and the last light of the waning moon yet silvered the pools and marshes around the borders of the Langsö Lake, where now eight thousand men,

the slain of yesterday's battle, were lying stark and stiff. Moist with dew and blood, I propped myself on one elbow and looked around me, with such wonder that a sickness came over my heart. I was *again* in the cemetery where the bullet had struck me down ; a little gray owl was whooping and blinking in a recess of the crumbling wall. Was the drapery of the chamber but the ivy that rustled thereon?—for where the lighted buffet stood there was an old square tomb, whereon lay my sword and bearskin cap !

“ The last rays of the waning moonlight stole through the ruins on a new-made grave—the fancied *fauteuil* on which I lay—strewn with the flowers of yesterday, and at its head stood a temporary cross, hung with white garlands and wreaths of immortelles. Another ring was on my finger now ; but where was she, the donor ? Oh, what opium-dream, or what insanity was this ?

“ For a time I remained utterly bewildered by the vividness of my recent dream, for such I believed it to be. But if a dream, how came this strange ring, with a square emerald stone, upon my finger ? And *where* was mine ? Perplexed by these thoughts, and filled with wonder and regret that the beauty I had seen had no reality,

I picked my way over the ghostly *débris* of the battle-field, faint, feverish, and thirsty, till at the end of a long avenue of lindens I found shelter in a stately brick mansion, which I learned belonged to the Count of Idstedt, a noble, on whose hospitality—as he favoured the Holsteiners—I meant to intrude as little as possible.

“He received me, however, courteously and kindly. I found him in deep mourning: and on discovering, by chance, that I was the officer who had halted the line of skirmishers when the funeral *cortège* passed on the previous day, he thanked me with earnestness, adding, with a deep sigh, that it was the burial of his only daughter:

“‘Half my life seems to have gone with her—my lost darling! She was so sweet, Herr Kaptain—so gentle, and so surpassingly beautiful—my poor Thyra!’

“‘*Who* did you say?’ I exclaimed, in a voice that sounded strange and unnatural, while half-starting from the sofa on which I had cast myself, sick at-heart and faint from loss of blood.

“‘Thyra, my daughter, Herr Kaptain,’ replied the Count, too full of sorrow to remark my excitement; for this had been the quaint old Danish name uttered in my dream: ‘See, what a child I have lost!’ he added, as he drew back a curtain

which covered a full-length portrait, and, to my growing horror and astonishment, I beheld, arrayed in white even as I had seen her in my vision, the fair girl with the masses of golden hair, the beautiful eyes, and the *piquante* smile lighting up her features even on the canvas, and I was rooted to the spot.

“ ‘This ring, Herr Count?’ I gasped.

“He let the curtain fall from his hand, and now a terrible emotion seized him, as he almost tore the jewel from my finger.

“ ‘My daughter’s ring!’ he exclaimed. ‘It was buried with her yesterday—her grave has been violated—violated by your infamous troops.’

“As he spoke, a mist seemed to come over my sight; a giddiness made my senses reel, then a hand—the soft little hand of last night, with my opal ring on its third finger—came stealing into mine, unseen! More than that, a kiss from tremulous lips I could not see, was pressed on mine, as I sank backward and fainted! The remainder of my story must be briefly told.

“My soldiering was over; my nervous system was too much shattered for further military service. On my homeward way to join and be wedded to Marie Louise—a union with whom was intensely repugnant to me now—I pondered

deeply over the strange subversion of the laws of nature presented by my adventure ; or the madness, it might be, that had come upon me.

“On the day I presented myself to my intended bride, and approached to salute her, I felt a hand—the *same hand*—laid softly on mine. Starting and trembling I looked around me ; but saw nothing. The grasp was firm. I passed my other hand over it, and felt the slender fingers and the shapely wrist ; yet still I saw nothing, and Marie Louise gazed at my motions, my pallor, doubt, and terror, with calm but cool indignation.

“I was about to speak—to explain—to say I know not what, when a kiss from lips I could not see sealed mine, and with a cry like a scream I broke away from my friends and fled.

“All deemed me mad, and spoke with commiseration of my wounded head ; and when I went abroad in the streets men eyed me with curiosity, as one over whom some evil destiny hung—as one to whom something terrible had happened, and gloomy thoughts were wasting me to a shadow. My narrative may seem incredible ; but this attendant, unseen yet palpable, is ever by my side, and if under any impulse, such even as sudden pleasure in meeting you, I for a

moment forget it, the soft and gentle touch of a female hand reminds me of the past, and haunts me, for a guardian demon—if I may use such a term—rules my destiny : one lovely, perhaps, as an angel.

“ Life has no pleasures, but only terrors for me now. Sorrow, doubt, horror, and perpetual dread have sapped the roots of existence ; for a wild and clamorous fear of what the next moment may bring forth is ever in my heart, and when the touch comes my soul seems to die within me.

“ You know what haunts me now—God help me ! God help me ! You do not understand all this, you would say. Still less do I ; but in all the idle or extravagant stories I have read of ghosts—stories once my sport and ridicule, as the result of vulgar superstition or ignorance—the so-called supernatural visitor was visible to the eye, or heard by the ear ; but the ghost, the fiend, the invisible Thing that is ever by the side of Carl Holberg, is only sensible to the touch—it is the unseen but tangible substance of ‘ an apparition ! ’ ”

He had got thus far when he gasped, grew livid, and, passing his right hand over the left, about an inch above it, with trembling fingers, he said—

“ It is here—here now—even with you present, I feel her hand on mine ; the clasp is tight and tender, and she will never leave me, but with life !”

And then this once gay, strong, and gallant fellow, now the wreck of himself in body and in spirit, sank forward with his head between his knees, sobbing and faint.

Four months afterwards, when with my friends, I was shooting bears at Hammerfest, I read in tell Norwegian *Aftenposten*, that Carl Holberg had shot himself in bed, on Christmas Eve.

THE BOMBARDIER'S STORY.

“Some feel by instinct swift as light
The presence of the foe,
Whom God ordains in future time
To strike the fatal blow.” AYTOUN.

VERY few persons in this world are unlucky enough to see, or to have seen, a ghost ; but we nearly have all met with some one else who had seen something weird or unearthly. And now for a little story of my own, by which you will find that, in my time, I have more than once encountered a ghost, or that which, perhaps, was *worse* than any ghost could be.

In the Christmas before the battle of the Alma, I, Bob Twyford, was a young bombardier of the Royal Artillery, a “G. C. R.” (good conduct ring) man, mighty proud of that, and of my

uniform, with its yellow lace and rows of brass buttons, with the motto "*Ubique quo fas et gloria ducunt*," and so forth, when I went home on a month's furlough, to see old mother and all my friends at our little village in the Weald of Kent.

I was proud too, to show them that, by the single chevron of bombardier, my foot was firmly planted on the first step of the long ladder of promotion ; happy, too, that there was one in particular to show it to—my cousin, little Bessie Leybourne—though she was a big Bessie now—my sweetheart, and my wife that was to be, if good promotion came, or if I bought my discharge, and took to business with some money we expected—money that was long, long in coming.

More than once, in the beautiful season of autumn, had Bessie Leybourne been the queen of the hop-pickers, and then I thought that she looked bright and beautiful as a fairy, when the crown of flowers was placed on her sunny brown hair, and her deep blue eyes were beaming with pleasure and gratified vanity.

I had a dream about Bessie on the night before—a dream that made me uncomfortable, and gave me much cause for thought ; and so

a vague presentiment of coming evil clouded the joy of my returning home.

I had seen Bessy in her beauty and her bravery as the hop queen ; but she was calling on me to protect her—for she was struggling to free herself from the embraces and the blandishments of a handsome and *blasé*-looking man, whose costume and bearing were alike fashionable and distinguished. Close by them, looking on evidently with amusement, was his friend, a hook-nosed, grim, and sombre-looking fellow, with a black moustache, and malevolent eyes, who held me back as with a grasp of iron, while uttering a strange, chuckling laugh, the sound of which awoke me. But the faces of those men made a vivid and painful impression upon me ; for the whole vision seemed so distinct and real, that I believed I should recognize them anywhere.

I spoke to Tom Inches, our Scotch pay-sergeant, about it, and he, being a great believer in dreams, assured me that it was ominous of some evil that would certainly happen to Bessie or to me, or to us both.

"For you must know, Bob," he continued, "that in sleep the soul seems to issue from the body, and to attain the power of looking into the future ; for time or place, distance or space, form

no obstruction then ; so the untrammelled spirit of the dreamer may see the future as well as the past, and know that which is to happen as well as that which has happened."

The Scotchman's words had a solemnity about them that rendered me still more uneasy ; but I strove to shake off care, and already saw in anticipation my mother's cottage among the woodlands of the Weald.

Every pace drew me nearer home, and I trod gaily on, with my knapsack on my back, and only a crown piece in my pocket. My purse was light ; but, save for that ugly dream, my heart was lighter still, as I thought of Bessie Leybourne.

I had left the railway station some miles behind. It was Christmas Eve. The Weald of Kent spread before me ; not as I had seen it last in its summer greenness, but covered deep with snow, over which the sun, as he set, shed a purple flush, that deepened in the shade to blue, and made the icicles on every hedge and tree glitter with a thousand prismatic colours.

Red lights were beginning to twinkle through the leafless copses, from cottage windows, and heavily the dun winter smoke was curling in the clear mid air, from many a house and homestead,

and from the clustered chimney stalks of the quaint and stately old rectory.

An emotion of bitterness came over me, on passing this edifice, with all its gables and lighted oriel windows.

I had no great love for the rector. When a boy I had found in our garden a pheasant, which he, the Rev. Dr. Raikes, had wounded by a shot. Pleased with the beauty of the bird, I made a household pet of it, till his keeper, hearing of the circumstance, had me arrested and stigmatized as a little poacher, the rector, as a magistrate, being the exponent of the law in the matter. So I quitted the parish and its petty tyrant, to become a gunner and driver in the artillery, where my good education soon proved of service to me.

For the sake of a miserable bird, the sporting rector had driven into the world a widow's only son. But how fared he in his own household?

Valentine Raikes, his only son, was breaking his proud and pampered heart by mad dissipation, by gambling, and every species of debauchery; by horse-racing, and by debts of honour, which had been paid thrice over, to save his commission in the hussars.

At last I stood by mother's cottage door.

The little dwelling was smothered among hops and ivy, and with these were blended roses and honeysuckle in summer. Now the icicles hung in rows under the thatched eaves, but a red and cheerful glow came through the lozenged panes of the deep-set little windows on the waste of snow without.

A moment I lingered by the gate, and in the garden plot, for my heart was very full, and it well-nigh failed me ; but there was a listener within who heard my step and knew it. And the next moment saw me in my mother's arms, and I felt like a boy again, as my happy tears mingled with hers, and it seemed as if this Christmas Eve was to be the Christmas Eve of past and jollier times.

"A merry Christmas, Bob, and a happy new year !"

The dear old woman's face was bright with joy ; yet I could detect many a wrinkle now where dimples once had been, and see that her hair was thinner and whiter, perhaps, as she passed her tremulous hand caressingly over my bronzed face as if to assure herself of my identity, and that I was really her "own boy Bob." Then she helped me off with my knapsack, and sat me in father's old leathern chair, by the side of

the glowing hearth, and potted about, getting me a hot cake, and a mug of spiced ale, muttering and laughing, and hovering about me the while.

"But, mother, dear," said I, looking round, "where is Bessie all this time? She got my letter, of course?"

"Bessie is across the meadows at the church, Bob?"

"On this cold night, mother!"

"Yes; helping Miss Raikes to decorate it for the service to-morrow."

"Miss Raikes!" said I, and a cloud came over me.

I had left head-quarters with only four crowns in my pocket. We soldiers are seldom overburdened with cash—for though England expects every man to do his duty, England likes it done cheap—and I had well-nigh starved myself on the road home that I might bring something with me for those I loved—some gay ribbons for Bessie, and a lace cap for my mother, who was so proud of her "Bombardier Bob," for so she always called me, heaven bless her!

"I hope she won't be long away, mother, for I've had such a dream——"

"Lor' bless me, Bob," said she, pausing as she

bustled about preparing supper, "a dream, have you—about what, or whom?"

"Bessie," said I, with a sigh, as I took the ribbons from my knapsack.

"Was it good or evil, Bob?"

"I can't say, mother," said I, with a sickly smile, as the solemn words of the Scotch pay-sergeant came back to my memory; "for an evil dream, say we, portends good, and a pleasant dream portends evil; they seem to go by contraries. Yet somehow, by the impression this dream made upon me, it seems almost prophetic."

"Don't 'ee say so, Bob, for though in the Old Testament we find many instances of prophetic dreaming, I don't believe in such things nowadays."

The darkness had set completely in now, and I saw that, although mother affected to make light of Bessie's protracted absence, she glanced uneasily, from time to time, through the window, and at the old Dutch clock that ticked in its corner, just as it used to tick when I was a boy, and rode on father's knee; for nothing here seemed changed, save that mother was older, and stooped a trifle more.

"Mother, dear," said I, starting up at last, "I

can't stand this delay, and Bessie must not come through the lanes alone ; so I shall just step down to the church and escort her home."

In another moment I was out in the snow. A few thick flakes were falling athwart the gloom. The decoration of the rectory church for the solemn services of the morrow was, I knew of old, always considered an important matter in our village, yet I could not help thinking that, as I had written to announce the very time of my return, Bessie might have been at home to welcome me. Instead of that, I had now to go in search of her ; and this was the Christmas meeting—the home-coming of which I had drawn so many happy and joyous pictures when alone, and in the silence of the night when far away, a sentiñel on a lonely post, or when tossing sleeplessly on the hard wooden guard-bed.

Mother was kind, loving, affectionate as ever, but Bessie, my betrothed, why was she absent at such a time ?

The sad presentiment of coming evil grew strong within me, and I thought, with bitterness, of how far I had marched afoot for days, and starved myself to buy her gewgaws, for I knew that pretty Bessie was not without vanity.

"Pshaw!" said I. "Be a man, Bob Twyford—be a man!" and, leaping the churchyard stile, I slowly crossed the burial ground.

There were lights in the church; and I heard the sound of merry voices, and even of laughter, ringing in its hollow, stony space.

Snow covered all the graves, and the headstones, which stood in close rows; a heavy mantle of snow loaded the roof of the church, and, tipping the carvings of its buttresses, brought them out from the mass of the building in strong white relief. Great icicles depended from the gargoyles of its tower and battlements, and the wind whistled drearily past, rustling the masses of ivy that grew over the old Saxon apse. The tracery of the windows, the sturdy old mullions and some heraldic blazons, with quaint and ghastly spiritual subjects in stained glass, could be discerned by the lights that were within.

I lifted my forage-cap in mute reverence as I passed one grave, for I knew my father lay there under a winding-sheet of snow, and a pace or two more brought me to the quaint little porch of the church, where I remained for a time looking in, and irresolute whether to advance or retire.

When my eyes became accustomed to the partial gloom within, I could see that the zig-zag Saxon mouldings and ornaments of the little chancel arch, the capitals of the shafts, the stairs of the pulpit, and the oaken canopy thereof, were all decorated with ivy sprigs and holly leaves, combined with artificial flowers, all with some meaning and taste, so as to bring out the architectural features of the quaint old edifice.

A portable flight of steps stood in the centre of the aisle, just under the chancel arch, which was low, broad, massive, of no great height, and formed a species of frame for a picture that sorely disconcerted me.

On the summit of that flight stood a lovely, laughing young lady, whose delicate white hands, a little reddened by the winter's frost, were wreathing scarlet holy-berries among the green leaves.

A little lower down was seated Bessie—my own Bessie—her blue eyes radiant with pleasure, her thick hair—half flaxen, half auburn—shining like golden threads in the light of the altar lamps, that fell on her beaming English face, so fresh, so fair, so charming. Her lap was full of ivy and holly twigs, which a gentleman who

hovered near, cigar in mouth, was cutting and tossing into that receptacle, amid much banter and badinage, that savoured strongly of familiarity, if not of flirtation.

Near them in the background loitered another, who was simply leaning against the pillar of the chancel arch, looking on with a strange smile, and sucking the ivory handle of his cane.

He laughed as he regarded them.

That laugh—where had I heard it before?

In my dream. And now the antitypes—the men of my dream—stood before me!

As yet unnoticed, I remained apart, and observed them; but not unseen, for the eyes of the dark man were instantly upon me, and the peculiarity of their expression rendered me uneasy.

He who hovered about Bessie was a fair-faced, *blasé*-looking young man, with sleepy blue eyes, a large jaw, a receding chin, and thick, red, sensual lips. He had long, thin, flyaway whiskers, and a slight moustache, with an unmistakably good air about him.

His companion had that peculiar cast of features which we sometimes see in the Polish Jew—keen and hawk-like, with sharp, glittering black eyes, hair of a raven hue, and a general

pallor of complexion that seemed bilious, sickly, and unhealthy.

I felt instinctively that I hated one and solemnly feared the other. Why was this?

Was it the result of my dream?—of that “instinct which, like imagination, is a word everybody uses, and nobody understands?”

Perhaps we shall see.

Suddenly the eye of the fair-haired stranger fell on me. He adjusted his glass, surveyed me leisurely, and, pausing in the act of playfully holding a sprig of mistletoe over Bessie's head, said, in the lisping drawl peculiar to men of his style—

“A soldier, by Jove! Now, my good man—ah, ah!—what do you want here at this time of night?”

“I came to escort my cousin home, sir.”

“Your cousin, eh—haw?”

“Bessie Leybourne, sir; but,” I added, reddening with vexation and annoyance, “I see she is still busy.”

“Cousin, eh? What do you say to this, Bessie?”

Bessie, who started from the steps on which she had been seated, came towards me, also blushing, confused, and letting fall all the con-

tents of her lap as she held out her hands to me, and said—

“Welcome home, dear Bob. A merry Christmas and a happy new year! Captain Raikes, this is my Cousin Bob, who is a soldier like yourself—an artilleryman,” she added, with increasing confusion, as if she felt ashamed of my blue jacket among those fine folks; while the captain, after glancing at me coolly again, merely said, “Oh—ah—haw—indeed!” and proceeded to assist his sister in descending the steps, as their labours were done, and the decorations of the church complete; but a heavier cloud came over me now.

Captain Raikes was the son of the rector, and squire of the parish, in right of his mother, who was an heiress; and he, perhaps the wildest and most systematic profligate in all England, had made the acquaintance of Bessie Leybourne!

A little time they lingered ere Bessie curtseyed, and bade the young lady good-night. Captain Raikes whispered something which made Bessie blush, and glance nervously at me, while his friend with the hook nose gave a mocking cough, and then we separated. They took the path to the gaily-lighted rectory, while Bessie and I trod

silently back through the snow to my mother's little cottage.

I pressed Bessie's hand and arm from time to time, and though the pressure was returned, I never ventured to touch her cheek, or even to speak to her, for I felt somehow, intuitively, that all was over between us; and we walked in silence through the lanes where we had been wont to ramble when children.

It seemed to be always summer in the green lanes then; but it was biting winter now. I asked for no explanation, and none was offered me; but I felt that Bessie, once so loving and playful, was now cold, reserved, and shy.

Next day was Christmas. Our fireplace was decked with green boughs, and holly-leaves, and huge sprigs of mistletoe. I heard the chimes ringing merrily in the old tower of the rectory church.

It was a clear, cold, snowy, and frosty, but hearty old English Christmas; and faces shone bright, hands were shaken, and warm wishes expressed among friends and neighbours, as we trod through the holly lanes, and over the crisp, frosty grass, to church—mother, Bessie, and I; and again, as in boyhood, I heard our rubicund rector preach against worldly pride and

luxury, both of which, throughout a long life, he had enjoyed to the full.

The dark stranger—the squire's constant companion, chum, and Mentor, whose strange bearing and wicked ways gained him the sobriquets of Pluto and Hook nose in the village—was not with the rector's family on this day; and I learned that he resided at the village inn. It was evident, though we read off the same book, that Bessie's thoughts were neither with heaven nor me, for I caught many a glance that was exchanged between Captain Raikes and her, and these showed a secret intelligence.

I sat out the rector's sermon in silent misery, and in misery returned home—a moody and discontented fellow, wishing myself back at head-quarters, or anywhere but in the Weald of Kent.

Bessie didn't seem to care much about my ribbons. Why should she? I was only a poor devil of a bombardier, and couldn't give her such rich presents as those pearl drops which I now discovered in her ears.

"A present from Captain Raikes, Bob," said mother, good, simple soul; "but I don't think she should ha' shown 'em till her wedding-day."

I had a mouthful of mother's Christmas

dumpling in my throat at that moment, and it well-nigh choked me.

The mistletoe hung over our heads ; but I never claimed the playful privilege it accorded. Was there not some terrible change, when I dared not—or scorned—to kiss Bessie, even in jest ? Others' kisses had been upon her lips, and so they had no longer a charm for me !

Day and night dread and doubt haunted me, while hope, with her hundred shapes and many hues, returned no more. Brooding, silent, and melancholy thoughts seemed to consume me ; yet the time passed slowly and heavily, for Bessie's falsehood and fickleness formed the first recollection in the morning, the last at night, and the source of many a tantalizing dream between. All the ebbs and flows of feeling or emotion which torment the lover I endured. My sufferings were very great ; and from being as jolly, hardy, and expert a gunner as ever levelled a Lancaster or an Armstrong, I was becoming a very noodle—a moonstruck creature —“a thoroughbred donkey,” as Tom Inches would have called me—and all for the love of Bessie Leybourne.

Short though my time at home would be, Bessie could give me but little of her society.

My jealousy would no longer be concealed, and that she had secret meetings with our squire I could no more doubt. Then came tears, upbraidings, and bitterness, with promises that she would meet him no more ; and in the strongest language I could command, I told her of the perils she ran, of the desperate character of Valentine Raikes, of his mad orgies and debaucheries, of the gambling, drinking, singing, swearing, and whooping that accompanied the suppers he and Hooknose had almost every night in a lonely lodge of the rectory grounds.

"Oh, Bob, don't bother," she would say, imploringly, through her smiles and tears. "It is terrible to be told constantly that one must marry one particular young man."

"Meaning, Bessie, that mother reminds you of being engaged to me ?"

"Well, yes."

"You are fickle, Bessie."

"My poor Bob, you are not rich, neither am I."

"Hence your fickleness ; but, oh, Bessie, don't think I want to make a soldier's wife of you. I hope for better days, and to settle down at home. Oh, Bessie, my own Bessie, listen to me, and hear me."

And so she would listen to me, and hear me,

and then slip away to keep a tryst with my rival.

Once or twice Bessie became angry with me, and ventured to defend the squire, laying the blame of all his evil actions on his friend, or Mentor—the dark Mephistopheles, who was always by his side. Her defence of him maddened me. From tears she took to taunts, and I replied by scorn.

We separated in hot anger, and with my mind a perfect chaos—a whirl—and already repenting my violence, or precipitation, I strode moodily through the holly lanes, till a sudden turn brought me face to face with Captain Raikes and his dark friend, in close and earnest conversation.

The idea of honest and manly remonstrance seized me ; and touching my cap respectfully, as became me to an officer, I said—

“ Captain Raikes, may I crave a word with you ? ”

“ Certainly—haw ! ” he drawled, while his friend drew back, surveying me with his strange, malevolent, but terrible smile. “ In what can I—haw—serve you ? ”

“ In a matter, sir, that lies very near my heart.”

He surveyed me with a quiet but puzzled air, through his glass, and replied—

“Haw—have seen you before. How is your pretty cousin, Bessie Leybourne, this morning—well, I hope?”

“It is about Bessie I wish to speak, sir,” said I, with a gravity that made him start and colour a little—but only a little, as he was one of those solemn, self-conceited, unimpressible “snobs,” who disdain to exhibit the slightest emotion. He did, however, become uneasy ultimately, and pulled his long whiskers when I said—

“Captain Raikes, my cousin Bessie is my betrothed wife ; and, though I am but a poor private soldier (or little more), I must urge, sir—ay, request—that you cease to follow, molest, or meet her, as I have good reason to know you do ; for though Bessie is a true-hearted girl, no good can come of it. So I put it to you, sir, as a gentleman—as my comrade, though our ranks are far apart—whether your intentions can be honourable in the matter?”

“By Jove! the idea! I’ll tell you what it is, my good fellah,” said he, twirling his riding whip ; “I have listened to your impertinent advice—your demmed interference with my movements—so far without laying this across

your shoulders ; but beware—haw—how you address me on this subject again.”

Passion and jealousy blinded me, and shaking my hand in his face, I said—

“Captain Raikes, on your life I charge you not to trifle with her or with me !”

He never lost his self-possession, but said, with a smile—

“Very good ; but rather daring in a private soldier—a poacher—a vagabond !”

I heard the strange laugh of Hooknose at these words, and, while it was ringing in my ears, I struck the squire to the earth, and he lay as still as if a twelve-pound shot had finished him. Then I walked deliberately away.

I had vague alarms now. He might have me arrested on a charge of assault or might report me to head-quarters for the blow, although he was not in uniform ; but he did neither, as he left the Weald that night for London ; and mother and I sat gazing at each other in alarm and grief—our Bessie had disappeared !

By some of our neighbours she had been seen near the branch station of the South-Eastern line, with Valentine Raikes and his mysterious friend, the Hooknose : and from that hour all trace of her was—lost !

* * * * *

She had left me coldly and heartlessly, and old mother, too, who had always been more than a mother to her.

So passed the last Christmas I was to spend in old England.

I got over it in time. I was not without hope that I might discover Bessie, and befriend her yet—ay, even yet. But I couldn't do much, being only a poor fellow with two shillings per diem, and an extra penny for beer and pipeclay. But even that hope was crushed when, in the following August, I was ordered with the siege train to Sebastopol, and sailed from Southampton aboard the "Balmoral," of Hull, a transport ship, which had on board a whole battery of artillery, with one hundred and ten fine horses.

Captain Raikes was, I knew, with the Light Cavalry Brigade, under Lord Cardigan; and I only prayed that heaven and the chances of war would keep us apart, and not put the terrible temptation before me of seeing him under fire.

Our voyage was prosperous till we entered the Black Sea, when we experienced heavy gales of wind, and lost our topmasts; and as the gales increased in fury and steadiness, they were blowing a perfect hurricane on the night when, in this

crippled condition, we hauled up for the harbour of Balaclava.

Were I to live a thousand years, I should never forget the horrors and certain events of that night ; and though the perils that our transport encountered were ably described by more than one newspaper correspondent, I shall venture to recall them here.

Wearied with hard stable duty, I had fallen asleep in my birth, when I was suddenly roused by a voice—the voice of Bessie,

“ Bob, Bob, dearest Bob—save me ! save me ! I am drowning ! ”

It rang distinctly in my ears, and then I seemed to hear the gurgling of water, as I sprang from bed in terror and bewilderment, and from no dream that I was at all conscious of ; but I had little time to think of the matter, for now the bugle sounded down the hatchway to change the watch on deck.

The night was pitchy dark ; all our compasses had suddenly become useless—no two needles pointed the same way—and the rudder bands were rent by the force of the sea, which tore in vast volume over the deck, sweeping everything that was loose away. The watch were all lashed to belaying pins, or the lower rattlins ; but

three of ours and two seamen were swept overboard and drowned.

To add to our dangers, as we lifted towards the harbour mouth, the "Balmoral" heeled over so much that the ballast broke loose in the hold, and uprooted the stable deck. The centre of gravity was thus lost, and the transport lay almost over on her beam-ends, with the wild sea breaking over her, as she went, like a helpless log, on some rocks within the harbour entrance.

The captain commanding the artillery ordered Tom Inches and a party, of whom I was one, into the hold or stables, to see how the horses fared ; and I shall never forget that terrific scene, for it nearly rendered me oblivious of the cry that yet lingered in my ears.

The time was exactly midnight, and I almost fear to be considered a visionary by relating all that followed. The vessel lay nearly on her beam-ends to starboard ; the whole of the stalls on the port side had given way, and the horses were lying over each other in piles, many of them half or wholly strangled in their halters ; and there, in the dark, they were biting and tearing each other with their teeth, neighing, snorting, and even screaming (a dreadful sound is a horse's scream), and kicking each other to death.

The atmosphere was stifling. The wounds they gave each other were bloody and frightful. Many had their legs and ribs broken, and others their eyes dashed out by ironed hoofs. Above were the bellowing of the wind, and the roaring of the Black Sea on the rocks of Balaclava. There were even thunder-peals at times, to add to the terrors of the occasion, and the rain was falling on the deck like a vast sheet of water.

Many of our men were severely wounded by kicks ; for the horses that survived were wild with fear—maddened, in fact—and, in their present condition, proved quite unmanageable.

Carrying a lantern, I was making my way into the hold, and through this frightful scene, when suddenly, amid it all, and through the gloom, I saw a face that terrified—that fascinated—me, but which none of my comrades could see.

Was I mad, or about to become so ?

Within six inches of my own face was the keen, dark, and swarthy—the almost black—visage of Hooknose glaring at me, mocking and jibbering ; his eyes shining like two carbuncles, his sharp teeth glistening with his old malevolent smile ; and, as I shrank back, I heard his mocking laugh—the same laugh that had tingled in

my ears on that fatal Christmas time at home.

I fell over a horse, the hoof of another struck me on the chest. I became insensible, and, on recovering, found myself on deck, in the hands of Tom Inches and the surgeon.

I was soon fit for duty, luckily, as that ship was no place for a sick man. With sunrise the storm abated; with slings the horses were hoisted out as fast as we could bring them; and of the hundred and ten we had on board, we found that ninety-five had been kicked to death, smothered, or so bruised that we were compelled to shoot them with our carbines.

Their carcasses lay long in Balaclava harbour, where they were used as stepping stones by the sailors and boatmen, till their corruption filled the air, adding to the cholera and fever in the town and camp.

All that haunted me must have been fancy, thought I, for my thoughts were always running on Bessie—lost to me and to the world—fevered fancy, especially the cry, and the horrid gurgling as of a drowning person that followed it. The sound of the sea must have produced or suggested the cry in my sleeping ear, and the subsequent vision in the hold—those gleaming

eyes and that fierce hooked nose ; and yet, as an author has remarked, the whole world of nature is but one vast book of symbols, which we cannot decipher because we have lost the key.

It was ungrateful of me to be always thinking of Bessie, who had scorned, flouted, and deserted me—thinking more of her than of poor old mother in the Weald of Kent, who loved me with all her soul, as only a mother could love a son who was amid the trenches of Sebastopol ; but I couldn't help it, for the terrible mystery that involved the fate of Bessie made me brood over it at all times.

As for the trifle of money I had expected, it never came, and now I didn't want it.

It was Christmas Eve before Sebastopol, as it was all over God's Christian world ; but I hope never again to see such a ghastly festival. I was not at the breaching batteries that night, having been sent with two horses and four men to bring in a twelve pound gun, which had been left by the Russians in the valley of Inkermann, after the battle of the 5th of November. Tom Inches and many a brave fellow of ours had gone to their long home in that valley of death, and I was a battery-sergeant now.

The cold was awful, and we were rendered very feeble by hunger, toil, and half-healed wounds; so, like men in a dream, we traced the horses to the gun, and limbered up the tumbrel, both of which lay among some ruins in rear of the British right attack, and not far from the frozen Tchernay.

Three miles distant rose Sebastopol, and the sky seemed all on fire in and around it, for they were keeping Christmas night, amid shot from our Lancaster guns, and whistling Dicks of all sorts and sizes, from hand-grenades to eighteen-inch bombs, chokeful of nails, broken bottles, and grapeshot.

Yet I couldn't help thinking of home, and how merrily the village chimes would be ringing in the old tower of the rectory church, amid the hop-gardens and the cherry-groves of Kent. And then I saw in fancy the old fireside, where father's leathern chair was empty now, and where one at least would say her prayers that night for me—that happy night at home, when every church and hearth would be gay with ivy leaves and holly-berries, and the lads and the lasses would be dancing under the mistletoe; and with all these came thoughts of Christmas geese and plum-puddings, and I drew my sword-

belt in a hole or two, for I was starving—light-headed and giddy with want; and as we rode silently on, the swinging chains of the gun seemed to me like the jangle of our village chimes! but they rung over the snowy waste that lay between Khutor Mackenzie and the Highland camp—a white waste, dotted by many a dead man and horse.

As we rode silently on, man after man of our little party of four gave in, dropped from the gun, to which I had no means of securing them, overcome by cold, fatigue, and death. At last I was riding alone in the saddle, with the gun rattling behind me.

Ghastly sights were around me on that Christmas night, and the glinting of the moon at times made them more ghastly still.

On French mule litters, and on horses, many wounded and dying men were being borne from the redoubts down to Balaclava; and as my progress was very slow, with two worn-out, half-starved nags, a terrible procession passed before me. Many of the poor fellows were nearly over their troubles and sorrows. With closed eyes, relaxed jaws, and hollow visages, they were carried down the snowy path by the Ambulance Corps, and the pale steam that curled in the

frosty air from the lips of each alone indicated that they breathed.

Two dismounted hussars—for amid their rags, I discovered them to be such—were carrying one who seemed like a veritable corpse, strapped upright on a seat; the legs dangled, the eyes were staring open and glassy, and the head nodded to and fro.

"Comrades," said I, "that poor fellow is surely out of pain now?"

"Not yet," said one. "He is an officer of ours, badly wounded and frost-bitten."

"An officer!"

"Captain Raikes. He won't last till morning, I fear."

"Raikes," said I through my clenched teeth; "Valentine Raikes—and here!"

"Ay, here, sure enough," said the hussar.

My heart bounded, and then stood still for a moment. At last I said—

"Place him on the gun, comrades, and I will take him on to Balaclava; but first, here I've some raki in my canteen. Give him a mouthful, if he can swallow."

Raikes was placed on the seat of the gun-carriage, buckled thereto with straps, and muffled up as well as we could devise, to protect him

from the cold. The two hussars left me, and then we were alone, he and I—Valentine Raikes and Bob Twyford—in the solitary valley, through which the road wound that led to Balaclava.

Though coarse and fiery, the raki partially revived the sinking man, and, leaving my saddle, I asked him, in a voice husky with cold and emotion, if he knew me.

But he shook his head sadly and listlessly. And bearded as I was then, it was no wonder that his dimmed vision failed to recognize me.

"I am Robert Twyford, the bombardier, whose plighted wife you stole, Valentine Raikes! God judge between you and me; but I feel that I must forgive you now."

"My winding sheet is woven in the loom of hell!" he moaned, in a low and almost inarticulate voice. "Oh! Twyford, I have wronged you—and her—and—many, many more."

"But Bessie!" said I, drawing near, and propping him in my arms; "what came of Bessie Leybourne? Speak—tell me for mercy's sake, while you have the power!"

"Ask the waters—the waters——"

"Where—where?"

"Under Blackfriars-bridge. She perished there on the 27th of last September."

The 27th was the night of the storm—the night of the mysterious drowning cry, which startled me from sleep!

"I am sinking fast, Twyford!" he resumed, in a hollow and broken voice. "Pray for me—pray for me. There is but one way to heaven——"

"But many to perdition!" added a strange, deep voice.

And a dark, indistinct, and muffled figure, having two gleaming eyes, stood by the wheel of the gun-carriage, just as a cloud overspread the moon.

"Here—he here! Do not let him touch me—do not let him—touch me!" cried Raikes, in a voice that rose into a scream of despair, as he threw up his arms and fell back.

There was a gurgle in his throat, and all was over!

A fiendish, chuckling laugh seemed to pass me on the skirt of the frosty wind; but I saw no one; nor had I time to observe, or to remember, much more, for now a madness seemed to seize the horses.

They dashed away with frightful speed, the

field-piece swinging like a toy at their hoofs. It swept over me breaking one of my legs, and inflicting also a terrible wound on the head, I sank among the snow, and remember no more of that night, for, after weeks of delirium and fever, I found myself a poor, weak, and emaciated inmate of the hospital at Scutari, and so far on my way home to dear old England.

But such was the Christmas night I spent before Sebastopol, and such were those mysteries in the "Book of Nature," to which I can find as yet no key.

K O T A H.

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

IT was on a soft and warm night in April that we were encamped not far from the margin of Lake Erie, in expectation of the Fenian raiders, who were having armed picnics, and threatening a plundering invasion of Upper Canada. We were simply an advanced post, consisting of my company of the Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment, and some two hundred volunteers, farmers and their sons. For some time past there had been considerable alarm along the Canadian frontier. General Mead, of the United States army, was at Eastport with his staff, and the Federal gun-boat Winooske was cruising off that place, on the look-out for an alleged Fenian vessel.

Numerous armed meetings had taken place

in the State of Maine, and a great embarkation of the brotherhood in green was expected to take place at Ogdensburg, the capital of St. Lawrence, which has a safe and commodious harbour; but luckily the whole affair ended in bluster and rumour. The only fire we saw was that of our bivouac, and the only smoke that of the soothing weed, while we sat by "the wolf-scaring faggot," and drank from our canteens of rum-and-water, singing songs, and telling stories to wile the night away.

The picturesque was not wanting in the group around that blazing fire of pine wood. The Royal Canadians, in their dark green tunics, faced with scarlet; the volunteers, in orthodox red coats or fringed hunting-shirts, with white belts worn over them, were all bronzed, rough, and bearded fellows, hardy by nature and resolute in bearing, led, in most instances, by old Queen's officers, who had commuted their commissions, and turned their swords into ploughshares on farms by the banks of the New Niagara, or the shores of the vast Erie, whose waters stretched in darkness far away towards the hills of Pennsylvania.

"Come, captain, tell us a story of other lands and sharper work than this," said one of the

Canadian volunteers, as he proffered me his tobacco-pouch, which was prettily embroidered with wampum; "tell us something about the mutiny in India. You served there, as we all know."

"Yes," said I, as the memory of other times and other faces—faces I should never look upon in this world again—came over me, "I served there in the —th Dragoons, and can relate a strange story indeed—of discipline overdone—of that which we hear little about in our service, thank heaven—tyranny; and of a young hero, who, without a crime, was sentenced to die the death of a felon!"

"We know," said one of my subs, "that the mutiny is always a bitter subject with you."

"I lost much by the destruction of Indian property, and so had to begin the sliding-scale."

"What kind of scale is that?"

"Sloping from the cavalry to the line."

"But the story, captain!" urged the volunteers.

"Well, here goes," said I; and after a pause and a sip at the canteen, began thus:—

"The narrative I am about to tell you was not one in which I figured much personally, save as member of a court-martial; but it details suffering with which I was familiar—the misera-

ble fate of Sergeant Anthony Ernslic, a fine old soldier, and his son Philip, a brave young fellow—a mere lad—both of whom were in my troop during the Crimean war, and afterwards in the memorable mutiny, the horrors of which are so fresh in the minds of all.

“I had not been long with the regiment before I discovered that a deeply-rooted enmity existed between our sergeant-major, Matthew Pivett, and my troop-sergeant, Ernslic, and that it had been one of long standing, having originated in jealousy when both were privates quartered at Canterbury, and both were rivals for the affection of a pretty milliner girl. She, however, preferred Ernslic, then a horse artilleryman; but when our corps was under orders to join the army of the East, Ernslic volunteered for general service in the cavalry, and, by the chance of fate, was placed in my troop of the —th Dragoons, where his steady conduct, fine appearance, and strict attention to duty, soon caused me to recommend him for promotion, and he gained his third stripe with a rapidity that did not fail to excite the remark of the envious.

“Yet his life was rendered miserable by the sergeant-major—a stern, wiry, sharp-eyed, loud-voiced, and vindictive man; and more than once,

when I interposed my authority to keep peace between them, has Ernslic told me, with tears in his eyes, that 'he cursed the day on which he left the ranks of the Horse Artillery to become a dragoon !'

"A senior, when perpetually on the watch to worry a junior, may easily find opportunities enough for doing so. Thus Ernslic's belts were never pipe-clayed quite to the taste of Pivett, and at the staff inspection before parade, faults were ever found with his horse, harness, and everything. He was put on duty at times out of his turn, and not in accordance with the roster. A complaint to the adjutant or myself always altered these errors ; but the sting of annoyance remained. At drill a hundred petty faults were found with him, and he was perpetually accused of taking up wrong dressings, distances, and alignments, till, in his anger and bewilderment, the poor man sometimes really did so, and then great was the delight of Pivett !

" 'For what,' said he one day, bitterly, 'for what did I ever leave my old regiment ?'

" 'No good, most likely,' sneered Pivett.

" 'Sir, I won my three good-conduct rings there.'

" 'By a fluke, of course,' replied Pivett ; adding,

in a loud voice, 'Silence!' to check the rising retort of the other.

"As Shakespeare has it—

" 'That in the captain's but a cholerick word
Which in the soldier is rank blasphemy.'

And so it came to pass that whenever Ernslic ventured to remonstrate, his oppressor invariably sent him to his room under arrest, and twice—a great insult to a sergeant—to the guard-house; but though the charges of mutiny and insubordination were always 'quashed' by the colonel, poor Ernslic felt, as he told me, 'that he was a doomed man, and safe to come to grief some day, for the sergeant-major had sworn an oath to smash him !'

"His son Philip, a private in the troop, saw and felt all this. The lad's smothered hatred and fear of the sergeant-major were great; but he did his duty well and steadily, and contrived to elude notice. Ernslic was proud of his handsome boy, and thanked heaven in the inmost recesses of his heart when the war was over in the Crimea, for there father and son had ridden side by side in the famous charge of the Heavy Brigade, and both had escaped almost scatheless; but when we were ordered to India, to stem with

our swords the great tide of the terrible mutiny, the father's anxieties were revived again.

"When our transport was off the Cape de Verd Islands, Ernsly came to my cabin in great distress, to announce that his wife had just died. I knew that the poor woman had been ailing for some time past, and the sickness incident to the rough weather we encountered put an end to her sufferings, and she died in the arms of her son, for her husband was with his watch on deck, and the sergeant-major would not permit him to go below.

"She had died at daybreak, and by noon that day the body, swathed in her bedding, and lashed round with spun-yarn, lay on a grating to leeward, with a twenty-pound shot at the feet, and a Union Jack spread over it. By sound of trumpet, our men fell into their ranks, and, like the sailors, all stood bare-headed, silent, and grave, for a funeral at sea is the most sad and solemn of all. There was a heavy breeze at the time, and the ship was flying before it with her courses and head-sails only, and the bitter spray swept over us in drenching showers.

"The adjutant read the burial service. At a given signal the grating was lifted, and the body vanished with a splash under the ship's counter.

Close by me stood Sergeant Ernslic and his son. Clutching the mizen shrouds with one hand, and Philip by the other, he bent his pale face over the quarter, as if to give a farewell glance at the corpse ; but it was gone—gone for ever !

“ Ernslic was barely forty ; but now he looked quite old and haggard, and his hair was streaked with gray. He saw Pivett standing near him, as the men were dismissed, and passing forward or below ; and as if he felt and knew that the original cause of enmity had passed away, he held forth his hand, and said, in a choking voice, for grief had softened his heart—

“ ‘ You’ll shake hands with me now, sergeant-major, won’t you ? ’

“ But Matthew Pivett answered only by a scowl, and crossed to the windward side of the deck. So even by the side of that vast and uncouth grave their hatred was not quenched ; and I had twice to interfere for Ernslic’s protection before our transport ran up the Hooghly, and landed us at Calcutta, from whence the river steamers took us up country to Allahabad, where our remount awaited us, and we took the field at once, under Brigadier-General R——.

“ If Ernslic’s tormentor spared his son, it must have been through some lingering regard for the

dead mother, or some soft memory of the love he once bore her, and Ernslic was thankful that Philip escaped, for the lad was passionate and resentful, and had vowed to his father in secret that he would 'yet serve out the sergeant-major.'

"One morning, long before daybreak, we were on the march towards the province of Ajmir, where a noted rebel, Hossein Ali, was at the head of a great force. We had endured the most unparalleled heat ; for days the sky had been as a sheet of heated brass above our heads, and the cracked and baked earth as molten iron under foot. Cases of sunstroke had been incessant, and many of our horses perished on the march.

"On this morning our thirst was excessive, for the tanks of a temple on which we had relied for water had become dry in the night, and the *bheesties*, or water-carriers, attached to the regiment, had deserted to Hossein Ali, and most of us were without liquid of any kind in our canteens.

"Among others situated thus was Sergeant Ernslic, who had been on patrol duty until the last moment. His son Philip was the orderly of the colonel, and while that officer's horse was getting a drink, he had contrived to fill his canteen from the bucket, and held it invitingly to

Ernslic, just as the corps filed past, for the colonel had not yet mounted. Agonized as he was with thirst, to resist the temptation was impossible ; so Ernslic galloped to where his son stood, a hundred yards distant or so, near the hut of palm-leaves which had formed the colonel's quarters.

" ' To your troop, Sergeant Ernslic ! back to your troop, sir ! ' cried the sergeant-major, in a voice of thunder.

" Ernslic heard the voice of his enemy, but still rode towards his son, and took a long draught from his canteen before turning his horse and galloping back to his troop.

" ' How dare you leave the ranks when on the line of march ? ' resumed Pivett, heedless in his fury that this was interfering with *me*. ' Fall in with the quarter guard ! ' he added, in his most bullying tone ; ' and consider yourself under arrest ! '

" ' I shall do neither one nor the other, ' replied Ernslic, trembling with passion. ' I am under the orders of the captain of the troop—not yours. Keep your own place, or, by heaven, I shall make you ! '

" And in his just anger, Ernslic was rash enough to shake his sword with the point towards Pivett—

an unmistakable threat. So the colonel was compelled to place him under arrest, in the face of the whole regiment.

"At last you have fixed me, sergeant-major!" said he, calmly, but bitterly, as he sheathed his sword, and turned to the rear; 'but if you look for your true character, you will find it in the "Military Dictionary."'

"Likely enough; but under what head? Discipline?"

"No. Tyrant! See how that is defined!"

"The sergeant-major did look, and saw that Colonel James therein defines, 'Petty tyrants—a low, grovelling set of beings, who, without one spark of real courage within themselves, execute the orders of usurped or strained authority with brutal rigour;' and as he read on Pivett grew pale with rage.

"At the first halt of the brigade, a general court-martial, of which I was the junior member, sat, by order of General R—. An example was wanted; so Ernsly was reduced to the ranks.

"Our parade next morning was a gloomy one, as we formed a hollow square of close columns of regiments, near the ruins of a great Hindoo temple. The sun was yet below the horizon,

and in the dim, cold light, the face of Ernslic looked pale and ghastly as he was marched into the square, a prisoner, between two armed troopers, one of whom, with execrable taste, the sergeant-major had contrived should be his own son, Philip.

“The sergeant was nervous in bearing and restless in eye; but his mind seemed to be turned inward. He was thinking, perhaps, of the terrors of the day at Balaclava, of the dead wife he had committed to the deep, or of the boy who stood scheming revenge by his side; but it was not until he felt the penknife of the trumpet-major ripping the worthily-won chevrons from his sleeve that a groan escaped his lips, a flush crossed his haggard face, and his soul seemed to die within him.

“Then he slunk to the rear of his troop, a broken and degraded man. Philip’s dark eyes were full of fire, and, if a glance could have slain, the career of Matthew Pivett had ended there.

“We all felt for the sergeant, and knew that in the vindication of discipline he had been made a victim; but that night the Queen lost a good soldier, for Ernslic was absent from roll-call—he had disappeared without a trace, and

the sergeant-major openly declared his belief that he had deserted to the rebel Sepoys, under Hossein Ali.

"The truth was, though we knew it not at the time, that Ernslic, when wandering alone and unarmed near our camp, communing with himself in a storm of grief and misery, had actually been waylaid and carried off by some of Hossein's scouting Sepoys, who by that time were tired of slaughtering and torturing the white Feringhees. They spared him, and discovering somehow that he had once been a *golandazeer*, or gunner, they chained him naked to a field-piece, and kept him to assist in working their cannon against us in Kotah, the place which we were on the march to besiege and storm.

"So poor Anthony Ernslic's name was further disgraced by being scored down as a deserter in the regimental books.

"The forces which we accompanied, under General R——, consisted of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars, H.M. 72nd Highlanders, 83rd and 95th Regiments, together with the 13th Bengal Native Infantry, a corps which had not yet revolted, but was sorely mistrusted.

"The enemy in Kotah consisted entirely of mutineers, but chiefly those of the 72nd Bengal

Infantry, whose scarlet coats were faced with yellow, exactly like those of the 72nd Highlanders, now advancing against them; and we considered it a curious coincidence that two regiments bearing the *same* number should meet in mortal conflict.

"Our march was a severe one; each of our horses had not less than twenty stone weight to carry, irrespective of forage, and yet there was not a sore back or a broken girth either in our ranks or in those of the 8th Hussars, when, after traversing a mountainous but fertile and well-watered district, we came in sight of Kotah (which had been the seat of a Rajpoot-rajah), on the east bank of the Chumbul. It is a large town, girt by massive walls, defended by bastions and deep ditches cut out of the solid rock. Its entrances were all protected by double gateways.

"Both strong and stately looked the fortified town, when, under the scorching blaze of an Indian sun, and a hot, red sky, amid which the hungry vultures floated, we saw it and the palace of the rajah, with all its lofty white turrets, the roofs of bazaars and temples, crowning a steep slope that was covered by teak, tamarind, and date palm trees, all of lovely green. In the foreground lay a vast lake, with the superb temple

of Jugmandul, a mass of snow-white marble, rising in its centre, its peristyles and domes reflected downward in the deep and dark-blue water.

"The rajah had fled. In his palace Hossein Ali, an *ex-kote-havildar*, or pay-sergeant of the revolted 72nd B.N.I., reigned supreme; and its marble courts and chambers were yet stained by the blood of our women, children, and other defenceless people, who had been slain therein, after enduring indignities and torments that maddened those who came, like us, to avenge them; and, full of the memories of those deeds, with the other horrors of Cawnpore and Delhi to inflame us, we pushed the siege with relentless vigour, though Hossein's men, with seventy pieces of cannon, gave us quite enough to do, and our sappers worked in vain to undermine the enormous walls.

"Night and day, amid slaughter, wounds, sun-stroke, and cholera, we pounded away at each other with the big guns. Officers and men worked side by side at them and in the trenches, aiding or covering the sappers in their scheme of a mine, till we were all as black as the Pandies with gunpowder, dust, and grime, and till the once gay uniform of ours had given place to flannel

jerseys and rags ; our helmets to linen puggerees, or solar-hats ; our pantaloons to cotton knickerbockers and Cawnpore boots ; and even those who had been the greatest dandies among us were seldom seen without a scrubby beard, a shovel, a revolver, and Chinshura cheroot. In short, we were more like diggers or desperadoes than her Britannic Majesty's dragoons.

“ With a working party composed of men of various corps, one morning, before daybreak, I was assisting the sappers at the mine, while the enemy, with shot, shell, and rockets, did all they could to retard or dislodge us. It was a horrid place, I remember, encumbered by dead camels and horses—yea, and men, too, in every stage of decomposition, where the gorged vultures hovered lazily among fallen ruins and whitening bones.

“ ‘ Jack Sepoy thinks it no sin now to bite the greased cartridge—the scoundrel !’ said one of my men, as a bullet broke the shovel in his hand.

“ ‘ Sin—as little as to cut the throats of our wives and children in cold blood !’ added another, with a fierce oath.

“ ‘ Fighting for glory is a fine thing,’ said young Philip Ernslic, resting on his pickaxe ;

'but fighting for a shilling per day, with a penny extra for beer, is a different affair.'

" 'But we are fighting for revenge, Phil,' said a soldier, whose wife and children had perished at Meerut.

" 'True,' replied Ernslic, through his clenched teeth ; 'and times there are, by Jove ! when even revenge may be just and holy !'

" 'Silence !' growled Sergeant-Major Pivett, still in pursuance of his feud.

" 'Down, men—down !' cried I, 'for here comes a shell.'

" Humming through the air, but, oddly enough, *not* whistling, a ten-inch shell fell near me, and, with a thud, half sunk into the soil. Strange to say, it was without a fuze ; the touch-hole was simply plugged by a common cork, in which a half-scorched quill-pen was stuck. After lying flat on our faces, and watching it uneasily for some time, and all fearing a snare, or the explosion of some poisonous stuff, I ventured to roll it over with a shovel, and found that it was empty, or quite unloaded. Pivett, who certainly did not lack courage, sprang forward, and, extracting the cork from the fuze-hole, found a scrap of paper attached to it, and on the scrap was written, with ink that seemed to have been

composed of gunpowder and water, these words :—

“I am a prisoner in Kotah. The work of the sappers is useless, for where they are mining the rock is solid. There are seventy guns in this place, and I am chained to one of the seventeen in the right bastion. If the front gate is blown up, the place may be carried at the point of the bayonet, as the way beyond is quite open.”

“A. ERNSLIE, private, H.M. —th Dragoons.”

“I knew that fellow had deserted to the enemy!” growled the sergeant-major.

“Silence,” said I, “and do not be unjust in your hatred.”

“It’s a message-shell, sir, a message-shell, and fired by my father, poor man. Heaven help him!—he is in the hands of the Sepoys!” exclaimed young Ernslie, whom, with the shell and note, I took at once to the general, whose tent was by the margin of the lake.

“This information caused the staff at once to abandon the idea of a mine, and all our energies were now bent against the great gate.

“Though the junior regiment of the division, the 72nd, or Duke of Albany’s Own Highlanders, were ordered to furnish three hundred men for a storming party, and at two o’clock on the

morning of the 30th of March the grand assault was to be made, while we—the cavalry—were in our saddles, to cover, and if possible assist in the attack, when the great gate was forced.

“ ‘My brave lads, rouse!’ I heard the adjutant of the Highlanders cry in the dark; ‘quit your dog’s sleep—half-dozing and half-waking—and fall in. Fall in, stormers!’

“And while the warning pipes blew loud and shrill, cheerfully they formed by companies, those brave Albany Highlanders; and stately, indeed, looked their grenadiers, with their tall plumed bonnets and royal Stuart tartan; for the highland regiments during the mutiny had not time to adopt Indian clothing, and went at the Pandies in their kilts and ostrich feathers, just as their forefathers did at Madras and Assaye.

“Silently they crossed the river in the dark, where the graceful date palms and the luxuriant mango topes cast a deeper shadow than the starry night upon the water. Then, quitting their boats, they crept close to the great outer wall of Kotah; but so great was the delay in blowing up the gate, that day broke, the Highlanders were seen, and for hours we sat in our saddles helplessly, and saw the enemy pouring shot and shell upon them from the same bastion

where we knew poor Tony Ernslic was chained to a gun.

"Suddenly there was a dreadful shock ; the wall of the city seemed to open, as it rent and gaped, a blinding cloud of dust and stones ascended into the air, and a shower of wooden splinters, the fragments of the great gate, flew far and wide, as our mine blew the barrier up.

"A mingled shout of 'Scotland for ever !' the old Waterloo war-cry of the Black Watch and the Greys, broke from the Highlanders* again and again, as they rushed in with fixed bayonets, driving back the terrified Sepoys, storming bastion after bastion, and capturing two standards. The other regiments broke in at different points, and after much hard fighting Kotah was ours, and then we rode through the streets cutting down the fugitive rebels on right and left.

"Philip Ernslic and a few of his comrades made straight for the bastion indicated in his father's note. It was deserted by all save a few dead or dying Sepoys ; but a more terrible spectacle awaited the searchers.

"Stripped nude, and nailed to the wall of the bastion by the hands and feet, hung the body of

* See *Scotsman* of 28th of May, 1858.

Anthony Ernslic, minus nose and ears, and otherwise horribly mutilated !

“Even this appalling spectacle failed to excite the pity or soothe the hate of the malevolent Matthew Pivett (but we were well used to scenes of horror and barbarity during the mutiny), for he audibly expressed a conviction ‘that Ernslic had met his just reward for deserting to the enemy.’

“‘I shall make you eat your words before the going down of the sun, by the God who made us, I shall !’ said Philip Ernslic, in a low, husky voice, heard only by the sergeant-major, who shrunk back, so impressed was he by the fierce and resolute aspect of the lad, by the deep concentrated loathing that glared in his eyes, making his lips ashy pale, and causing every muscle to quiver ; but this emotion was unseen by others, and his threat was unheard, luckily, for if Pivett could have found a witness, he would at once have made young Ernslic prisoner on a charge of insubordination, as he really dreaded his vengeance.

“About dark that evening the sergeant-major was returning from the bungalow of the colonel, where, with the adjutant, he had been preparing lists of casualties and for our march on the

morrow, when we and the 8th Hussars were to surround a village that was full of fugitive mutineers. The day had been one of toil, of strife, and heat; now the atmosphere was steamy and moist, and Pivett was enjoying by anticipation the comforts of a hearty supper and a cool sleep in his tent, the sides of which his *tatty-wetter* had, no doubt, soused well with cold water.

“To reach the cavalry camp he had to pass through a ravine, not far from the town wall—a narrow place, full of prickly and thorny shrubs, where the beautiful silky jungle grass grew in such wild luxuriance that, in some instances, it was almost breast-high, and where the perfume of the many aromatic plants came floating on the puffs of warm air.

“Traversing the narrow path on foot, with his sword under his arm, he was suddenly confronted in the dusk by Philip Ernslic, who resolutely barred the way. He, too, had his sword by his side, but in each hand he had a holster pistol. His features were pale as those of a corpse, and might have passed for such, but for the nervous twitching of his lips as he spoke.

““You know, Matthew Pivett, for what purpose I am here?”

“‘Mutiny and murder, likely enough,’ replied Pivett, who was a stern and resolute man. ‘Give up those pistols—fall back, and return to your quarters, or I shall cut you down.’

“‘Draw your sword but one inch from its sheath, and I shall send a bullet through your brain!’ replied Philip, cocking one of the pistols. ‘You maddened my poor father by your systematic tyranny for years; you had him reduced and degraded, and driven desperate from among us. You wronged his memory this morning, and taunted even his mutilated remains—’

“‘Scoundrel! what then? Would you dare to murder me?’ exclaimed the undaunted sergeant-major.

“‘No you shall have a chance for your life. Oh, Matthew Pivett, I have long looked for an opportunity like this, when I might meet you face to face; so take your choice of these pistols, for, by the heaven that hears us, you or I must lie dead here to-night!’

“As Philip spoke solemnly and sternly, with clenched teeth and flashing eyes, he thrust a pistol into Pivett’s hand.

“‘Quarter guard!’ shouted Pivett, as he made a resolute attempt to grasp the throat of Ernslic,

who thrust him back with the barrel of the other pistol, crying—

“ ‘ Stand back, sergeant-major, and keep your distance, or I shall shoot you down like the dog you are !’

“ Pivett, who now saw there was no resource but to fight, withdrew a pace or two, and fired straight at Ernslic’s head. The ball whistled through the white puggeree, or cap, and slightly grazed his left ear. He gave a ghastly smile, and said—

“ ‘ You were rather quick, sergeant-major, but now it is my turn !’

“ He levelled his pistol, with a deadly, triumphant, and vindictive aim, straight at the glaring eyes of the agitated Pivett ; but the purcussion cap must have been defective—it snapped and hung fire.

“ ‘ Seize this mutinous rascal !’ cried the sergeant-major to a patrol who, on hearing the explosion of the first pistol, came galloping up ; and Philip was instantly made prisoner by a party of the 8th Hussars, who had seen the whole situation.

“ Another court-martial sat by break of day, in the palace of the Rajah of Kotah, and, wan and haggard, after a sleepless night, fettered by

handcuffs, and looking the picture of misery, Philip Ernslic stood before it, charged with violating the forty-first clause of the second section of the Articles of War, which ordain that 'any officer or soldier who shall strike a superior, or use any violence against him, shall, if an officer, suffer death, and if a soldier, death, transportation, or such other punishment as by a general court-martial shall be awarded.'

"The majority of the members of the court were strangers to the lad and his story, and the father's alleged spirit of insubordination, manifested when on the march to Kotah, was now brought forward in the prosecution of the son. The court was but an epitome of the greater world, where accusation is condemnation. Nothing is so fallible as human judgment, but nothing so pitiless.

"As captain of Philip's troop, I gave evidence of all I knew, and of the good characters borne by father and son ; but, after the brief proceedings terminated, and the court was cleared for the consideration of the verdict and sentence, I knew too well what they would of necessity be.

"That evening the chaplain visited the prisoner, who was confined in one of the vaults of

the palace, to announce that on the following morning he was to—DIE !

“He spent nearly the whole night with the poor lad, who was quite resigned, and so calm and prepared for his fate that he begged to be left alone for a little sleep before the appointed time ; and when the provost-marshal came at gun-fire, he found Philip Ernslic in a profound slumber, with a horse-cloak spread over him, and his head resting on a bundle of straw.

“Never did we parade with more reluctance than on that 31st of March at dawn, and all the corps in and about Kotah, with some others that had marched in during the night, got under arms to witness the execution. It was a lovely Indian morning. The beams of the sun shone redly on the white marble domes and carved minarets of Kotah, and on the turrets of the rajah's stately palace.

“The place where we paraded was a hollow between two hills that were covered with beautiful groves of the peepul-palm and teakwood, and flocks of wild peacocks and green paroquets flew hither and thither as we were massed in columns round the spot, where an open grave was yawning, and where the guard of the pro-

vost-marshal—twelve men and a sergeant—stood with their rifles loaded.

“Every face was expressive of intense anxiety to have the whole affair over, and many were very pale.

“Accompanied by the chaplain of the cavalry brigade, who wore a surplice over his black uniform surtout, and praying very devoutly with his fettered hands clasped before him, Philip Ernslic, guarded by an escort, came slowly into the square of regiments, and stopped midway between the firing party and that premature grave that was so soon to receive him. His face was frightfully pale ; he looked at that black hole, which yawned so horribly amid the green turf, calmly and steadily, and something of a smile—but not of bravado or derision—stole over his features.

“My heart bled for the poor lad ; but I was immensely relieved when our colonel said, in a whisper, as he passed me—

“‘The adjutant-general has a reprieve from General R—in his pocket, so there will be no execution.’

“‘Thank heaven !’ I exclaimed, fervently.

“‘We are but acting out a solemn farce.’

“‘For the sake of effect and discipline ?’

“‘ Exactly.’

“‘ And the sentence, colonel——’

“‘ Will be commuted to transportation for life.’

“ It was a human existence blighted for ever, any way ; but now I could look on with more composure.

“ The fetters were removed from Philip’s hands. He was ordered to take off his cap and listen respectfully to the sentence of the court ; and he seemed to do so mechanically, as one in a dream.

“ The proceedings of the tribunal were briefly noted, the enormity of the crime forcibly adverted to, and then came the doom—that he was to be shot to death !

“ The young man’s usually haughty and handsome face was wistful and sad in expression now. He merely bowed his head in meek assent, and in a weak voice asked leave to shake hands with me and some of his comrades. They came forth from the ranks as he named them, and wrung his cold and clammy fingers in silence, and I could see that the eyes of these men were moist with tears ; yet they were brave fellows all, and had charged by my side at Inkermann and Balaclava.

“ Philip next asked for the sergeant-major, that he might shake hands even with him, and so die

at peace with all mankind. But Pivett was absent from parade that morning, and lay seriously ill in his tent, for Asiatic cholera had fastened upon him.

“ Philip then turned to the chaplain to signify that he was ready, and, kneeling near his grave, had his eyes covered by a handkerchief.

“ The whole scene was now worked up to its utmost intensity, and many officers, who knew not of the reprieve, had taken off their caps to utter a silent prayer for the spirit that was so soon to appear before its Maker.

“ The silence was profound, and we heard only the Chumbal rushing on its course to meet the Jumna, till the voice of the provost-marshal rang in the air—

“ ‘ Firing-party—ready !’ and softly the rifles were cocked.

“ ‘ As you were !’ cried the adjutant-general, with a bright expression of face ; ‘ half-cock, and order arms ! Prisoner, stand up ! you are, I rejoice to say, mercifully reprieved.’

“ Philip Ernslic did not hear the words apparently, for his head sank forward on his breast.

“ The provost-marshal took his hand to assist him to rise ; but the poor lad fell forward on his face, dead—stone dead—without a wound.

The sudden revulsion of feeling had killed him.

“So he was actually buried in that unconsecrated ground, beneath the shadow of the walls of Kotah; but, ere we marched next day, another grave was formed beside him.

“It contained the remains of Sergeant-Major Pivett; and, during a long career of service, I have met with few events which created so profound a sensation among the troops as this little tragedy.”

THE STORY OF RAPHAEL VELDA.

ON an evening in the September of 1860, some excitement was caused among the inhabitants of the secluded town of Oppido in Calabria Ultra, when the gleam of arms announced the approach of regular troops. The dealers in pottery and silk, in wine and oil, and the manufacturers of gloves and stockings from the delicate filaments of the shell-fish named the *pinna marina*, and the water-carrier by the well, conferred together on this unusual circumstance; the wandering *pifferari* paused in their strains before the shrine of the Madonna; and the rustics of a more doubtful character—to wit, the armed and lawless *carbonari* and mountaineers, the brigands, with their sugar-loaf hats

velveteen jackets, and sandalled feet—looked forth from the dense forests and coverts wherein they lurked, defying alike the anathemas of the Archbishop of Reggio and the powers of the High Court there, and thought the time was near to inspect their guns and stilettoes, and set their wives to abandon the distaff for the bullet-mould, as none knew on what errand those troops had come, or what might ensue ere long, and strange things were expected, for Mazzini and "The Liberator" had been busy with their manifestoes; even the Fata Morgana had been showing strange optical delusions of late in the Bay of Reggio and the Straits of Messina.

The battle of Aspromonte had been fought in their vicinity during the preceding month.

Garibaldi, as all the world knows, intent on raising an insurrection in Hungary, had placed himself at the head of a body of Sicilian volunteers, in the forest district of Ficuzza, twenty miles from Palermo, and, by a hasty and ill-advised movement, he landed these men from two steamers on the Calabrian shore, where, on the mountain plateau of Aspromonte—one of the highest of the Calabrian hills, rising immediately behind the town of Oppido—he was attacked by the Royal Italian troops, under

Colonel Pallavacino. He fell, wounded by a musket-shot in the ankle, while all his people were surrounded and made prisoners.

Military executions followed on many, though "The Liberator," for his great services in the cause of Italian independence, was never brought to trial ; and now the young grass was sprouting above the earthy mounds, and round the rude little crosses that marked where the dead lay in their lonely graves on the slope of the Apennines.

For two noted brigands who had accompanied him, named Agostino Velda and Giuseppe Rivarola, rewards were offered at that time in vain.

The excitement in Oppido was in no way lessened when the sound of bugles came on the evening wind, and ere long the 3rd regiment of Bersaglieri, or Italian Rifles, in the service of Victor Emanuel, with their plumed hats and quaint uniforms, marched into the town, and halted before the *Albergo del Leon d'Oro*, where the colours were lodged, and the lieutenant-colonel commanding took up his quarters.

The soldiers were placed in an empty monastery ; a guard was mounted there, and also at the *albergo* ; and then it began to be whispered

about in the market-place and *cafés* that the Bersaglieri were to remain there until a captain arrived from Reggio with some special instructions for the colonel, Vincenzo il Conte Manfredi, of whom we shall hear more anon.

These rumours were unpleasantly connected with a Bersagliere named Agostino Velda—the same Velda who had followed General Garibaldi, and who had been brought in with the quarter-guard as a prisoner, and was now in a cell of the monastery, heavily ironed, and under the strictest surveillance.

Among the Bersaglieri of Colonel Manfredi were two soldiers of the name of Velda—the prisoner Agostino, and his son Raphael, a youth of little more than twenty years, who bore a character as high and unblemished as that of his father was degraded and low, dissipated and vile. Yet the father and son were both eminently handsome men, and both had fought bravely—the former on the fields of Goïto and Novara, and the latter at Montebello and Solferino ; but latterly to many crimes and breaches of military law, Agostino had added that of desertion and consorting with brigands, among whom he narrowly escaped an assassination in

which he became involved ; and a notice of this event found its way even into the *Times*.

He had thrown aside his uniform, adopted the well-known costume of the brigands—a gaily-embroidered jacket, a high hat, with broad, flaunting ribbon, and long leathern gaiters—and, armed with a rifle and six-barrelled revolver, made his lurking-place among the mountains near Naples.

Not far from Acerra—an episcopal city in the province of Lavoro—for a year prior to the affair of Aspromonte, he had taken up his residence with a formidable bandit and his wife, with whom he lived, concealed in a vault, the fragment of some ruined castle or villa of the old days of Roman Naples.

There they might have resided long enough together, and made perilous the road to Rome, but for the sum of two thousand ducats which had been put upon the head of Agostino Velda after Garibaldi's defeat, and which proved too much for a friendship such as theirs.

One day, after a close pursuit, his *padrona* assured him that he might safely issue forth, as the police had disappeared ; but immediately on Velda raising the trap-door, which was covered with turf and branches to conceal their

den, he was struck to the earth by a blow from an axe, dealt full on his head by a most unsparing hand.

Assisted by his wife, the *padrona* dragged the body to a ditch close by, and then, stabbing her to death, he departed at once to Naples, where he claimed the reward offered for Agostino Velda, whom he accused of killing the woman. But Velda was not dead—such men are hard to kill; he was simply stunned, grievously wounded, and made hideous by the blood that covered him.

He managed to crawl to the nearest house of the National Guard, to whom he told his story, denouncing, as his accomplice, the *padrona*, who was seized and shot, as the reward of his crimes; while he (Velda) was sent back under escort to the 3rd Bersaglieri, then on their march to Calabria, to overawe the brigands in that mountain region, and he was now under sentence and waiting the result of his trial, the papers connected with which had been forwarded for approval to General Enrico Cialdini, who, in the subsequent year, was appointed leader of the entire Italian army, and "Viceroy of Naples, with full power to repress brigandage."

The proceedings of the court-martial by which

the father had been tried were actually engrossed by the hand of his son, who was the clerk to the regiment, and he knew all the papers contained, save the *sentence*, which was known to the sworn members of the court alone ; but he could not doubt the tenor of it.

Shame and gloom clouded the dark and handsome face of the young man, and this dejection was held sacred by his comrades, though it has been said that Colonel Manfredi—a man of weak and vicious character, one, moreover, who was fierce, reckless, and dissipated—was cruel enough, on more than one occasion, to taunt the innocent son with the errors of the guilty father.

The sun was verging towards the watery horizon of the gulf of Gioja, and the shadows of the Apennines were falling far athwart the deep and wooded valleys that lie eastward of Oppido, when, full of sad, terrible, and bitter thoughts, the younger Velda left the little city, and, after pausing once or twice to cross himself before the little lamp-lighted Madonnas at the street corners, hurried towards a spot which was familiar to him, for he was by birth a Calabrian, and like his father before him had first seen light among those very mountains where Aspromonte had been fought.

Under the circumstances in which he was placed, the young soldier gazed sadly on the scenes of his infancy—on the forest paths and secluded places where he had been led by the hand of his mother, who had perished of fever and fright after the battle of Novara.

Raphael Velda walked rapidly onward for a few miles through a district that was rich in fruit trees, where the lemon and citron, the fig, the vine, and the orange were growing, till he reached a region that was rocky and wild, and where the majestic oaks and pines of that extensive tract known as the Forest of La Sila, celebrated even by Virgil in the twelfth book of the "*Æneid*," cast a deepening shadow over the way he pursued, and where the goat, the buffalo, and the wild black swine appeared at times amid the solitude.

Brightly streamed the evening sun through the openings in the forest while Raphael, with unerring steps, trod a path that had been familiar to him in boyhood, and at last reached the place he sought.

It was a cavern in the gray basaltic rocks; but the entrance, known only to the initiated, was carefully concealed by the hand of nature, for the wild fig-trees, the vines, and other

luxuriant creepers completely screened it from the casual eye.

"Oh, Francesca, my love! my love! what an abode for *you*!" muttered the soldier as he saw it. But the place was silent as the grave; the hum of insect life, and the gurgle of a mountain rivulet, whose course was hidden by the verdure, alone met his ear. "Francesca, my betrothed! the wife of my heart!"

Passing through the screen of leaves, Raphael Velda came to a barrier of wood, wedged between the walls of rock, and on this he knocked with a resolute hand, though his heart was throbbing with anxiety.

After a pause, a sound most unpleasantly like the click of a gunlock met his quickened ear, and he hastily knocked again.

"*Chi è là?* (Who is there?)" demanded a stern voice.

"'Tis I, good Giuseppe—a friend."

The wooden barrier sharply revolved on its centre, and within the cavern, half seen in ruddy sunlight, and half sunk in dark brown shadow, appeared the picturesque figure of a man whose attire and bearing proclaimed him to be a Calabrian brigand. Strong and athletic in form, erect and dignified in carriage, the lines of his

dark face and his keen, wild eyes declared him to possess an ardent and fiery spirit; but his garments were tattered and miserable, his beard was long, and its natural raven blackness was becoming silvered by time.

His sash contained a brace of pistols and a horn-hafted knife, and in his hands was a long double-barrelled rifle, which was cocked and held menacingly, for the naturally ferocious expression of his face deepened when he saw the hostile attire of his visitor.

"A friend!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Do the friends of Giuseppe Rivarola wear the uniform of the king's Bersaglieri?"

"True, I am a soldier, Giuseppe—a soldier of the king; yet am I not the less your friend," replied Velda gently.

"Back, I say! I seek not your friendship, boy, and I want not your blood! Yet," continued the robber, wrathfully, "how am I to save my own if I permit you to return alive after having dared to track me to my hiding-place?"

As Rivarola spoke he involuntarily raised the musket to his right shoulder.

"Hold, Giuseppe Rivarola!" cried his visitor. "Have you quite forgotten me? I am Raphael, the son of Agostino Velda."

The brigand uttered a cry, threw down his musket, and springing forward, with all that volubility of gesture and violent declamation which proclaims the Calabrian a genuine child of nature—a rough and impetuous mountaineer—he embraced the young man, took him in his arms and led him into his hiding-place.

It was indeed a squalid den, and lighted only by a few dim rays of the fading sunshine which stole in through fissures in the basalt. In a recess a little Madonna of coarse clay was fixed to the wall of rock, and the flame of a brass oil-lamp was flickering before it. Beneath lay a bed or rather a pallet, the neat arrangements of which indicated the presence of a female hand.

Outside this lay a couch of leaves and deer-skins whereon doubtless old Rivarola snatched his few hours of repose. Some vessels of coarse pottery, an iron pot, a bullet-mould, a powder-flask, and other similar *et cetera*, made up the furniture ; and Raphael looked round him with a saddened and anxious eye.

“Francesca ?” said he, inquiringly.

“She has gone to vespers, and to market at Oppido. The poor child requires other comforts than my gun can procure her on these bleak mountain sides, or even on the highway, for few

men travel now without an escort of the Carabinieri. I am in hopes that she may be employed as a *zitella*—(a girl who will make herself useful)—by the good sisters of the Benedictine convent—God and His Mother bless them!" continued the brigand, lifting off his old battered hat with reverence. "The sisters pity her for her own sake; though they execrate me as one of the godless Garibaldini. Once that our Francesca is safe within their walls, I shall go farther west, among the mountains, where some of the men of Aspromonte are still lurking, though heaven knows that to leave this place for that may be only *noi cadiamo da Scilli in Cariddi*," he added, using the old classic proverb. "But while talking of my own affairs I forget yours. What of your father, my boy?"

"He has been taken by the National Guard, and is now with us in Oppido; but under sentence of death, as I too justly fear it must be," replied Raphael, in a broken voice.

"Rebellion, desertion, treason, and robbery! What else could be the penalty of these but death! He will be shot, of course, by the Bersaglieri."

"Alas!"

"Yet you will continue to wear their uniform?"

said the old brigand, his moustaches quivering with anger.

"I follow the dictates of my conscience."

"Conscience!" replied the other, grimly. "I had such a thing about me once; but now—— Well! well!"

"Are they safe for Francesca, or safe for you, these evening errands into Oppido?"

"She goes in as the twilight falls, and always returns after dark, when none can see the way she takes. But our perils will be increased now that your precious Bersaglieri are so close at hand."

"They *are* increased, Giuseppe. A list of persons to be captured, and shot if found with arms in their hands, or who prove unable to give a satisfactory account of themselves, has been given by Cialdini to the Conte Manfredi, and your name is the *first* on that fatal roll, of which I made a copy no later than yesterday, by the Conte's order."

The outlaw only laughed at this, and his white teeth glistened under his dark moustache.

"They will never discover my retreat," said he.

"Oh, be not too sure of that."

"It has served me ever since that fatal day at Aspromonte."

"You are wrong. Either Francesca has been watched or some one has betrayed you."

"None could betray me. My secret is known to Francesca and myself alone," replied the outlaw, confidently.

"A clue to your hiding-place is in the hands of the Conte Manfredi, and ere to-morrow—yea, to-night, perhaps—a cordon of riflemen will be around it. *Povero amico!* I swear to you that this is the truth!"

"And my Francesca!" exclaimed Rivarola, mournfully, as he clasped his brown hands.

"She is here—here at last!" cried the young man, as a girl sprang into the cavern; but on beholding his uniform she uttered a low cry of terror, and shrank behind her father.

Her figure was slender and *petite*, yet she was full-bosomed and beautifully rounded. Her eyes were dark, but bright and sparkling, and softened in expression by their wonderfully long lashes, which, like her hair, were black as jet. Her attire was poor, but plain and neat, even to being piquante and pretty. Her scarlet bodice was handsomely embroidered, and her habit-shirt, like the square fold of linen that shaded her face, was white as snow, and contrasted well with the almost olive hue of her complexion.

"*O padre mio!* I have been pursued!" she exclaimed.

"By whom?" asked Rivarola, starting to his musket.

"An officer of the Bersaglieri; but I escaped him in the forest. Oh, my father! my father! and a Bersagliere is here before me!"

"Raphael Velda, your betrothed!" said the young man, taking off his plumed hat, and coming forward from the shade which had partly concealed him.

Uttering a soft exclamation of joy, mingled with astonishment, the girl rushed into his arms, and he covered her face with kisses, showering them on her brow, her lips and eyes, even on her neck, where hung her only ornament, a little crucifix of brass.

"*Ne sono estatico!* (I am in ecstasies!)" the young soldier continued to murmur, as he gazed upon the upturned face that lay upon his fringe epaulette, and so near his own flushed cheek.

"Oh, what happiness!" responded the girl. "I am beside myself with joy! Raphael, Raphael, speak to me!"

"Thou art loved by every one, my child," said the old brigand, who made no attempt to

check the free emotions of the lovers, but turned away sadly, and leaned upon his long musket.

"Oh, Francesca, many may—nay, must have loved you; but none as poor Raphael Velda does," said the lover.

"If ever we are parted, judging by what I have suffered already, the *wrench* will be terrible! Francesca will die!" murmured the girl.

"No female society ever afforded me the delight that yours does, and were we to be together for days and days, instead of a few short stolen hours, I would never weary of looking into your sweet eyes. How often in camp and on the march, when weary and listless, I have longed for your beloved shoulder to lay my head upon and go to sleep, though I fear your presence would put all sleep to flight."

"Oh, Raphael, when absent from you I seem only to endure existence. All time seems lost that is not spent with you."

"And one of our officers pursued you, Francesca?" asked Raphael, after a pause.

"Yes, my beloved—from the gate of Oppido, along the highway, and close up to the forest, where I eluded him by lurking behind an ilex tree, while he passed on."

"Is he old or young?"

"A man of some fifty years, with long gray moustaches curled up to his ears."

"*Dio!* 'tis the colonel—the Conte Manfredi the greatest *roué* in all Naples!"

"Never mind—soldiers are used to run after pretty girls. You have escaped him, and if he comes hither my gun will do the rest—there will be promotion for the major," said Rivarola, calmly.

But the handsome face of Velda became troubled and clouded.

His love for Francesca was deep and passionate; yet as a soldier could he marry and make her a camp-follower—the jest, perhaps, of his comrades, the prey, perchance, of such a man as the conte?—she, with all her purity and beauty. A soldier, could he with safety wed the daughter of a brigand—an outlaw—one of the Garibaldini? She had been seen and pursued by his *roué* colonel also, to complicate and make matters more dubious, perilous, and difficult.

"Be one of us—throw your allegiance to the winds, and take to the mountains," the brigand would have suggested; but Raphael was loyal and good, and mourned the lost lives of Rivarola and his doomed father.

But now the sun was set, and he knew that he

must soon return to quarters, as he had only leave till midnight, and, taking his gun, Rivarola prepared to accompany him a little distance on the way.

The lovers separated, with an arrangement for their meeting on the morrow, and from the screen of leaves that hid her wretched home the poor girl, with eyes half-blinded by tears, watched their figures retiring through the forest ; but scarcely had they been gone ten minutes when both came rushing back to her. The face of Raphael was deadly pale ; that of Rivarola inflamed by passion, and in his eyes there sparkled a dangerous light.

"Conceal yourself, my child. A party of the Bersaglieri are in the forest, searching, doubtless, for *me*, so I must fly ; but I shall leave your betrothed with you. Surely," continued Rivarola, "he will be able to protect you from his own comrades, at least. I will fire a shot to lure these men after me, and away from this vicinity ; so, if you hear it, my children, be not alarmed. To heaven and your love I trust her, Raphael. Adieu !"

He pressed the terrified girl almost convulsively to his breast, sprang up the rocks with his musket slung behind him, and disappeared, while

Raphael led Francesca into the cavern and closed the door.

The task of soothing her was a delightful one ; but then came the reflection—what was he to do ? To remain there with her was impossible, as, ere midnight, he would have to report himself to the quarter-guard, and could he leave her alone—alone in the wild forest ?

No ! She should return with him to Oppido, and seek at the Benedictine convent that shelter which would not be denied her. This was soon resolved on, and, though about to leave the cavern, perhaps for ever, she reverentially trimmed anew the votive lamp before the little Madonna, while Raphael stole for half a mile or so into the forest, to assure himself that his comrades were gone. This proved to be the case, as they had heard the distant random shot of Rivarola, and, following it, had disappeared.

“Heaven be praised !” said Raphael, aloud ; “the road is clear for her and me.”

He was returning to the hiding-place, when a shrill cry—almost a shriek—from Francesca made him spring forward with all the speed he could exert ; and he saw with dismay that the barrier of wood and screen of leaves were alike

thrown down, and that an armed man stood within them.

All that his heart had foreboded of evil—the climax of every vague apprehension to which the soul of Raphael Velda had been a prey—was reached when he beheld his beautiful little Francesca struggling to free herself from the grasp of her visitor—his colonel, the Conte Manfredi!

Of all men in Italy, the man from whom he had most cause to fear—the man who held in his hands, perhaps, the life of his father, Agostino Velda, and his own life as a consorter with outlaws—had now tracked out Francesca as a new prey! This was but an example probably, of “how oft the power to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done.”

Raphael knew that the conte was a man without scruple or conscience, possessed of vast wealth, of high rank, and a position which enabled him always to *crush* with success all who opposed his wishes, however vile or cruel those wishes might be; and Raphael was but a poor Bersagliere, whose father was a convicted brigand.

All this foreknowledge rushed upon the mind

of Raphael, and for a moment he was paralyzed with dismay ; but a moment only.

The next saw him tear Francesca from the grasp of the conte, whom he thrust without much ceremony aside.

In an instant the blade of the colonel's sword glittered in his hand.

"In guardia, signore ! in guardia !" cried he, in a voice that was tremulous with rage ; while Raphael, who had no other weapon than the short sword-bayonet of the Bersagliere, promptly drew it to defend himself, and therewith he parried one or two thrusts that were aimed at his breast. As yet the colonel had not recognized him, for the cavern was dark, or only lit by the tiny votive lamp that flickered above the humble couch of Francesca. "Ha, Signore Spadaccino !" said Manfredi, mockingly, "I'll be through your body this time."

But, by a rapid circular parry and great strength of wrist, Raphael twisted the sword from the hand of the conte, who then drew a pistol. All this passed in a few seconds ; while Francesca, crouching behind Raphael, looked upward with her face blanched by terror. And now, as he levelled the pistol, the conte for the

first time discovered that his antagonist was a soldier.

"*Como vi chiamente* (what is your name)?" he asked, in a voice of thunder.

"Raphael Velda, signore."

"*Ehi!* one of my own men, too!"

"*Illustrissimo—si*—I have the honour," replied Raphael, with a profound salute, but keeping his sword drawn, nevertheless.

"Oh, Raphael! my love! my love! you are lost! Spare him, Signore Colonello! spare him!" cried Francesca. "He is too young to die!"

"Leave this place, Raphael Velda," said the conte, in a low, hoarse voice.

"Never!"

"Indeed! When are you due at Oppido?"

"I have my captain's leave till midnight, signore."

"*Mezzanotte?* Good. It wants but two hours of that time now," said the mocking conte, looking at his watch. "You know, I presume, the penalty of drawing upon a superior officer?"

"No—not when in defence of my own life, and of one who is dearer to me than life."

"*Veramente*—indeed!" drawled the other, curling up his enormous moustache, which he wore in imitation of King Victor Emanuel.

"This girl—the daughter of a brigand—of a Garibaldino—is beyond the pale of all protection."

"She is my betrothed wife, signore," said Raphael, with a deep burst of emotion.

"Your life is in my hands, Velda, as a consorter with outlaws."

"Not more a consorter than yourself, signore, if the mere fact of being here makes me one."

"Insolent! Yet I will spare your life on one condition."

"Name it, signore."

"That you will never mention what has transpired here to-night—our combat, and my disarmament. Swear it by the God that hears you, and the soul of the girl you love!"

Raphael felt astonished at a punishment so unlike Manfredi, but swore as he was requested.

"Good," said the colonel, picking up and sheathing his sword. "I give you life for silence, but my vengeance will come on the morrow!"

And with these ominous words, which the unfortunate Raphael connected in some way with his imprisoned father, the colonel quitted the dreary abode of the Rivarolas, and disappeared in the forest.

The moment he was gone, Raphael raised Francesca, and strove by his caresses to reassure her. He affected to make light of the threats of Manfredi, expatiated on the promises he had given as a reward for silence, expressed joy that her father had escaped ; and, as soon as she had regained her composure, he led her from the cavern, and together, hand in hand, with their minds mutually oppressed by fear for the future, they pursued the highway almost in silence till they reached the little city of Oppido.

"Adieu, Raphael," said the girl, weeping on his breast.

"Oh, Francesca! my dearest Francesca! I cannot tell you how I love you! And this love continues, if possible, to grow every day. My whole soul is yours, Francesca!"

"And I shall yearn long and wearily for you till we meet again. Separate from you, the most sunny days are gloomy to me, and I seem to shiver as if chilled by the *tramontana*!"

And now, after a long and passionate kiss—a *last* one, as it proved—they separated at the gate of the Convent of Santo Benedetto ; and, fortunately for Raphael, he was in quarters before the time necessary, and amid their dull monotony the voice of Francesca ever lingered in his ear.

Some valets or emissaries of the conte were at the cavern betimes before daybreak. The cage was empty, and its pretty bird flown, they knew not whither; and this only served to inflame him the more against the elder Velda.

Next morning the shrill brass bugles of the Bersaglieri were blown at an unusually early hour, while the mountain summits were yet red with the first rays of the morning sun, and the whole battalion paraded under the orders of the conte; for the expected captain had arrived overnight from Reggio with his final instructions, and, rumour said, with the death-warrant of Agostino Velda. The latter seemed to be fully verified by the fact that the regimental chaplain—a Franciscan friar—had spent the greater portion of the night in his cell.

It was a lovely Italian morning, and never did the towering Apennines look more beautiful in their verdure and fertility, while the red rising sun cast their purple shadows, and those of the great pines and oaks which clothed their sides far to the westward. To the east, dotted by many a white sail, the blue Mediterranean spread away towards the Lipari Isles; and the smoke of many a steamer towered high into the deep

azure of the dome above the Straits of Messina and the Bay of Gioja.

The plain where the Bersaglieri (who derive their name from *bersaglio*, a mark, or shooting-butt) were paraded was a solitary spot about a mile distant from Oppido, in a rugged ravine, overhung on all side by masses of rock, which had been rent into fantastic shapes seventy-seven years before by the dreadful earthquake of 1783.

The troops were unpopular among the Calabrese ; so none of the inhabitants were present to witness the morning parade, which, on the part of the Conte Manfredi, embraced a scheme for vengeance such as an Italian heart of a certain calibre alone could conceive.

The well-trained Bersaglieri stood silent and firm in their ranks ; the only motion there being the fluttering of their dark-green plumes, which were caught by the passing breeze. Their sword-bayonets were fixed on their rifles, as the regiment formed three sides of a hollow square, and the broad blades of these reflected gayly the sheen of the morning sun.

On the vacant side of the square stood an upright post, firmly placed in the earth, with a stout rope dangling from it. At this object the eyes of the soldiers looked grimly but sternly

from time to time. The officers leaned on their swords, and yawned wearily in the early morning air. Since the field of Aspromonte they had grown tired of the perilous work of brigand-hunting, and looked forward with something of dismay to the rustication of dull quarters in the mountain city of Oppido, while knowing that at Reggio there were the great cathedral, with its aisles of paintings, where people may flirt if they do not pray, the theatre, the opera, and the promenade of the Porto Nuovo, where girls handle their fans as girls only do in Spain and Italy. Even the yearly fair would be lost to the Bersaglieri. It was all a profound bore!

While such empty regrets occupied the minds of many, the heart of Raphael Velda was a prey to a grief and horror all its own. He and all the regiment thought that he should have been spared a scene so horrible as the execution of his own father! He had proffered this request personally, and through the captain of his company, but in vain. The conte was inexorable. He only gave one of his sinister smiles, and shrugged his shoulders in token of refusal. So, pale as a spectre, and trembling in every fibre, Raphael stood under arms in his usual place.

Agostino Velda, though an old soldier of the

corps, who had, as we have said, fought loyally on the field of Goito, in Lombardy, and that of Novara, in Piedmont, was viewed now only as a disgrace, a brigand and Garibaldino; so, although all sympathized with his son, and deprecated his presence on an occasion so awful, they cared little otherwise about the impending execution. But how little could they foresee the terrible *triple* tragedy which was to ensue on that bright and sunny morning parade!

From the lower end of the ravine was seen the gleam of approaching bayonets, and the prisoner appeared with fetters on his hands, walking slowly between a file of Bersaglieri, and by the side of the chaplain—a very reverend-looking old man, who wore the garb of a Franciscan—and who had been praying with him all night in the vault of the old castle, which served as a dungeon. And now poor Raphael felt an icy shudder pass over his whole frame as his father drew near.

He had already that day at dawn taken a passionate and affectionate farewell of him, and they were to meet no more on earth; but yet the dark and haggard eyes of Agostino Velda wandered restlessly and yearningly along the ranks, as if in search of a beloved face.

He was a splendid-looking man, in the prime

of life. His stature was great, and his bearing lofty and commanding. The pallor of his face contrasted strangely with the raven blackness of his voluminous beard and hair; the latter seemed to start up in sprouts from his forehead and temples, and fell backward like the mane of a lion. His eyes were dark—dark as the doom that awaited him; and their usual expression was fierce, defiant, and lowering.

He was bareheaded, and muffled in an old regimental great-coat, which was intended to be his shroud.

“I have repented of all my faults and crimes,” said he, in a firm voice, and with a collected manner. “I see now, old comrades, the folly, the wickedness, of my past life, and am ready to die for it!”

The proceedings of the court-martial were then read over by the adjutant, and they closed with the sentence—

“That he—the said Agostino Velda, lately a Bersagliere of the 3rd Regiment, and now a brigand—was to be tied to a post and shot to death by any three soldiers whose doubtful character might lead the colonel to select them for that duty as a species of punishment!”

The hand of Manfredi seemed to tighten on

his bridle-rein as he heard this, and there passed a grim smile over his face as he handed a pencilled memorandum to the sergeant-major, who changed colour as he read it, and in his utter confusion actually forgot to salute his officer, under whose glance most of the Bersaglieri cowered, for he was supposed to possess that terror of the Italians, an evil-eye. He paused for a moment irresolutely, and then turned to obey, for discipline and obedience become a second nature to a soldier.

While the pioneers bound the passive prisoner to the stake, the perplexed sergeant-major summoned from the ranks two soldiers who had been punished repeatedly for breaches of discipline, and twice for robbery, as their names had been given to him by the colonel. Then, pausing slowly before the company in the ranks of which Raphael Velda stood, pale as a sheet, and supporting himself on his rifle, he summoned him to step forth, as the *third* fire, to complete the firing-party.

A thrill of horror and dismay seemed to pervade the whole regiment on witnessing this, and now Raphael rushed to the front.

"*Signore Illustrissimo—oh, colonello mio!*" he exclaimed, in a piercing voice, while gesticu-

lating with all the fervour of a true Calabrian ; “ *Dio buono !* you cannot mean this ! It is too cruel—too terrible. The king will resent it—General Cialdini will never permit it,” he added, wildly and incoherently, while his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

In a paroxysm of grief he knelt before the conte, entreating him to alter the terrible selection—to forego this subtle scheme for vengeance, while the pale prisoner, who saw and understood the whole situation, uttered a cry of grief, and, dropping the crucifix which the chaplain had placed in his hands, covered his face with them.

“What can be the meaning of this?” was whispered round the ranks.

Raphael alone could have told ; but he was sworn to secrecy—secrecy by God’s name and the soul of Francesca.

In vain did the major—a gallant old soldier, who possessed great influence in the corps—urge the conte to change his plan ; in vain did the venerable chaplain supplicate on one hand and threaten on the other ; and in vain also did Raphael Velda, whose voice had now left him, stretch his hands towards the conte in mute entreaty.

Vincenzo Manfredi was inexorable !

"I do not command the son to shoot the father, but the loyal Bersagliere to slay the convicted felon," said he ; and then, with a voice and bearing that forbade all hope of his revoking an order which filled the regiment with indignation and bewilderment—for the character of Raphael was unimpeachable, and even were it not so, the selection was alike cruel and unnatural—he ordered the firing-party to fall in at fifty yards' distance from the criminal, and to load and cap their rifles. Then the remainder of the obnoxious task was to be performed by the sergeant-major.

"*Sono allo disperazione!*—I am in despair—oh, Francesca!—oh, my father!" moaned Raphael, as he loaded mechanically, and knew that even if he fired in the air he would throughout all his future life be branded as a parricide—as the executioner of his own father!

A blindness—a horror, like a great darkness—seemed to come over him, and for a few moments he was beside himself with excess of emotion. For a second or so the idea of shooting Manfredi at the head of the regiment occurred to him, but only to be dismissed, for that officer was so placed that he could not have been hit without the risk of killing another ; and now,

like an automaton, he found himself kneeling—one of three executioners—before his father, at fifty yards' distance.

Though horror blanched his face, Agostino looked proudly and steadily at the three dark tubes from whence his doom was to come ; for at the word "three" the executioners were to fire.

"*Uno !*" cried the sergeant-major, in a voice that was quite unlike his own ; "*due ! TRE !*"

Reverberating with a hundred echoes among the rocks as the sounds were tossed from peak to peak, *four* rifles rang sharply in the clear morning air, and three men fell dead.

They were Agostino Velda, pierced by two bullets in his head, which sank heavily forward on his breast ; Raphael, who, by an expert use of his bayonet as a lever, after uttering a prayer to heaven and for Francesca, had shot himself through the heart ; and, lastly, the Conte Manfredi, who, pierced by a bullet fired from the rocks above, threw up his hands with a wild scream, and fell lifeless from his horse !

His fall and the suicide of Raphael Velda were so totally unexpected, that the Bersaglieri were utterly bewildered and confounded. The double catastrophe was almost terrifying even to old soldiers ; but the major was the first to recover

his presence of mind, and at the head of a company proceeded to surround and scale those rocks from whence the mysterious bullet had come.

No trace of the assassin could be found, save a long and double-barrelled rifle, which had been recently discharged, and on the stock of which was carved the name of the noted brigand, "Giuseppe Rivarola ;" so not a doubt remained that by his hand the conte had perished.

In vain were the mountains searched, and princely rewards for his apprehension offered by General Cialdini and the king; for Giuseppe was never seen afterwards, though he is supposed to be still lurking among the wilds of the Abruzzi—the Promised Land of the Italian brigands.

As a suicide, the hapless Raphael Velda was buried in a solitary place, and in unconsecrated ground; but yearly, on the anniversary of his death—the festival of St. Michael and All Angels—there comes a Benedictine nun, who kneels by the green sod that covers him, and with beads in hand and head bent low and reverently, says a prayer for the repose of his soul.

She then hangs a wreath of fresh flowers on the little cross that marks his grave, and glides slowly and sadly away.

LA BELLE TURQUE.

THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS CÉCILE.

OF all the wandering claimants to royalty, scions of kings "retired from business," *soi-disant* regal pretenders, false or real—whether like Perkin Warbeck, or the six Demetriuses of Russia, some more recent pseudo-heirs of the house of Stuart who figured in Austria after the "Quarterly" drove them out of Scotland, "the Duke of Normandy" in London, and so forth, who have appeared from time to time, none have had so marvellous a story to tell as the Princess Cécile, "La Belle Turque," as she was named, who, announcing herself, in two volumes octavo, to be a daughter of the deposed sultan Achmet III., took the heedless world of Paris by surprise, about a hundred years ago, and whose narrative

has frequently been classed with romances, though it came forth as a veritable history, and with a title more clearly avowed than that of "Ascanius, or the Adventurer in Scotland."

The editor, who guaranteed its truth, was a man of veracity and credit in his day; and he urged upon the public, that however extraordinary and romantic her adventures might appear, they were, nevertheless, strictly fact; and in a letter addressed to the editor of the "Journal de Paris," in 1787, he added, that in that year the lady was still alive in the French capital, "and, notwithstanding her advanced age, in the enjoyment of good health."

It is singular that her narrative, whether false or true, as given by herself and "M. Buisson, Littéraire, Hôtel de Mesgrigny, Rue des Poitevins,"—as it would furnish ample materials for the largest three-volume novel—escaped the eyes of Alexandre Dumas, or Viscount d'Arlincourt, as it is full of adventures of the most stirring kind, and, told briefly, runs thus:—

The introductory part of her story, in which the names of persons of rank are concealed, contains, necessarily the adventures of her governess, or nurse, by whom she was first abducted from her home, and brought to France.

It would appear that about the year 1700, a Mademoiselle Emilia (*sic*), daughter of a surgeon in the French seaport town of Gènes, was, with her lover, a young Genoese, named Salmoni, in a pleasure-boat upon the Mediterranean, a little way from the coast, when, notwithstanding "la terreur du nom de Louis XIV.," they were pounced upon by some Turkish corsairs—a common enough event in those days, and one not unfrequent, even after Lord Exmouth demolished Algiers.

This occurred in the dusk; and the voice of Salmoni, who had been singing, is supposed to have first attracted them. Being armed, the Italian defended his love and his life with courage, but fell severely wounded, and was left for dead in the bottom of his boat, which floated away, the sport of the waves, while Emilia was carried off, and, in consequence of her great beauty, was ultimately sold, at Constantinople, under the name of Fatima, for the service and amusement of Achmet III., who, in consequence of her accomplishments, made her a species of governess to his children, instead of retaining her among the odalisques in the seraglio. This must have been subsequent to 1703, when Achmet began his troublesome reign.

She was in this situation of trust, when Salmoni, who had never forgotten her, after a long and unsuccessful search through many seaport towns in the Levant—a veritable pilgrim of love—accidentally discovered, by a casual conversation with a Turkish seaman, where she was, and how occupied ; for this man had been one of the corsair's crew.

Disguised as a Turk, and giving out that "he was the father of Fatima, the trusted slave," Salmoni found means to communicate with her through an *itchcoglan*, one of the slaves or pages attached to the seraglio, and they were thus enabled to see each other and converse, their hasty meetings being but stolen moments of tenderness and joy.

Emilia was now in attendance upon a little daughter of Achmet III., born in 1710, and then six months old. Her mother was the Sultana Aski, formerly a Georgian slave, and then one of the kadines or wives of the Sultan, ladies whose number rarely exceeds seven. Emilia was high in favour with both Achmet and this sultana, as she had been particularly serviceable to the latter at the birth of the child, through some little skill she had acquired from her father, the surgeon ; thus the confidence they reposed in

her, and the authority she possessed over all the people in and about the seraglio, facilitated the execution of those plans for an escape, suggested and urged by Salmoni.

With a view to this end, she desired the *bastonghi*, or head-gardener, to make a see-saw, which was in the gardens, so high that she—and her pupils, probably—might see the whole city from the lofty wall that girds this place, where still the trees planted are always green, that the inhabitants of Galata and other places may not see the ladies at their lonely promenades. Aided by this see-saw, she dropped over the wall a billet to Salmoni, desiring him to procure a ladder, “a steel-yard” to fix it to the masonry, to make arrangements with a ship captain, and, when all was prepared, to wait her beneath the wall of that terrible Serai Bournous, which no slave-woman had ever yet left alive.

Salmoni promptly obeyed her instructions ; he discovered a ship for the Levant, and, by a note tossed over the wall, informed her of the night, and the very hour of their departure.

She was in the act of reading this note—probably not for the first time—when the Sultan Achmet suddenly entered her apartment ; and she had barely time to toss it, unseen, into a

porphyry vase ; for this billet, if discovered, might have consigned her to the bowstring of the *capidgi-bashi*, or the sack of the black *chan-natoraga*, and its concealment forms an important feature in the story of the fugitives.

The hour—almost the moment—for flight had arrived, and Salmoni, she knew, awaited her below the garden wall ; yet, amid all the terror and anxiety of the time, so strong was Emilia's love for the little baby-girl of whom she had the chief care, that she resolved to convey the child away with her, and hoped eventually to rear it as a Christian. Collecting all her jewels, and those which Achmet had already lavished on the infant, she took with them the silken *fetfa*, or record of its birth ; and, to be brief, escaped unseen by means of the steel-yard and ladder.

As she descended, the latter was held for her by a person in a gray cloak, whom she believed to be Salmoni, and into whose arms she was, consequently, about to throw herself, when another man started forward, and plunged a sword into his breast. He fled, and a cry escaped Emilia, who fell to the ground ; but at that moment the captain of the vessel, by which Salmoni had arranged they should escape, rushed up, and, tearing off the mufflings of the fallen man, merely

exclaimed, "It is *not* he!" and bore her off to the seashore.

An alarm had been given. There was no time to wait for the absent Salmoni; she was placed at once on board the vessel, which immediately sailed and made all speed to leave the Golden Horn behind. She proved to be a small craft belonging to Bayonne, commanded by a young captain from Dieppe; who ultimately landed Emilia and her charge at Gènes, where her first care was to have the little *Turque* baptized according to the rites of the Catholic church.

This, it is recorded, was done by the *curé* of St. Eulalie de Gènes, who named her Marie Cé-cile; and in honour of an event so remarkable, a salute was fired by the cannon of the château and those of the ramparts of the fort; and three *religieuses*, named respectively, La Mère St. Agnes, La Mère St. Modesté, and La Mère de l'Humilité, are mentioned as having taken a deep interest in the escaped fugitive and her charge, who was kept in ignorance of her origin till her fifteenth year.

We know not how many daughters Achmet III. is said to have had; but in a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, dated from Adrianople, she writes of his eldest being betrothed in mar-

riage to Behram Bassa, then the reigning court favourite, and translates a copy of verses he had addressed to her.

Cécile was now taken to several European courts, "at which"—according to the narrative—"she was received with all the honours due to her illustrious rank." In Russia, she was presented to the Czar, Peter I., who died in that year); but in England, she would seem to have contented herself with a short residence at a coffee-house (*café*), in Covent Garden! Among other sovereigns, she was presented to Pope Clement XI., at Rome, where her beauty, which she inherited from her Georgian mother, especially the profusion of her exquisite hair, began to surround her with snares and perils.

In Rome, her guardian, Emilia, had the joy of once more meeting Salmoni! The man who had been stabbed beneath the seraglio wall had not been he, but the Turkish corsair, through whom he had first traced her there, and who had hoped to make profit out of the intended escape by treacherously revealing it to the sultan; and for this purpose he had plotted with a female slave attached to the palace. This woman, through whose hands the important billet passed,

had artfully erased the hour of twelve, fixed by Salmoni, and substituted *eleven*. Hence, though the sailor had full time to make the attempt, he failed in the execution of his purpose ; so now, after all their perils, Salmoni and Emilia were married in the Eternal City, where the love affairs of "La Belle Turque" speedily began to attract notice.

First, we are told, that a duke fell in love with her ; but she made him her friend, assuring him that he could never be more to her, as she had already become inspired by a passion for a handsome young Knight of Malta, who hoped soon to be absolved from his vow of celibacy. While waiting for this, the knight's father, old Prince —, as mischance would have it, became enamoured of her, reckless that he was a rival of his son ; and, to avoid his importunities, she and the Salmonis set out suddenly for Paris, where, by the knavery of a banker, she lost much of the proceeds of the jewels brought from Constantinople ; so that her fortune was reduced from sixty thousand livres yearly, to about ten thousand.

In a coffee-house at Paris, Cécile chanced to see in the "Gazette de France," an account of the misfortunes that had overtaken her father,

Achmet III. This was in 1730, when that weak and imbecile voluptuary, who had viewed with indifference the Hungarian troubles and the wars of the north, after being involved in a contest with Russia, by which he lost in succession the cities of Asoph and Belgrade, and the provinces of Temesvar, Servia and Wallachia, on the discomfiture of his arms by Persia, had an insurrection among his own subjects, and was compelled by the Janissaries to abdicate in favour of his nephew, Mustapha III., who threw him into a prison, where he passed a life of mortification and shame, "after he had," as Voltaire has it, "sacrificed his vizier and his principal officers, in vain, to the resentment of the nation."

On reading of all these things, Cécile registered a vow that she would visit Turkey, seek out her father, and endeavour to console him in his misfortunes ; and the death of her guardian, Emilia, about this time, together with the annoyance she experienced from the old Prince, who, presuming on her friendless, dubious, and false position, daily "became more urgent and less respectful," hastened her departure.

Alone she set out for Fontainebleau to solicit a passport as a French subject, and to return thanks for the protection afforded her by the

court of Louis XIV. ; but in returning to Paris, her carriage was stopped at night in the forest, which then covered thirty thousand acres of hill and valley, and there ensued an épisode, which, by its *coincidences*, seems too evidently romance, though truth at times is stranger than fiction.

A handsomely-attired chevalier—who proved to be the Prince—requested her to alight and enter a *voiture*, which stood there with six horses, pleading that she would do so, “without compelling him to use violence.”

On this, she uttered a cry for help ; and ere long another *voiture* dashed up, and there leaped out a gentleman sword in hand. He proved to be the young Duke de —, her Roman admirer, and he had barely time to recognize Cécile, when her betrothed, the Knight of Malta, also appeared on the scene, which thus becomes so melo-dramatic as to throw ridicule on the story.

“The Duke is about to deprive you of your mistress,” said the cunning old Prince to his son ; “let us jointly use our swords against him in defence of your dearest interests.”

So thereupon the cavalier of Malta ran the poor Duke through the body in the most approved fashion ; bore off the fainting Cécile to Paris, and placed her in the hotel of his father.

There the renewed, but secret, addresses of the latter so greatly alarmed her, that on one occasion she had to protect herself by an exhibition of pistols, after which she escaped with Salmoni and the Knight, who urged that she should, in fulfilment of her vow, visit her captive father, while he once more strove, at the feet of Pope Clement's successor, to get the oath of celibacy absolved.

In Turkey, some unruly Janissaries slew Salmoni, and were about to offer some violence to Cécile, despite her French passport, when she displayed before them the *fetfa* ! This, we are told, was a piece of yellow silk on which was embroidered, in golden letters, the names of the Sultan, of her mother Aski, and herself, with the day and hour of her birth, together with certain passages from the Koran : "The children of the Sultans are bound with the *fetfa* immediately after birth ; and this document is deemed a sacred proof of their royal descent ; and at the sight of it every Mohammedan must bow himself to the ground, and defend with his life the wearer of it."

By this time her cousin Mustapha III. was dead, and his successor, her kinsman, Mohammed V., on hearing of her story, and, more than

all, of her beauty, conceived a passion for her, and sent his chief friend and confidant, the Beglerbeg of Natolia, to inform her of the honour that awaited her. Being informed that it was the fame of her wonderful hair that had first excited the curiosity and admiration of the Sultan, she cut it entirely off, and, tossing it to the messenger—

“Go,” said she, “and give your master this—the object of his love—and tell him, that a woman capable of such a sacrifice, knows no master but Heaven and her own heart !”

Had chignons been then in fashion, much trouble might have been saved the fair Cécile ; who, finding that a hasty departure from Turkey alone could save her, demanded, but in vain, a passport from the Bashaw of Smyrna or Izmir. Urged by her father Achmet, she quitted secretly by sea, and was landed by a French frigate at Toulon, where she learned from the lieutenant of a Maltese galley that her lover had perished in a duel.

Her journey to Turkey had greatly impoverished her, and now she found herself in France almost without a friend, with only five hundred ducats and a diamond, the gift of her father Achmet III. Choosing to conceal her fallen

fortune from every eye, she selected an humble dwelling in an obscure part of the city, where, long years after, her editor first discovered her, and where, at a distance from royal thrones; from human wealth and grandeur, she had sought to pass the evening of her days in peace and obscurity. "God has blessed my fortitude," she concludes. "Born in 1710, I have lived to see the 1st of January, 1786, and must now serenely and tranquilly await that peace by which death must make amends for all the surprising and afflicting changes of fortune which I experienced in my passage through life."

Cécile—if ever she existed at all—must have been then in her 76th year. Her narrative is certainly mentioned in the "Journal de Paris;" but in the tide of events that so rapidly followed the year in which the financial troubles of France began; the meeting of the States-General, and the crash of the first Revolution following, we hear no more of "La belle Turque," the *soi-disant* daughter of the dethroned Achmet III.

THE MARQUIS DE FRATTEAUX, CAPTAIN OF FRENCH HORSE.

FEW events made a greater sensation in England generally, and more particularly in London, in March, 1752, than the mysterious disappearance or abduction—it was called for a time the murder—of the unfortunate Marquis de Fratteaux, who was actually dragged by force from the heart of the English metropolis, and immured in the Bastile, to gratify the strange and unnatural hatred of his own father.

This noble, whose name was Louis Mathieu Bertin, Marquis de Fratteaux, Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and a distinguished young captain of French cavalry, was the eldest son of M. Jean Bertin de St. Geyran (Honorary Master of Requests and Counsellor to the Par-

liament of Bordeaux) and of his wife Lucretia de St. Chamant, both of whose families were deemed, by character and descent, most honourable among the Bordelais. In the Blazon ou Art Héraldique,* Bertin is represented as bearing an escutcheon argent, charged with a saltire (simple) dentelé.

From his birth, the Marquis Louis Mathieu was an object of aversion to his father, who, on the other hand, doted even to absurdity on his youngest son, on whom he lavished all his love and his livres, and on whom he bestowed the estate of Bourdeille. M. Bertin would seem, almost, from the birth of his second boy, to have determined, by every scheme he could devise, to deprive the eldest of his birthright; and this object he followed with singular rancour nearly to the end of his life.

It has never been hinted that M. Bertin suspected the paternity of his heir. Through life the conduct of Madame Bertin was irreproachable and above all suspicion.

In the infancy and boyhood of Louis, his father strove by systematic oppression, and by cutting neglect, to degrade, mortify, and break

* French Encyclopædie, 1789.

the spirit of the poor little fellow : on all occasions giving the place of honour, and the whole of his affection, to his second son. As his manhood approached, his father proposed to him the profession of the law, but as he, weary of his unhappy home, displayed an inclination for the army, open war was at once declared by his father against him. To more than one abbé did the young man in his misery appeal for intercession with his tyrannical parent ; but such appeals only made matters worse, and the Counsellor became so furious in his wrath, that he made preparations to seclude Louis in some strong vault or cellar of his mansion.

The Marquis having discovered the residence of a young woman who was the mistress of his father, paid her a secret visit, told her the story of his unhappy life and domestic persecution ; and, as his own mother seemed powerless in the matter, on his knees sought *her* interest in his behalf. She would seem to have been touched by the appeal ; and rated the Counsellor soundly for his unnatural conduct, threatening him with the loss of her affection "if M. Louis were not left to his own inclination in the choice of a profession."

In the hope, perhaps, that some English or

Prussian bullet might rid him of a son whom he hated so cordially, Bertin permitted the Marquis to join the Regiment de Noailles (or 54th Cavalry of the Line, commanded by the Comte d'Ayen, nephew of Marshal Noailles) as a cadet or volunteer ; but, according to the system then pursued in the French service, he could receive no pay or emolument, even while campaigning in Flanders and Germany. After fourteen months of this probation, however, he was gazetted to a cornetcy in the Regiment de Maine, and at sixteen years of age became captain of a troop in the 40th Cavalry, or Dragoons of St. Jal, commanded by Brigadier the Comte de St. Jal ;* his boyish spirit and bravery (not to mention his rank) having even then attracted the attention of Comte d'Argenson, who was prime minister of France from 1743 to 1757. The Count prevailed upon Louis the Fifteenth to make the Marquis a Chevalier of the Royal Order, and bestow upon him a special pension, in lieu of the wretched pittance allowed him by his father.

This early success in camp and at court seemed to inflame the resentment of the Coun-

* Liste Historique de toutes les troupe au Service de France.

sellor, who now began to affirm that the Marquis was not his son, but a changeling, or impostor, substituted by the nurse for his first child, who, he declared, had died while under her charge; but, as this story could be in no way sustained, M. Bertin changed his tactics, and resolved to get rid of his eldest son by—poison!

A fever with which Fratteaux was seized about this time, favoured the infamous idea; and his father, who visited him with an air of concern, contrived to give him, in his medicine, a dose of some deadly drug which he called an infusion of bark. It nearly proved fatal, and would inevitably have done so, but for the prompt arrival of the apothecary who had furnished it, and who, suspecting foul play when summoned by the Marquis, brought with him a powerful antidote.

The Counsellor, who was immensely rich, now suborned some worthless fellows, among whom was an Italian (name unknown), to swear that Fratteaux meditated a parricidal design against *his* life; “that the Marquis, having a quarrel with his father, drew his sword, and would have killed him but for the interposition of the father

of the Italian, who received the thrust, and died of it."

This deposition enabled Bertin to purchase a *lettre de cachet*, by virtue of which he had his son arrested, and thrust into a monastery near Bordeaux, where he was treated as a prisoner. Though for the crime of attempted parricide he might have been broken alive on the wheel by the then existing laws of France.

Through the great influence of Bertin as a Counsellor of Parliament, all his son's entreaties for release, or for a public trial, were rendered vain, and he lost his commission in the Regiment of St. Jal. Some of his friends, however, having discovered where he was confined, and fearing that he might be secretly put to death, broke into the monastery one night, and assisted him to escape. Through Gascony and Bearn he fled to Spain, where, without so much as a change of clothes, without money or letters of introduction, he arrived, in a famished and destitute condition, at the house of the Comte de Marcillac (a relation of his mother), who derived his title from the little town of that name, nine miles north of Bordeaux.

The Counsellor soon discovered the place of his son's retreat, and, assisted by a liberal dona-

tion of gold, soon procured from the French ambassador at Madrid a warrant for the arrest of the fugitive, based upon the powers afforded by that infamous instrument of tyranny, the *lettre de cachet*. Once more the unhappy son had to fly; the Comte de Marcillac supplied him with money; and, embarking at the nearest port, he sailed for London, where he arrived in 1749. There, under the name of Monsieur de St. Etienne, he took a humble lodging in Paddington, then a country village with green fields all round it, from Marybone Farm to Kensington. His landlord was a market gardener.

His friends in France and Spain sent him remittances and letters of introduction to several persons of rank in London. To these, the pleasant manners, gentle bearing, and handsome person of the young Marquis speedily recommended him, and ere long he was enabled to remove nearer town, where he boarded with a Mrs. Giles, in Marybone—or, as another account has it, “with one Mrs. Bacon, a widow gentlewoman of much good nature and understanding.” But even in this “land of liberty” he was not safe from the rancour of the indefatigable Counsellor, with his *lettre de cachet*.

The English friends of the Marquis having

urged that he should lay the story of his wrongs before Louis the Fifteenth in the form of a memorial, the preparation of it was confided to an amanuensis, a Frenchman named Dages de Souchard. This fellow (though only the son of an obscure lawyer at Libourne, then a very small town of Provence) assumed, in London, the title of Baron. A deep-witted, crafty, and insinuating rascal, he contrived to propitiate many unsuspecting persons, and claimed to be a strict French Protestant, though he had, in early life, been a Franciscan monk, or friar minor, in a monastery at Nerac, in the west of France, and came of a family of rigid Catholics. Nay, while in the monastery, he seduced a young girl named Du Taux, whose mother was the lavandière of the establishment, and they had come together to London, where they gave themselves out as persecuted French Protestants. Having been born within twenty miles of Bordeaux, this Souchard knew the story of the Marquis de FratteaUX, and conceived the idea of turning it to his own profit before it should reach the ears of Louis the Fifteenth. For this purpose, delaying the preparation of the memorial, he wrote secretly to the Counsellor, stating that he knew where his son was, and offering to make terms

to secure and deliver him up! The Counsellor entered cordially into the scheme, and, after remitting him some money on account, agreed to settle upon him for life a pension of six hundred livres, and to pay him two thousand English guineas down, with two hundred more, for the reward of any assistants or accomplices he might deem necessary.

Dages de Souchard immediately set about his treachery, and employed a man of most unscrupulous character, one Alexander Blasdale, a Marshal's Court officer who resided in St. Martin's Lane, and whose follower or colleague, by a strange coincidence, was the very Italian who had been accessory to the incarceration of the Marquis in the monastery near Bordeaux.

On the night of the 25th of March, 1752, they repaired to the lodgings of the Marquis: who immediately became deadly pale on seeing the Italian, and exclaimed, in alarm and distress:

"I am a dead man!"

Blasdale summoned him to surrender in the king's name. Knowing that he owed no man anything, Fratteaux was disposed to resist. His landlady sent for M. Robart, French clergyman, to whom Blasdale, with cool effrontery, showed a writ to arrest the Marquis for a pretended debt.

The latter was persuaded to yield and to accompany the officer to his house in St. Martin's Lane, whither he was immediately driven in a hackney-coach, and there placed in a secure chamber.

Five gentlemen, "one of them a person of the first fashion," on hearing of the arrest, repaired to the bailiff, and in strong language warned him to beware of using the least violence towards his prisoner, lest he should be called to a severe account ; and they added, that sufficient bail would be found for him in the morning. One gentleman, named M. Dubois, remained with the Marquis as his friend, resolved to see the end of the affair, and to protect him ; but about midnight the Italian came in, saying that some one wished to speak with this gentleman below. On descending to the street, Dubois found only the bailiff Blasdale, who roughly told him "to be gone," and thrusting him out of the house, shut him out, and secured the door. On this gentleman returning with the French clergyman and others next morning, they were told by a servant-girl "that the Marquis was gone, in company with several gentlemen." They then demanded to see her master, but were curtly told that "he was out of town." In short,

neither he nor his victim was ever beheld in England again !

Fears of foul play being immediately excited, the whole party repaired to Justice Fielding, by whom a warrant to apprehend Blasdale was issued, on suspicion of murder. Application was made to the Lord Chief Justice, and also to the secretary of state, Robert Earl of Holderness, for a habeas corpus to prevent the Marquis from being taken out of the kingdom dead or alive ; but all was of no avail, and the fate of Fratteaux remained for some time a dark mystery.

It would appear that on finding himself alone, after the rough expulsion of his friend Dubois, the Marquis became furious with rage ; on which Blasdale swore that as he made so much noise in the house he would convey him at once to jail. Fratteaux, who feared he might be assassinated where he was, readily consented to go to jail, and a hackney-coach was called. In it, he, the bailiff, and the nameless Italian, drove through various obscure streets and by-lanes. It was now about five in the morning.

The marquis again and again implored aid from the coach window in broken English, but received none ; to the watch his keepers said that he was " only a French fellow they had ar-

rested for debt ;" to others they said he had been made furious by the bite of a mad dog, and they were going to dip him in salt water at Gravesend. Thus his entreaties were abortive, and at about sunrise he found himself at a lonely place by the side of the river Thames. A cocked pistol was put to his ear, and resistance was vain ; he was thrust on board a small vessel, which had been waiting for him in the river, and which, after he was secured below, dropped down with the ebb tide. So well did Souchard, Blasdale, and the Italian take all their measures, that on the night of the 29th the two last-named worthies landed the Marquis at Calais, the gates of which town were opened to admit them long after the usual hour of closing. He was then delivered over as a prisoner of state to the town authorities, who had all been duly communicated with, and probably well fee'd, and by whom he was sent, chained by the neck, in a post-chaise, to his father's house in Paris. The Counsellor, in virtue of his *lettre de cachet*, now sent his son the Marquis to be immured in the Bastile for life.

"This is the first narrative of the kind which has stained the annals of England," says a print of the time ; "and if it be not the last, highly as

we boast of giving laws to all Europe, we shall be little better, in fact, than a pitiful colony exposed to the mercy of every insolent neighbour." Great indignation was excited in London, where a subscription was raised for the purpose of punishing all concerned in this flagrant violation of British law ; but nothing was achieved in the end,* though in January, 1754—one year and eight months after the outrage at St. Martin's Lane—our ambassador at the court of Versailles, General the Earl of Albemarle, demanded that both the Marquis and his infamous trepanner, Alexander Blasdale, at that time in Paris, should be delivered up and sent back to London. His request was never complied with, and for fourteen years the luckless Marquis was allowed to languish in the Bastile.

He and his story were soon forgotten, and nothing more was heard of him, until some of the London papers of July 14, 1764, contained the following paragraph: "The Marquis de Fratteaux, that French gentleman who was some

* "We are told that a foreign nobleman is already in custody of a messenger for this offence, and no person is permitted to have access to him, neither is he allowed the use of pen, ink, or paper."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1752. Very probably this "foreign nobleman" was the *Baron Dages de Souchard*.

years ago forcibly carried off from England to France and confined in the Bastile, is now at liberty on his estate at Fratteaux; for when his brother, M. Bertin de Bourdeille, was made Intendant of Lyons, he obtained his liberty, on giving his word of honour to remain on his estate at Fratteaux, and never to go above six miles from it without leave from his father, with whom he had been at great variance, which was the occasion of his leaving France. Two months after his arrival at Fratteaux his father went to see him, and he had permission to return the visit at Bourdeille. He has kept his word of honour strictly, and lives at present in cordiality with the whole family."

Broken in health and spirit by all he had undergone, this unfortunate victim of a family feud and an unnatural hatred, died soon afterwards, and thus the wishes of his father were accomplished.

SOCIVISCA: THE STORY OF A GREEK OUTLAW.

IN the year 1688, that district of Western Turkey named Montenegro—the ancient Illyria—placed itself under the protection of the Venetian republic, which was then governed by the doge Francisco Morosini, a famous soldier, who took the castle of the Dardanelles from the Turks, together with Lepanto and several other places.

For a time after this, its inhabitants, those half-Greek and half-Slavonian mountaineers, with the people of Bosnia, enjoyed comparative peace ; but by the treaty concluded at Passarowitz in July, 1718, between Charles VI. (last Count of Hapsburg) and the Porte, they were surrendered to the tender mercies of the Turks, and became subject to all the exactions of those grasping, ignorant, and impracticable conquerors.

However, the hardy warriors of the mountains were scarcely content, like their countrymen in the eastern portions of Greece, to live on despised and unmolested for the payment of tribute ; the worst and most humiliating feature of which was the number of children they were compelled to present yearly to the sultan for service in the seraglio, or in the ranks of the janissaries, where their identity soon became lost ; and where in the end they realized what Voltaire termed " a great proof of the force of education and of the strange constitution of human affairs, that the most of those proud oppressors of Christianity should thus be born of *Christian parents*."

Socivisca, the subject of the following sketch, was born at Simiova in 1725, of Grecian parents, who reared and educated him in the profession and faith of the Greek church. He was strong, hardy, and athletic in form, and of a haughty and resentful spirit, that would ill brook the circumstances in which he found himself as he grew to manhood.

His father occupied a small sheep farm on the slope of those mountains whose forests of dark pine give a name to the people and the province. But the proprietors were Turks, who treated the family, which consisted of the old man and his

four sons, with great severity, subjecting them to constant exactions, insults, and oppressions.

They were thus reduced to such extreme poverty that Socivisca, with all his industry, aided by that of his three brothers, Nicholas, Giurgius, and Adrian, found himself quite unable to marry a beautiful Greek girl, of whom he became enamoured in youth. His father, being of a peaceful and gentle nature, and being perhaps aware of the hopelessness of resistance, on perceiving that his sons writhed under their afflictions, besought them to submit with patience to the will of God ; but the four young men, being alike of a fiery and haughty spirit, and, moreover, being trained to the use of those arms which the Montenegrin shepherds constantly wear (like the Scots Highlanders in the last century), they received his advice in reluctant silence, and not the less resolved to have a trial of strength some day with their Mahommedan oppressors.

Native hardihood and warlike spirit were in this instance added to national animosity and religious rancour ; thus Socivisca, like Rob Roy, vowed that ere long those should tremble "on hearing of his vengeance, that would not listen to the story of his wrongs."

The Montenegrins, like most other mountaineers, are eminently patriotic, and the solemn and melancholy aspect of those dark hills of Illyria that look down on the Adriatic, to their eyes must seem well to harmonize with the fallen state of Greece :—

“ And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and god-like men, art thou !
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee nature’s varied favourite now.”

Though not pure Greeks, but Zernagorzii, of half-Slavonian blood, the Montenegrins have the most extravagant ideas of independence and the past glories of their country. Inspired by its scenery, by the real and imaginary stories of its departed greatness and present degradation, Socivisca and his brothers registered at the altar a vow of vengeance on their oppressive Overlords ! and as if *fatal*ity had a hand in the matter, it chanced soon after that the haughty Turk, the proprietor of their sheep farm, accompanied by two of his brothers, came, either by choice or necessity, to lodge at the farm. This was in 1744, when Socivisca was in his nineteenth year.

“ We are four to three,” said he, “ so look to your pistols and yataghans, after these dogs have had their food and coffee.”

Notwithstanding their vow, it is said that he wavered for a time before performing the terrible deed ; but when he saw his father's face, sharpened more by want and privation than by age—when he looked on the rags and sheepskins that clad them all—they the true lords of the soil—and saw in contrast the rich flowing garments of fine silk and velvet, laced with gold, and the jewelled weapons of the three Mahomedans, in whose presence every wooden crucifix or gaudy little picture of a Greek saint had to be hidden—and perhaps when the youth thought of his bride, and all that might be if the land they trod on was indeed their own, every scruple gave way, and, inciting his brothers to the deadly work, they fell on the three Turks, as they lounged over their long pipes, and slew them by their pistols and yataghans, after a very brief resistance.

In their mails were found eighteen thousand sequins—an unexpected but most seasonable accession of fortune. The brothers quickly buried the bodies and all their habiliments. Save the gold, which was carefully concealed, there remained no trace of the terrible deed, and as it occurred unknown to all save themselves, in that solitary little farm amid the savage mountain

solitude, no suspicion of the circumstance fell on them.

Thus, instead of taking to flight, the Greeks remained quietly where they were. The Pacha of Bosnia made every inquiry after the three missing Turks, who were his friends. Suspicions somehow fell on other parties, who were dragged to Traunick, and executed with great barbarity, while Socivisca wedded the girl he loved, and lived with his father and brothers in comparative ease and comfort.

About a year after the triple assassination, some imprudence of Socivisca, in displaying the latent pride and ferocity of his character, together with the unusual amount of money the family were enabled to spend, excited the surprise and then the ready suspicions of the pastoral people around them.

Some whisper of these suspicions reached Socivisca ; so by his advice the whole family abandoned the farm in the night, and, taking with them only their gold and their arms, departed from the mountains towards the Venetian territory.

The weather was severe, the roads were rough, and the elder Socivisca, unable to sustain privations so unwonted at his time of life, ex-

pired of toil by the wayside, and was hastily buried by his four sons in a wild and solitary place.

Entering the territories of the republic, where they were in safety, in the year 1745, they took up their habitation in the town of Imoski, which is now in what is termed Austrian Dalmatia, and on the borders of Bosnia ; but in those days the old fortress on the hill—the site of the ancient Novanium—bore the flag of Venice.

Here they gave themselves out to be traders, and opened a bazaar, which they stored with rich merchandise ; they built a large house, and soon became almost wealthy ; but the easy life of a merchant by no means suited the temperament of Socivisca and his brethren,—for the warrior shepherds pined for their mountain home and the forests of the Illyrian shore.

They sold their house, the bazaar, and its goods, and attended by stout fellows, whose spirit was something like their own, they returned again to Montenegro, and commenced a series of those forays and surprises (against the pacha) in which the Black Mountaineers delight, and in the conduct of which they peculiarly excel ; and during the ensuing summer they contrived to massacre, in various ways, about forty Turks,

as it was against them, and them *only*, that all the hatred of Socivisca was directed.

The habits to which he had been accustomed from infancy pre-eminently fitted him for the life of a wandering guerrilla. "A Montenegrin," says Broniewski, a Russian traveller, "is always armed, and carries about, during his most peaceful occupation, a rifle, pistols, a yataghan, and cartouch-box. They spend their leisure from boyhood in firing at a target. Inured to hardships and privations, they perform, without fatigue, long and forced marches, climb the steepest rocks with facility, and bear with patience hunger, thirst, and every kind of privation. They cut off the heads of those enemies whom they take with arms in their hands, and spare only those who surrender *before* battle."

Seeking no mercy, they yielded none ; and if one of their number was wounded severely, his comrades cut off his head ; and when not tending their flocks, like the Circassians, they spent their whole time in forays against the invaders of the Black Mountains. But after a time Socivisca grew weary of slaughtering and beheading the Turks, and returned once more to his wife and children at Imoski, where he remained till 1754, engaged in trade, though now and then he

slung his long rifle on his shoulder, stuck his dagger and pistols in his girdle, and crossed the Bosnian frontier to indulge in his favourite pastime of slaying the Turks.

In all his dealings and adventures, whether as a merchant or guerrilla robber, it could never be discovered that he wronged in the least degree any subjects either of the Austrian empire or of the Venetian republic.

Meantime, two of his brothers married, and Adrian, the youngest, joined the Aiducos, a band of Morlachians, who had leagued themselves together for the express but hazardous purpose of preventing the Turks from crossing what they considered the frontier of their own country; in short to defend the wooded passes of the Black Mountains. Brave, rash, cunning, treacherous, and cruel, these Morlachians are a mixture of Hungarian, Greek, and Venetian blood, and their religion is a mere mass of superstition, partly Christian and partly Oriental.

The youth became the comrade of a Morlachian of the Greek church, and chose him for his *probatim*. This choice of friendship was always consecrated by a solemn ceremony at the altar of the nearest church, before which they knelt, each holding a lighted taper, whilst

the priest sprinkled them with holy water and blessed the compact.

United thus, the *probatims* are bound for life to assist each other in war or peace, in danger or adversity, against all men whatsoever. The young mountaineer, however, made an unfortunate choice of a friend, for the probatim lured him to his own house, gave him drugged wine, and for a sum of money delivered him over, bound hand and foot, to the Pacha of Traunick, which is one of the six military pachalics into which Bosnia is divided.

After exposing the poor youth, who was a model of manly beauty, stripped and nude before the people, the pacha put him to death, amid the most exquisite tortures that the Oriental mind can suggest.

On hearing of this atrocity Socivisca was filled with rage and grief; but dissembling, he armed himself fully, and travelled without stopping until he reached the residence of the false probatim, whose father, a subtle old Morlachian, received him with an air of such grief and commiseration that he succeeded completely in making our mountaineer believe that the son was innocent of the crime laid to his charge by common rumour. The probatim next appeared,

and acted *his part* so well, and shed so many tears, that Socivisca, confounded and convinced, gave him his hand, and consented to dine with the family. Then the young Morlachian said that, "in honour of such a guest, he would kill the best lamb in his flock ;" and he went forth, but instead of going to his pastures, he rode on the spur twelve miles to have a conference with the mir-alai who commanded a body of Turkish horse on the bank of the Danube, and to inform him of where Socivisca was to be found, receiving from the officer a handsome sum for his second act of treachery.

The day wore on, and evening came without either the lamb or the probatim appearing. The wily host, who knew what was on the *tapis*, left nothing unsaid to satisfy the doubts of Socivisca, who, after night-fall, retired to his bedchamber, but not to repose ; for strange and unbidden forebodings of coming evil tormented him. He dared not sleep, and he seemed to hear the voices of his wife and children mingling with the wind that shook the woods, and with the tread of coming enemies. His dogs, also—two of that Molossian breed which is unsurpassed for strength and ferocity—warned him by their snorts and restlessness of approaching danger,—

for dogs at times are said to have strange instincts. At last, unable to endure the suspicions of peril and treachery, he sprang from bed, dressed himself in the dark, and sought for his arms, but *they had been removed !*

Musket, pistols, yataghan, and all were gone. He called on his host repeatedly, but without receiving an answer. Then, inspired by rage and the conviction that, like his brother, he had been snared to his doom, with a flint and tinder-box, he lighted a lamp, went forth to search the house, and soon appeared by the bedside of his host.

“Wretch !” he exclaimed as he seized him by the beard, “my arms—where are they ? Speak ere it be too late for us both !”

Every moment expecting to hear his son return with a party of Turks, the Morlachian attempted to expostulate and to temporize ; but Socivisca’s eye fell on a small hatchet that lay near, and snatching it up, with a terrible malediction, he cleft the old traitor’s skull to the chin.

On this a female servant, dreading her master’s fate, gave Socivisca his arms, and he fled into the woods close by, where he lurked long enough to see the probatim arrive with a party of Tima-

riots, who surrounded the house. On this the fugitive withdrew and retired towards the mountains, swearing by every saint in his church to have a terrible revenge !

Assembling his followers, he descended in the night, and guarding all the avenues to prevent escape, he set fire to the house of the probatim, who perished miserably with sixteen of his family, all of whom were burned alive, save a woman, who was killed by a rifle-shot when in the act of leaping from a window with an infant in her arms.

After these affairs the Pacha of Bosnia, a three-tailed dignitary who resided at Traunick, scoured the country with his Timariots, and made such incredible efforts to capture Socivisca, that though the latter multiplied his slaughters, raids, and robberies, he was ultimately driven, with his brothers, his wife, and two children (a son and daughter), over the Montenegrin frontier to Karlovitz, a small place in the Austrian territory, famous only as the scene of Prince Eugène's victory over the Ottoman troops in the early part of the last century. The Hungarians being, like the Illyrians, of Slavonian blood, there he found a comfortable shelter for three years under the protection of the Emperor Francis I. and the

Empress-Queen, and during that time his conduct and life were alike blameless and without reproach. One of his brothers, however, having strayed across the frontier, fell into the hands of the Turks, and would have died a miserable death, had his escape not been favoured by one who proved friendly to him, a Timariot named Nouri Othman.

In October, 1757, Osman III. died, and was succeeded by Mustapha, son of the deposed Sultan Achmet. Karlovitz is only forty miles from the Bosnian frontier; so the pacha, who never lost sight of Socivisca, anxious to please the new sovereign and display his activity, by a lavish disposal of gold, and by the aid of some person or persons unknown, had the exile betrayed and made prisoner. He ordered him to be conveyed at once to Traunick, and to be placed in the same prison where his younger brother perished so miserably.

Though elaborately tied and bound, by some of that skill which the rope-tricksters display in the present day, he contrived, *en route*, to get free, and, escaping, reached Karlovitz, where he had the unhappiness to find that, by a singular stroke of misfortune, his wife and two children had in the interim fallen into the hands of the

pacha, that in his flight he had actually passed them on the road, and that they were now in the strong prison of Traunick, from which escape or release seemed alike hopeless.

By messengers from Karlovitz he strove to negotiate for their release, but the pacha was inexorable. He then wrote the following letter, which appeared in a newspaper for March, 1800, where it was given "as a curious specimen of social feeling operating on a rugged and ardent disposition;" moreover, it is no bad specimen of the outlaw's literary power:—

"I am informed, O Pacha of Bosnia, that you complain of my escape; but I put it to yourself, what would you have done in my place? Would you have suffered yourself to be bound with cords like a miserable beast, and led away without resistance by men who, as soon as they arrived at a certain place, would put you to death?

"Nature impels us to avoid destruction, and I have acted only in obedience to her laws.

"Tell me, Pacha, what crime have my wife and little children committed that, in spite of law and justice, you should retain them like slaves? Perhaps you hope to render me more submissive; but you cannot surely expect that

I shall return to you and hold forth my arms to be loaded with fresh bonds.

“Hear me then, Pacha! You may exhaust on them all your fury without producing the least advantage. On *my part*, I declare I shall wreak my vengeance *on all Turks* who may fall into my hands, and I will omit no means of injuring you!

“For the love of God restore to me, I beseech you, my blood! obtain my pardon from my sovereign, and no longer retain in your memory my past offences; and I promise that I will *then* leave your subjects in tranquillity, and even serve them as a friend when necessary.

“If you refuse this favour, expect from me all that despair can prompt! I shall assemble my friends, carry destruction wherever you reside pillage your property, plunder your merchants; and from this moment, if you pay no attention to my entreaties, I swear that I will massacre every Turk that falls into my hands.”

As Socivisca had been doing this for so many years past, perhaps the pacha thought compliance would not make much difference; so this letter, like its preceding messages, he received with contempt, swearing by the “beard of the sultan to listen neither to the threats nor

entreaties of a common robber." So Socivisca performed to the full all that he had named and threatened. At the head of a body of Greeks and Montenegrins he ravaged all the Bosnian frontier, slaying and decapitating every Mussulman who fell into his hands. Seeking no quarter and giving none, as before, flames and rapine marked his path wherever he went.

Many of his forays were made near the Lake of Scutari, in concert with the Montenegrins, whom the Russians supplied with arms and artillery to add to the troubles of the Pacha of Bosnia, whose people ere long on their knees besought him to yield up the wife and children of Socivisca, and save them from a scourge so terrible.

Still the pacha refused ; but suddenly the indomitable Socivisca appeared with his hardy Aiducos before the walls of Traunick, and, by a wonderful combination of force and stratagem, the gates were stormed, the guards dispersed, and he carried off his wife, his son, and daughter to a place of safety beyond the frontier.

In retiring from Traunick, at a wild place near Razula, his people captured one of the Turkish Timariots, in the service of the pacha, and would instantly have put him to death had

not the brother of Socivisca recognized in him the man who had favoured his escape a short time before,—Nouri Othman. These Timariots were soldiers, who clothed, armed, and accoutred themselves out of their pay, and were under the immediate command of the sanjiac or bey, and each maintained under him a certain number of militiamen, as they were, in fact, high-class Turkish cavaliers. Those on the Hungarian frontier had each an income of 6000 aspres, a coin then worth one shilling and threepence British money.

In gratitude the mountain warrior permitted Othman to escape ; and while Socivisca was at prayers—a duty which he never omitted before a meal—the prisoner was set at liberty, a fleet horse was given him, and from the camp of the outlaws he spurred towards Traunick. Against this act of generosity the Aiducos of the band exclaimed loudly ; and a nephew of Socivisca went so far as to draw from his girdle a long brass-butted pistol, with which he struck his uncle on the face ; the latter, infuriated by such an insult from a junior, shot him through the heart, and was compelled to fly from the troop.

The nephew was buried as his grandfather

had been, in a grave by the wayside ; but this family quarrel and double misfortune affected Socivisca so much that he returned to Karlovitz, relinquishing alike his life of war and outrage for a time, but for a time only ; for, fired with enthusiasm on hearing that Stephano Piciola (known as Di Montenero), so often victorious over the Turks, had made himself master of all Albania, in 1770, he issued forth again at the head of his Aiducos, and scoured the Bosnian frontier, shooting down every Turk whom he met.

In his fiftieth year, after having led a life of such danger and strife—after shedding so much blood, and during a period of thirty years since the slaughter of the three Turkish brothers at his father's farm, having plundered so much, so freely had he spent his cash among his friends and followers, that he found his exchequer reduced to only six hundred sequins.

To secure these, he entrusted three hundred to the care of a kinsman and the rest to a friend, both of whom absconded with their trust to the shelter of the pacha, and left him in abject poverty in the small town of Grachaez, in the province of Carlstadt, on the military frontier of Croatia.

In the year 1775 the Emperor Francis I., when

passing through the province, wished to see the famous predatory warrior of whom he had heard so much, and visited his humble abode at Grachaez. There he was so greatly struck with the simple dignity, the resolute but respectful demeanour of the white-bearded partisan, that he presented him with a handsome sum of money, and asked him to show his numerous wounds, and to detail the chief events of his life.

Socivisca did so, with so much simplicity and modesty that the Emperor, whom he pleased and amused, and who was looking forward to the capture of the Bukovine and other districts from the Turks, made him an offer of service, and assigned him an important military command upon the Hungarian frontier, opposed to the great pachalics of Bosnia and Servia.

In the exercise of this office* he was alive at Grachaez in 1777, after which year his name can no more be traced in the histories, papers, or periodicals of the time, so that we are unable to say when he died.

Such was the wild, romantic, and singular story of a mountain robber, whose life ultimately

* "*Arambassa of Pandouas*" it is styled in the English newspapers—a title we frankly confess ourselves unable to understand.

became productive of public utility; who enjoyed the favour and protection of Francis I. and Maria Theresa; and whose career, in his unrelenting animosity to the Turks, presents a curious mixture of patriotism and ferocity, religious enthusiasm and the long-engendered rancour of rival and antagonistic races.

PAQUETTE.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

CHAPTER I.

IN the spring of the year 1870, when my merry Paquette and I used to laugh at the cartoons of the *Kladderadatch*, representing King William lowering a mannikin in regimentals gently, by the spike of his helmet, into a huge chair, inscribed "Spanien," we little foresaw the horrors that were to come, or the days when we might tremble at the warlike news of the official *Staat-sanziager*.

We had been married a year, and were so happy in our pretty little house at Blankenese (a short distance from Hamburg), where all the sloping bank above the Elbe is covered with rich green copsewood, from amid which peep out the tiny red-tiled cottages of the fishermen ; while

over all tower the white-walled villas of those opulent merchants whose names stood so high in the Neuerwall or the Admiralitatstrasse, and higher still in the Bourse of the Free City—free now only in name, as it has become, since the Holstein war, an integral portion of the Prussian Empire.

Paquette Champfleurie was my first real love ; yet, though still little more than a girl, she was a widow when we married, and it all came to pass in this fashion, for we had indeed much sorrow before our days of joy arrived. When I, Carl Steinmetz—for such is my name, though no relation to the great Prussian general—was but a lad in a merchant's office, in the quaint old gable-ended and timber-built street called the Stubbenhuk, I had learned to love Paquette, then a boarder in a fashionable school on the beautiful Alsterdam. Our interviews were stolen ; our intercourse most difficult ; for her kinswoman, the Gräfine von Spitzberger—a reduced lady of rank, with whom she was placed for educational purposes—watched her with the eyes of a lynx. But what will not love achieve ?

Paquette, a lively, dark-eyed, and chestnut-haired girl from Lorraine, with a piquant little face that was not by any means French in con-

tour or expression, and I, a sharp-witted *burschen* fresh from Berlin, soon found means for prosecuting our affair of the heart, from the time when our eyes first met on a Sunday evening in St. Michael's Kirche, to that eventful hour when, after many a note exchanged or concealed in a certain hollow tree near the Lombardsbrücke, we plighted our troth in the little grove near Schiller's bronze statue, with no witnesses but the quiet stars overhead, and the snow-white swans that floated on the blue current of the Alster.

But sorrow soon came to rouse us from our dreams ; for three weeks after that happy evening her father took her home, without permitting us to say farewell, and ere long I learned that she had become the wife of Baptiste Graindorge, a wealthy merchant of Lorraine ! With these tidings the half of my life seemed to leave me. They cost me many a secret tear, and much jealous bitterness, though I knew that French girls have no freedom of choice in matrimony ; and I loathed the odious Graindorge in my heart, while bending resolutely over my desk, in the dingy and gloomy little office in the noisy Stubbenhuk—bending also every energy to amass money, though for what purpose now I scarcely know. But fortune favoured me.

I became ere long a junior partner in the firm under whom I had worked as a clerk, and the same year saw Paquette free ; for our horrible Graindorge had died abroad of fever, at the French colony of Senegal, and she became mine—mine after all ! A widow, no scheming father could interfere with her then.

In the whole of busy Hamburg there could be no happier couple than we were—and this was but a year ago. Wedded, we visited every place where we had been wont to meet by stealth, in terror of the old Gräfine—the leafy arcades of the Young Maiden's Walk, the Botanical Gardens, the groves that cover all the old mounds about the Holstein Wall, and the banks of the Alster, while Michael's Kirche was indeed a holy place to us, for there we had first met.

One morning in July of last year—ah, I shall never forget it—we were at breakfast together in the dining-room of our cottage at Blankenese, and prior to taking the Sporvei 'bus for the city, I was skimming over the *Staatsanzeiger*, which was then beginning to be full of threatening news concerning the Spanish succession, and calling on Prussia to rouse herself, as all France, or Paris, at least, was shouting "A Berlin !" and "To the Rhine !" The atmosphere was deli-

ciously warm ; the slender iron casements were wide open ; the fragrant roses and jessamine clambered thickly round them, and the drowsy hum of the bees mingled with the sounds that came, softened by distance, from the vast shining bosom of the Elbe, where ships, with the flags of all the world, were gliding, some towards Jonas-hafen and the city, others downward to the North Sea ; and opposite lay the flat but green and lovely coast of Hanover, studded with pretty red villages, church-spires, and windmills whirling in the sunny air.

My heart felt happy and joyous, and Paquette was looking her loveliest in a light muslin morning dress ; her bright brown hair, her pure complexion, and her dark, laughing eyes, making her seem a very Hebe, as she poured out my coffee, buttered the little brown German rolls, and chirruped about how we should spend the evening, after she had joined me in the city, and we had dined, as we frequently did, under the shady verandah of the pleasant Alster Pavilion, surrounded by swans and pleasure boats.

"Where shall we go, Carl, darling?" she continued—"to the Circus Renz?"

"No, Paquette ; I am sick of the horseman-

~~ship and the sandust, and the same everlasting~~
~~girl, who, when she is not flying through a hoop,~~
prances about in the dress of a Uhlan."

"The Botanical Gardens, then ; the band of the 76th Hanoverians play there to-night, and some ten thousand gay people will be present."

"Well, darling, it shall be as you wish ; and after looking in at the Stadt Theatre, to see Kathie Lanner's Swedish ballet, a droski will soon whirl us home from the Damthor-wall."

"But it was in that theatre, Carl, love, we saw each other last, and at a distance, on the night——"

"Before—before——" I began.

"I was torn from you to become the wife of another, Carl," she exclaimed, in a low voice, as she took my face between her pretty hands, and kissed me playfully.

"Ah, Graindorge!" thought I, with a little bitterness, as I kissed her in return, and rose to fill my meerschaum prior to setting forth for the city ; but a strange cry from Paquette made me wheel sharply round on the varnished floor, and to my bewilderment and terror, I saw her sinking back in her chair, pallid as death, like one transfixed—her jaw relaxed, her poor little hands clasped, her eyes expressive only of horror and

woe, and bent on something outside the window. My gaze involuntarily followed hers, as I sprung to her side.

At the railing before our little flower-garden stood a shabby-looking man, whose face will ever haunt me. His hat, well worn, tall and shiny, was pressed knowingly over the right eye. He was looking steadily at us, and appeared as if he had been doing so for some time. A diabolical grin, like that of Mephistopheles, was over all his features—in his carbuncle-like eyes, and in his wide mouth, where all his teeth seemed to glisten. He had a sallow and dissipated face, a hooked, sardonic nose, and on his left cheek a large black mole. A faded green dress-coat, with brass buttons, a yellow vest, and short inexpressibles of checked stuff, formed his attire.

My wife was almost fainting, and seemed on the verge of distraction.

"Paquette, my love," I began ; but she held up her trembling hands as if deprecatingly between us, and said in a low, broken, and wailing voice—

"Do not speak to me—do not touch me. I am not your wife ! Oh, my poor deluded Carl !—oh, my poor heart ! Oh, death, come and end this horror—this mystery !"

Her words, her voice, her whole air and expression, made my blood run cold with a sudden terror, that her reason had become affected.

"Paquette—dearest Paquette," I said, in a soothing and an imploring manner, "what do these terrible words mean? That man——"

"Is Monsieur Baptiste Graindorge, my first husband, come back from the grave to torment me !"

"Impossible—girl, you rave !" said I, in deep distress, as I vaulted over the window and rushed out upon the road ; but the scurvy eavesdropper was gone, and no trace of him remained. In great grief, and feeling sorely disturbed by the whole affair, I returned to Paquette, whom I found crouching on the sofa, crushed by agitation and despair. She gazed at me lovingly, sorrowfully, and yet as if fearful that I might approach and touch her.

"Is there not some terrible mistake or misconception in this?" said I, seeking to gather courage from my own words.

"None—none," she replied. "I recognized too surely his face—the mole—the odious smile."

"But the man died in Africa—it is impossible; and you are my wife, Paquette, whom none can

take from me," I continued, with excited utterance, as she permitted me to kiss her: but the poor little pet was cold as marble, and her tremulous hands played almost fatuously, yet caressingly, with my hair, while she murmured—

"Oh, Carl—my poor Carl—what *will* become of us now?"

The whole affair seemed too improbable for realization. I besought her to take courage—to consider the likeness which had startled her as a mere fancy—an optical delusion; and, aware that my presence was imperatively necessary at business in the city, I was compelled to leave her, and did so not without a sorrowful foreboding.

So strong was the latter emotion, that the closing of the house-door rang like a knell in my heart. I paused irresolute at the garden gate, and again on the road; but the jingling bells of the approaching Spurvei 'bus ended my doubts. I sprang in, and in due time found myself at my office in the busy Admiralitatstrasse, opposite the Rath Haus.

Haunted by the strange episode of the morning, I strove vainly to become absorbed in bills of lading, and so forth, till one o'clock should toll from the spires—the time for

plunging into the crowd of noisy speculators at the Bourse—and I was just about to set forth, when a stranger was announced ; I looked up, and was face to face with the horrible Grain-dorge ! He stood before me just as I had seen him at the garden-rail, with his tall shiny hat, his shabby coat, his bloated visage with its black mole and malignant smile.

“Your business ?” I asked curtly.

“Will be briefly stated, Herr Steinmetz,” said he. “So madame fully recognized me this morning ?”

“Or thought she did,” said I, after a short interval of silence.

“There was no doubt in the matter, but firm conviction. I did *not* die in Senegal, the report was false ; and so, Herr Steinmetz, I am here to claim my wife and take her back with me to Lorraine.”

“You are a foul impostor !” cried I furiously, yet with a sinking heart ; “and I shall hand you over to the watch.”

“Pardon me, but you will do nothing of the kind,” replied the other, with the most exasperating composure ; “it will not be pleasant to have your wife—your *supposed* wife, I mean—made a source of speculation to all Hamburg, by any public exposé.”

"Oh, my God! my poor Paquette!" I exclaimed involuntarily; "and I love her so!"

"Milles diables!" grinned the Frenchman; "it is more than I do."

"Wretch! what proof have we that you are Baptiste Graindorge, and not a cheat—a trickster?"

"The effect produced by my presence—my appearance—on madame, who dare not deny my identity, which the Gräfine Spitzberger has already admitted—with great reluctance, I grant you. Well, I am supposed to be dead. I shall be content to let this supposition remain, and to quit Hamburg for a consideration."

"Name it," I asked, thankful for the prospect of being rid of his horrid presence even for a time, that I might consult some legal friend; and yet, even while I spoke and thought of purchasing his silence, I knew that Paquette, my adored wife, would be no wife of mine! It was a horrible dilemma. Graindorge the Lorrainer was rich; now he seemed to be poor and needy. I knew not what to think; grief was uppermost in my soul. After a pause he said slowly—

"For six thousand Prussian dollars I shall quit Hamburg."

With a trembling hand, yet without hesitation,

I wrote him a cheque on my banker, Herr Berger in the Gras-keller, for the sum named, and the snaky eyes of the Frenchman flashed as he clutched the document. He inserted it in his tattered pocket-book, and carefully buttoned his shabby green coat over it; then he placed his hat jauntily on one side of his head, and tapping the crown with his hand, made me a low ironical bow, and with a pirouette and a malicious smile quitted the room, saying—

“Adieu, Monsieur Steinmetz—I go; but for *a time* only.”

CHAPTER II.

I SAW the whole scheme now. The bankrupt—for such I had no doubt he was—meant to make his power over Paquette and me a source of future revenue to himself; and I felt sure that when his last dollar was spent—by to-morrow, perhaps—he would present himself again with a fresh demand. Like one in a dream I went to the Bourse; but little or no business was done there that day, for war rumours were hourly growing more rife. There were riots in its neighbourhood, too. The tradesmen were “on

strike," and the swords of the watch had been busy, for no less than seven unarmed men were cut down in the Adolphsplatz. Then, that evening I heard that a spy, supposed to be a Frenchman, had been hovering about the northern ramparts, near the Damthor, and had been seen to count the cannon on the Holstein-wall—a spy who had escaped alike the watch and the guard of the Seventy-sixth Regiment, and whom I heard described as a shabby man in a green coat, with *a mole* on his cheek!

My heart leaped within me; could this personage and M. Baptiste Graindorge be one and the same? If so, neither Hamburg nor I was likely to be troubled by his presence again.

Before my usual hour, I hastened home—home to my pretty little villa among the rose-trees at Blankenese; but, alas! to find it desolate, and our servant, Trüey, a faithful young Vierlander, in tears, and filled with wonder; for her mistress had packed up some clothes, and leaving all her jewels, even to her wedding-ring, had departed, after writing a letter for me.

I tore it open, and found it to contain but a few words, to confirm my terror and fill up the cup of my misery.

"The Gräfin von Spitzberger has been with me. The man we saw is indeed my husband, M. Graindorge, the story of whose death has been all a mistake; and he proved *to her* his identity, by his knowledge of all our family affairs. Oh, Carl! oh, my poor darling! the real husband of my heart and my only love! I must leave you—yes—and by the time you read this, shall be far on the railroad for France. Graindorge shall never see me more; my father's house or a convent must be my shelter now. My last hope is, that you will not attempt to follow me; my last prayer, that God may bless and comfort you."

The lines were written tremulously. I kissed my darling's wedding-ring, placed it by a ribbon at my neck, and wept bitterly. Then the room seemed to swim around me; I became senseless, and was ill in bed for days. Our home was broken now. It was desolate—oh, so desolate, without my Paquette! She was gone. She had left me for ever! And every object around seemed to recall her more vividly to me—her piano, her music, the little ornaments we had bought together at the Alster Arcade, and the pillow her cheek had rested on. "She will

write to me," thought I; but no letter came. And something of jealousy began to mingle with the bitterness of my soul. Was she with Graindorge?

I think I should have gone mad but for the events that occurred so quickly now, for one week sufficed to change the whole face of affairs in Hamburg. France had declared war against Prussia. Trade stood still; silence reigned in our splendid Bourse, usually the most noisy and busy scene in the world; the Elbe was empty of shipping, for its buoys and lights were all destroyed. The Prussians, horse, foot, and artillery, were pouring towards Travemünde, where a landing of the French was expected. In one day nearly every horse in Hamburg was seized for military purposes, and the city was ordered to furnish eighteen thousand infantry for the Landwehr.

Of this force I was one. A strip of paper was left at my office one day, and the next noon saw me in the barracks near the Damthor-wall, and before the colonel, an officer of Scottish descent, the Graf von Hamilton. Then, like thousands of others, my plain clothes were taken from me, and I received in lieu a spiked helmet of glazed leather, a blue tunic faced with white,

a goat-skin knapsack, great-coat, and camp-kettle, a needle-gun, bayonet, and sword. We were all accoutred without delay, and within two hours were at drill, under a burning sun, in the Heilinghaist-feld, between Hamburg and Altona. My desk, my office, my home, knew me no more ; yet I often mounted guard near the chambers of our firm in the Admiralitatstrasse. Paquette and my previous existence seemed all a dream—a dream that had passed away for ever. And though the gay streets, the tall spires, the sights and sounds in our pleasure-loving city were all unchanged, I seemed to have lost my identity. My former life was completely blotted out.

From the Landwehr, with many others, I was speedily drafted into the Seventy-sixth Hanoverians, and in three weeks we were ordered to join the Army of the Rhine. Though I had studied in Berlin, I was not a Prussian, but a native of the free city of Hamburg. Like many of my comrades, who were fathers of families, or only sons, torn from their homes and peaceful occupations, I had no interest in the cruel and wanton war on which we were about to enter ; and more than all, I loved France, for it was the native land of Paquette Champfleurie.

In the then horror of my mind, ~~the war was~~ certainly somewhat of a change or relief, and the excitement around drew me from my own terrible thoughts. I was going towards Lorraine, where even while fighting against her poor countrymen, I might see my lost one, my wife—for such I still deemed her, despite the odious Baptiste Graindorge; and so I fondly and wildly speculated. The idea of being killed and buried where Paquette might perhaps pass near my grave, was even soothing to my now morbid soul, for I knew that she had loved me long before *that man* came between us with his wealth of gold napoleons; so she must love me still—Carl, whose heart had never wandered from her.

But there is something great and inspiring in war and its adjuncts, after all. I remember that on the day we left our beautiful Hamburg, when I heard the crash of the brass bands and saw the North German colours waving in the wind, above the long, long column of glazed helmets and bright bayonets, as our regiment, with the Forty-seventh Silesians, the Fifty-third Westphalians, and the Eighty-eighth Nassauers, defiled through the Damthor, and past the Esplanade towards the Bahnhof, I became infected by the enthusiasm around me, and found myself joining in the mad

shouts of "Hurrah, Germania!" and in the old Teutonic song which the advanced guard of Uhlans struck up, brandishing their lances the while—

"O Tannebaum, O Tannebaum, wie grün sind deine Blätter!"

as we marched for the Rhine, towards which we were forwarded fast by road and rail.

We were soon face to face with the gallant French, and how fast those terrible battles followed each other at Weissenburg, Forbach, Spicheren, and elsewhere, the public prints have already most fully related. Though I did not seek death any more than others my comrades, I cared little for life, yet (until one night in October) I escaped in all three of those bloody conflicts, and many a daily skirmish, without a wound, though the chassepot balls whistled thickly round me, and more than once the fire of a mitrailleuse, a veritable stream of bullets, swept away whole sections by my side. I have had my uniform riddled with holes, my helmet grazed many times, and part of my knapsack shot away; yet somehow fate always spared poor Carl Steinmetz; for he had no enmity in his heart towards the poor fellows who fell before his needle-gun. At last we rapidly pushed on, and reduced many

fortified places as we advanced to blockade Metz. Then Lorraine lay around us, and I gazed on the scenery with emotions peculiarly my own, for I thought of Paquette, of her animated face and all her pretty ways, and of all she had told me of her native province, its dense forests where wolves lurked, its wild mountains, its salt springs and lakes—Lorraine now, as in centuries long past, a subject for dispute between France and Germany.

The Seventy-sixth, under the Graf von Hamilton, formed part of the army which, under Prince Frederick Carl, blockaded Metz with such cruel success; and we had severe work in the wet nights of October, while forming the *feld-wacht* in the advanced rifle-pits. Often when lying there alone, in the damp hole behind a sand-bag or sap-roller, waiting for a chance shot in the early dawn at some unfortunate Frenchman, I thought bitterly and sadly of our once happy home, of Paquette, my lost wife, and wondered where she was *now*, or if, when she saw the Prussian columns, with all their bright-polished barrels and spiked helmets shining in the sun, she could dream that I, Carl Steinmetz, was a unit in that mighty host. Then I would marvel in my heart whether I, with the spiked helmet

and needle-gun, loaded with accoutrements and spattered with mud, was the same Carl Steinmetz who, but a few months before, sat daily at his desk in the Admiralitatstrasse, and had the sweet smiles of Paquette to welcome him home and listen to his news from the Bourse. Was this military transformation madness or witchcraft? It was neither, but stern reality, as an unexpected shot from a hedge about four hundred yards distant, tore the brass eagle from my helmet and fully informed me.

This was just about daybreak on the morning of the 26th October last, and when I could see all the village quarters, from Mars-la-Tour to Mazières, lit up, and all the bivouac fires burning redly on our left and in the rear.

With a few others I started from the rifle-pits, and we made a dash at the hedge, which we believed to conceal some of those Francs-tireurs, whom we had orders to shoot without mercy, though they were only fighting for home and country. We were on the extreme flank of the blockading force, and the hedge in question surrounded a villa which stood somewhat apart from the road to Château Salins. Led by the Graf's son, a young captain, we rushed forward, and found it manned by some fifty men of the French

line, who had crept out of Metz intending to desert, for Bazaine permitted them to do so when provisions began to fail. "A bas les Pru-essiens!" cried their leader—a tall sub-officer in very tattered uniform—thus accentuating the word in the excess of his hatred.

"Vorwärts — für Vaterland — hurrah, Germania !" shouted the young Von Hamilton. A volley that killed ten of our number tore among us, but we broke through and fell upon them with the bayonet. Clubbing his chassepot the French sous-officier, with a yell on his lips, beat down poor Hamilton ; then he rushed upon me, and what was my emotion—what my astonishment, to find myself face to face with Graindorge—he who had robbed me of Paquette—the same beer-bloated and scurvy-looking fellow, with the huge black mole, whom I had last seen in Hamburg ! I charged him with my bayonet breast high, but agitation so bewildered me that he easily eluded my point, and felled me to the earth with his clubbed rifle. Now came a sense of confusion, of light flashing from my eyes, the clash of steel, the *ping* of passing balls ; then darkness seemed to envelop me, and death to enter my heart as I became senseless.

I remained long thus, for the sun was in the

west when full consciousness returned. The thick leather helmet had saved my head from fracture, but dried blood plastered all my face, and I found my right arm broken by a bullet. All the French in the rear of the hedge had been shot down or bayoneted, and they presented a terrible spectacle. All were dead save one—the sous-officier, who lay near me, dying of many bayonet wounds. Our wounded had been removed, but ten of the Seventy-sixth lay near me stiff and cold. What a scene it was in that pretty garden, amid the rose-trees, the last flowers of autumn, and the twittering sparrows, to see all those poor fellows, made in God's fair image, butchered thus—and for WHAT? My wounds were sore, my heart was sad and heavy; oh, when was it otherwise now? Staggering up I turned to the Frenchman, whose half-glazing eyes regarded me with a fiercely defiant expression, for he doubted not that in this *guerre à la mort* his last moment had come. I took off my battered helmet, and then with a thrill of terror he seemed to recognize me.

"Carl Steinmetz of Hamburg!" said he, with difficulty.

"You know me then?" I asked grimly.

"Oh, yes—in God's name give me water—I am dying!"

My canteen was empty; but I found some wine in that of a corpse which lay near. I poured it down his throat and it partially revived him.

"Yes, fellow," said I, "in me you see that Steinmetz who was so happy till you came and my wife fled; so we know each other, Monsieur Baptiste Graindorge."

"I am *not* Baptiste—*he* is lying quiet in his grave on the shore of the Senegal river."

"Who, in the name of Heaven, are you?"

"Achille Graindorge—his cousin. I took advantage of our casual but strong resemblance to impose upon you—and—and get money—when in Hamburg—acting——"

"As a spy—eh?"

"Yes."

"Has she—has Paquette seen you since?"

"No—for she would at once have detected the cheat."

"And you know not where she is?"

"As I have Heaven soon to answer—no," he gasped out, and sinking back, shortly after expired, his last breath seeming to issue from the wounds in his chest. I had no pity for him, but

felt a glow of joy in my heart, as I turned away, and crept—for I was unable to stand—towards the door of the villa in search of succour, the agony of my thirst and wounds being so great that I cared little whether the inmates aided or killed me.

However, the coincidences of this day were not yet over.

The door, on which I struck feebly with my short Prussian sword, was opened ultimately by an old gentleman, beyond whom I saw a female, shrinking back in evident terror. I recognized M. de Champfleurie, my father-in-law; but being now unable to speak, I could only point to my parched lips and powerless arm, as I sank at his feet and fainted.

When I recovered, my uniform was open, my accoutrements were off; I was lying upon a sofa with my aching head pillowed softly—on what?—The tender bosom of Paquette, my darling little wife; for she had recognized me, though disguised alike by dress and blood, and now her tears were falling on my weather-beaten face.

It chanced that, flying from place to place in Lorraine, before our advancing troops, and having failed to reach Metz, they had taken shelter in that abandoned villa; and thus hap-

pity I could reveal the secret of our separation before the burial party bore away the body of Achille Graindorge, who had actually been quartered at Senegal when his cousin Baptiste died there.

My story is told. On the following day Metz capitulated, and poor M. Champfleurie danced with rage on learning that Bazaine had surrendered with two other Marshals of the Empire, 173,000 prisoners and 20,000 sick, wounded, and starving men. My fighting days were over now; Paquette was restored to me, and happiness was again before us.

For their kindness in succouring me, the Graf von Hamilton gave M. de Champfleurie and his daughter a pass to the rear, and we speedily availed ourselves of it, for I was discharged with a shattered arm; and now I write these lines, again in pleasant Blankenese, our dear home, with the broad Elbe shining blue beneath our windows, and the autumn leaves falling fast from the thick woods that cover all its green and beautiful shore.

APPARITIONS AND WONDERS.

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CHAPTER I.

LEAVES FROM OLD LONDON LIFE: 1664-1705.

THE Scottish newspaper recorded, not long ago, some instances of mirages in the Firth of Forth exactly like the freaks of the Fata Morgana in the Straits of Messina, and on three distinct occasions the Bass Rock has assumed, to the eyes of the crowds upon the sands of Dunbar, the form of a giant sugar-loaf crowned by battlements, while the island of May seemed broken into several portions, which appeared to be perforated by caverns where none in fact exist.

Such optical delusions have been common at

all times in certain states of the atmosphere, and science finds a ready solution for them ; but in the days of our forefathers, they were deemed the sure precursors of dire calamities, invasion, or pestilence.

The years shortly before and after the beginning of the last century seem to have been singularly fruitful in the marvellous ; and the most superstitious Celtic peasant in the Scottish glens or the wilds of Connemara would not have believed in more startling events than those which are chronicled in the occasional broad-sides, and were hawked about the streets of London by the flying stationers of those days.

To take a few of these at random : we find that all London was excited by strange news from Goeree, in Holland, where, on the evening of the 14th of August, 1664, there was seen by many spectators an apparition of two fleets upon the ocean ; these, after seeming to engage in close battle for one hour and a half (the smoke of the noiseless cannon rolling from their sides), vanished, as if shown from a magic-lantern. Then appeared in the air two lions, or the figures thereof, which fought three times with great fury, till there came a third of greater size, which destroyed them both. Immediately after this,

there came slowly athwart the sky, as represented in the woodcut which surmounted this veracious broadsheet, the giant figure of a crowned king. This form was seen so plainly, that the buttons on his dress could be distinguished by the awe-stricken crowd assembled on the sands. Next morning the same apparition was seen again; and all the ocean was as red as blood. "And this happening at this juncture of time," concludes the narrator, "begets some strange apprehensions; for that, about six months before Van Tromp was slain in war with England, there was seen near the same place an apparition of ships in the air fighting with each other."*

Sixteen years later, another broadsheet announced to the metropolis, that the forms of ships and men also had been seen on the road near Abington, on the 26th of August, 1680, "of the truth whereof you may be fully satisfied at the Sarazen's Head Inn, Carter Lane." It would seem that John Nibb, "a very sober fellow," the carrier of Cirencester, with five passengers in his waggon, all proceeding to London about a quarter of an hour after sunrise, were horrified to perceive at the far horizon, the giant figure of a man in a black habit, and armed with a broadsword,

* London : printed by Thomas Leach, Shoe Lane, 1664.

towering into the sky. Like the spectre of the Brocken, this faded away ; but to add to the bewilderment of Nibb and his companions, it was replaced by "about a hundred ships of several bigness and various shapes." Then rose a great hill covered with little villages, and before it spread a plain, on which rode thirty horsemen, armed with carbine and pistol.

The same document records that, on the 12th of the subsequent September, a naval engagement was seen in the air, near Porsnet, in Monmouthshire, between two fleets, one of which came from the northern quarter of the sky, the other from the south. A great ship fired first, "and after her, the rest discharged their vollies in order, so that great flashings of fire, and even smoak was visible, and noises in the ayr as of great guns." Then an army of phantoms engaged in "a square medow" near Porsnet, closing in with sword and pistol, and the cries of the wounded and dying were heard. On the 27th of December, Ottery, near Exeter, had a visitation of the same kind, when at five in the evening two armies fought in the air till six o'clock. "This was seen by a reverend minister and several others to their great amazement." On the 2nd of the same month, the people in Shropshire

were, according to another sheet, sorely perplexed by the sudden appearance of two suns in the firmament, and it was duly remembered, that "such a sign was seen before the death of that tempestuous firebrand of Rome here in England, Thomas Beckett, Archbishop of Canterbury, and when Queen Mary began her bloody reign."

Then follow the death of the three lions in the Tower, and a vast enumeration of fiery darts, bullets, storms of hail, and floods, making up that which the writer hopes will prove "a word in season to a sinking kingdom."*

Nor were ghosts wanting at this time, of a political nature, too ; for, in the same year, there was hawked in London an account of an apparition which appeared three several times to Elizabeth Freeman, thirty-one years of age, on each occasion delivering a message to his sacred majesty King Charles the Second. As certified before Sir Joseph Jorden, knight, and Richard Lee, D.D., rector of Hatfield, her story was as follows, and was, no doubt, a political trick :

On the night of the 24th of January, 1680, she was sitting at her mother's fire-side, with a child on her knee, when a solemn voice behind her

* London : Printed for J. B., Anno Domini 1680 ; and P. Brookslly, Golden Ball, near the Hospital Gate, 1681.

said, "Sweetheart!" and, on turning, she was startled to perceive a veiled woman all in white, whose face was concealed, and whose hand—a pale and ghastly one—rested on the back of her chair.

"The 15th day of May is appointed for the royal blood to be poisoned," said the figure. "Be not afraid, for I am only sent to tell thee," it added, and straightway vanished.

On Tuesday, the 25th of January, the same figure met her at the house door, and asked Elizabeth if she "remembered the message," but the woman, instead of replying, exclaimed: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou?" Upon this the figure assumed "a very glorious shape," and saying, "Tell King Charles, from me, not to remove his parliament, but stand to his council," vanished as before. Next evening the veiled figure appeared again, when Elizabeth was with her mother, who, on beholding her daughter's manifest terror, said: "Dost thou see anything?" She was then warned to retire, after which the spectre said, sternly: "Do your message." "I shall, if God enable me," replied Elizabeth. After this the spectre appeared but once again, and remained silent. "This was taken from the maid's own

mouth by me, Richard Wilkinson, schoolmaster in the said town of Hatfield.”*

In 1683, as a variety, London was treated to an account of a dreadful earthquake in Oxfordshire, where the houses were rocked like ships or cradles, while tables, stools, and chests “rowled to and fro with the violence of the Shog.”†

The year 1687 brought “strange and wonderful news from Cornwall, being an account of a miraculous accident which happened near the town of Bodmyn, at a place called Park. Printed by J. Wallis, White Fryars Gate—next Fleet St.—near the Joyners Shop.”

From this it would appear that on Sunday, the 8th of May, Jacob Mutton, whose relations were of good repute, and who was servant to William Hicks, rector of Cordingham (at a house he had near the old parish church of Eglashayle, called Park), heard, on going into his chamber about eight o'clock in the evening, a hollow voice cry, “So hoe ! so hoe ! so hoe !” This drew him to the window of the next room, from whence, to the terror of a lad who shared his bed, he disappeared, and could nowhere be found.

* London : Printed for J. B., Anno Domini 1680 ; and P. Brooksly, Golden Ball, near the Hospital Gate, 1681.

† Printed for R. Baldwin, at the Old Bailey.

According to his own narrative, he had no sooner laid a hand upon an iron bar of the window, which was seventeen feet from the ground, than the whole grating fell into the yard below, all save the bar which he had grasped. This bar was discovered in his hand next morning, as he lay asleep in a narrow lane beyond the little town of Stratton, among the hills, thirty miles distant from Park. There he was wakened by the earliest goers to Stratton fair, who sent him home, sorely bewildered, by the way of Camel-ford. "On Tuesday he returned to his master's estate, without any hurt, but very melancholy, saying 'that a tall man bore him company all the journey, over hedges and brakes, yet without weariness.'" What became of this mysterious man he knew not, neither had he any memory of how the iron bar came to be in his hand. "To conclude, the young man who is the occasion of this wonderful relation, was never before this accident accounted any ways inclinable to sadness, but, on the contrary, was esteemed an airy, brisk, and honest young fellow."

But Mutton's adventure was a joke when compared with that of Mr. Jacob Seeley, of Exeter, as he related it to the judges on the western circuit, when, on the 22nd of September, 1690, he

was beset by a veritable crowd of dreadful spectres. He took horse for Taunton, in Somersetshire, by the Hinton Cliff road, on which he had to pass a solitary place, known as the Black Down. Prior to this, he halted at a town called Cleston, where the coach and waggons usually tarried, and there he had some roast beef, with a tankard of beer and a noggin of brandy, in company with a stranger, who looked like a farmer, and who rode by his side for three miles, till they reached the Black Down, when he suddenly vanished into the earth or air, to the great perplexity of Mr. Jacob Seeley. This emotion was rather increased when he found himself surrounded by from one to two hundred spectres, attired as judges, magistrates, and peasantry, the latter armed with pikes ; but, gathering courage, he hewed at them with his sword, though they threw over his head something like a fishing-net, in which they retained him from nine at night till four next morning. He thrust at the shadows with his rapier, but he felt nothing, till he saw one "was cut and had four of his fingers hanging by the skin," and then he found blood upon his sword. After this, ten spectre funerals passed ; then two dead bodies were dragged near him by

the hair of the head; and other horrors succeeded, till the spell broke at cock-crow.

It was now remembered that the house wherein Mr. Seeley had his beef, beer, and brandy had been kept by one of Monmouth's men (the spectre farmer, probably), who had been hung on his own sign-post, and the piece of ground where the net confined the traveller, was a place where many of the hapless duke's adherents had been executed and interred. Hence it was named the Black Down, according to the sheet before us; which was "Printed for T. M., London, 2nd Oct., 1690."

A sheet circulated at the close of the preceding year warns "all hypocrites and atheists to beware in time," as there had been a dreadful tempest of thunder and lightning in Hants, at Alton, where the atmosphere became so obscure that the electric flashes alone lighted the church during the service, in which two balls of fire passed through its eastern wall, another tore the steeple to pieces, broke the clock to shreds, and bore away the weathercock. The narrator adds, that all Friesland was under water, and that a flood in the Tiber had swept away a portion of the Castle of St. Angelo.

As another warning, London was visited, in

1689, by a tempest, which uprooted sixty-five trees in St. James's Park and Moorfields, blew down the vane of St. Michael's Church in Cornhill, and innumerable chimneys, and injured many well-built houses, and part of the Armourers' Hall in Coleman Street. Several persons were killed in Gravel Lane and Shoreditch; sixty empty boats were dashed to pieces against the bridge; three Gravesend barges full of people were cast away, and the Crown man-of-war was stranded at Woolwich.*

But the warning seems to have been in vain, for London, in 1692, was treated to an earthquake, which—as another sheet records—spread terror and astonishment about the Royal Exchange, all along Cornhill, in Lothbury, and elsewhere, on the 8th of September. All things on shelves were cast down, and furniture was tossed from wall to wall; the Spitalfields weavers had to seek shelter in flight, and all their looms were destroyed; these and other calamities were, it was alleged, “occasioned by the sins of the nation,” and to avert such prodigies, the prayers of all good men were invoked.†

Two years later saw another marvel, when

* Printed for W. F., Bishopgate Without.

† J. Gerard, Cornhill, 1692.

"the dumb maid of Wapping," Sarah Bowers, recovered her power of speech through the prayers of Messrs. Russell and Veil, "two pious divines," who exorcised and expelled the evil spirit which possessed her; and in 1696 the metropolis was treated to the "detection of a popish cheat" concerning two boys who conversed with the devil, though none seemed to doubt the Protestant miracle.

The close of the century 1700 saw "the dark and hellish powers of witchcraft exercised upon the Reverend Mr. Wood, minister of Bodmyn," on whom a spell was cast by a mysterious paper, or written document, which was given to him by a man and woman on horseback (the latter probably seated on a pillion), after which he became strangely disordered, and wandered about in fields, meadows, woods, and lonely places, drenched the while with copious perspirations; however, "the spell was ultimately found in his doublet, and on the burning thereof, Mr. Wood was perfectly restored," and wrote to his uncle an account of the affair, which appeared in a broadsheet published at Exeter, by Darker and Farley, 1700.

Rosemary Lane was the scene of another wonder, when a notorious witch was found in a

garret there, and carried before Justice Bateman, in Well Close, on the 23rd July, 1704, and committed to Clerkenwell Prison. Her neighbour's children, through her alleged diabolical power, vomited pins, and were terrified by apparitions of enormous cats; by uttering one word she turned the entire contents of a large shop topsy-turvy. She was judicially tossed into the river from a ducking-stool, "but, like a bladder when put under water, she popped up again, for this witch swam like a cork." This was an indisputable sign of guilt; and in her rage or terror she smote a young man on the arm, where the mark of her hand remained "as black as coal;" he died soon after in agony, and was buried in St. Sepulchre's churchyard.* Of the woman's ultimate fate we know nothing.

In 1705, London was excited by a new affair: "The female ghost and wonderful discovery of an iron chest of money;" a rare example of the gullibility of people in the days of the good Queen Anne.

A certain Madam Maybel, who had several houses in Rosemary Lane, lost them by unlucky suits and unjust decrees of the law: for a time they were tenantless and fell to decay and ruin.

* H. Hills, in the Blackfriars, near the waterside.

For several weeks, nay months past (continues the broadsheet), a strange apparition appeared nightly to a Mrs. Harvey and her sister, near relations of the late Madam Maybel, announcing that an iron chest filled with treasure lay in a certain part of one of the old houses in the lane. On their neglecting to heed the vision, the ghost became more importunate, and proceeded to threaten Mrs. Harvey, "that if she did not cause it to be digged up in a certain time (naming it) she should be torn to pieces." On this the terrified gentlewoman sought the counsel of a minister, who advised her to "demand in the name of the Holy Trinity how the said treasure should be disposed of."

Next night she questioned the spectre, and it replied :

"Fear nothing ; but take the whole four thousand pounds into your own possession, and when you have paid twenty pounds of it to one Sarah Goodwin, of Tower Hill, the rest is your own ; and be sure you dig it up on the night of Thursday, the 7th December!"

Accordingly men were set to work, and certainly a great iron chest "was found under an old wall in the very place which the spirit had described."

One of the diggers, John Fishpool, a private of the Guards, "has been under examination about it, and 'tis thought that the gentleman who owns the ground will claim the treasure as his right, and 'tis thought there will be a suit of law commenced on it." Many persons crowded to see the hole from whence the chest had been exhumed in Rosemary Lane, and, by a date upon the lid, it would seem to have been made or concealed in the ninth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth.*

The dreadful effects of going to conjurers next occupied the mind of the public.

Mr. Rowland Rushway, a gentleman of good reputation, having lost money and plate to a considerable amount, Hester, his wife, took God to witness, "that if all the cunning men in London could tell, she should discover the thief, though it cost her ten pounds!"

With this view she repaired to the house of a judicial astrologer in Moorfields, about noon, when the day was one of great serenity and beauty. After some preliminary mummery or trickery, the wizard placed before her a large mirror, wherein she saw gradually appear certain

* London : printed for John Green, near the Exchange, 1705.

indistinct things, which ultimately assumed "the full proportion of one man and two women."

"These are the persons who stole your property," said the astrologer; "do you know them?"

"No," she replied.

"Then," quoth he, "you will never have your goods again."

She paid him and retired, but had not gone three roods from the house when the air became darkened, the serene sky was suddenly overcast, and there swept through the streets a dreadful tempest of wind and rain, done, as she alleged, "by this cunning man, Satan's agent, with diabolical black art," forcing her to take shelter in an ale-house to escape its fury. "Many chairmen and market folks were all cognizant of this storm, which was confined to the vicinity of the ale-house, and a portion of the adjacent river, where many boats were cast away; and the skirt of it would seem to have visited Gray's Inn Walk, where three stately trees were uprooted.

CHAPTER II.

THE WILD BEAST OF GEVAUDAN.

IN the year 1765, the French, Dutch, and Brussels papers teemed with marvellous accounts of a monstrous creature, called "The Wild Beast of Gévaudan," whose ravages for a time spread terror and even despair among the peasantry of Provence and Languedoc, especially in those districts of the ancient Narbonne Gaul which were mountainous, woody, and cold, and where communication was rendered difficult by the want of good roads and navigable rivers.

In the April of that year a drawing of this animal was sent to the Intendant of Alençon, entitled "*Figure de la beste (sic) feroce l'on nomme l'hyene qui a dévoré plus que 80 personnes dans le Gévaudan.*" An engraving of this is now before us, and certainly its circulation must have added to the confusion of the nature of the original. This print represents the beast with a huge head, large eyes, a long tongue, a double row of sharp fangs, small and erect ears like those of a cat, the paws and body of a lion, with the tail

of a cow, which trails on the ground with a bushy tuft at the end.*

In December, 1764, it first made its appearance at St. Flour, in Provence, and on the 20th it devoured a little girl who was herding cattle near Mende. A detachment of light dragoons, sent in search of it, hunted in vain for six weeks the wild and mountainous parts of Languedoc. Though a thousand crowns were offered by the province of Mende to any person who would slay it, and public prayers were put up in all the churches for deliverance from this singular scourge, which soon became so great a terror to those districts, as ever the dragon was of which we read in the "*Seven Champions of Christendom.*"

No two accounts tallied as to the appearance of this animal, and some of these, doubtless the offspring of the terror and superstition of the peasantry, added greatly to the dread it inspired. French hyperbole was not wanting, and the gazettes were filled with the most singular exaggerations and gasconades.

* The History of France records that there appeared a wild beast in the Forest of Fontainebleau in 1653, which devoured *one hundred and forty* persons, before it was killed by twelve mousquetaires of the Royal Guards !

The groves of olive and mulberry trees, and the vineyards, were neglected, the wood-cutters abandoned the forests, and hence fuel became provokingly dear, even in Paris.

In the month of January we are told that it devoured a great many persons, chiefly children and young girls. It was said by those who escaped to be larger than a wolf, but that previous to springing on its victim, by crouching on the ground, it seemed no longer than a fox. "At the distance of one or two fathoms it rises on its hind legs, and leaps upon its prey, which it seizes by the neck or throat, but is afraid of horned cattle, from which it runs away."

It was alleged by some to be the cub of a tiger and lioness; by others, of a panther and hyena, which had escaped from a private menagerie belonging to Victor Amadeus, duke of Savoy. A peasant of Marvejols, who wounded it by a musket shot, found a handful of its hair, "which stank very much;" he averred it to "be the bigness of a year-old calf, the head a foot in length, the chest large as that of a horse, his howling in the night resembled the braying of an ass." According to collated statements, the beast was seen within the same hour at different places, in one instance twenty-four miles apart; hence

many persons naturally maintained that there were *two*.

On the 27th December, 1764, a young woman, in her nineteenth year, was torn to pieces by it at Bounesal, near Mende. Next day it appeared in the wood of St. Martin de Born, and was about to spring upon a girl of twelve years, when her father rushed to her protection. The woodman, a bold and hardy fellow, rendered desperate by the danger of his child, kept it at bay for a quarter of an hour, "the beast all the while endeavouring to fly at the girl, and they would both inevitably have become its prey if some horned cattle which the father kept in the wood had not fortunately come up, on which the beast was terrified and ran away."

This account was attested on oath by the woodman, before the mayor and other civil authorities of Mende, an episcopal city in Languedoc.

On the 9th of January an entire troop of the 10th Light Horse (the Volontaires Etrangers de Clermont-Prince), then stationed at St. Chely, was despatched under Captain Duhamel in quest of the animal, which had just torn and disembowelled a man midway between their quarters and La Garge. On this occasion the Bishop of

Mende said a solemn mass, and the consecrated Host was elevated in the cathedral, which was thronged by the devout for the entire day ; but the beast still defied all efforts for his capture or destruction, and soon after, "in the wood of St. Colme, four leagues from Rhodéz, it devoured a shepherdess of eighteen years of age, celebrated for her beauty."

The English papers began to treat the affair of "the wild beast" as a jest or allegory invented by the Jesuits to render the Protestants odious and absurd, as it was said to have escaped from the Duke of Savoy's collection ; and "this circumstance is designed," says one journal, "to point out the Protestants who are supposed to derive their principles from the ancient Waldensian, who inhabited the valleys of Piedmont, and were the earliest promoters of the Reformation."

A writer in a Scottish newspaper of the period goes still farther, and announces his firm belief that this tormentor of the Gévaudanois was nothing more or less than the wild beast prophesied in the Apocalypse of St. John, whereon the scarlet lady was mounted. Another asserts that it was typical of the whole Romish clergy, and that its voracious appetite answered to another part of Scripture, "conceived in the words *eating up my*

people as they eat bread,"—his favourite food being generally little boys and girls of Protestant parentage.*

After a long and fruitless chase, Captain Duhamel, before returning to quarters at St. Chely, resolved to make a vigorous attempt to destroy this mysterious scourge of Languedoc; but his extreme ardour caused his plans to miscarry.

Posting his volontaires, some on horseback, and some on foot, at all the avenues of a wood to which it had been traced, it was soon roused from its lair by the explosion of pistols and sound of trumpets. There was a cry raised of "*Voilà! Gardez la-Bête!*" and Duhamel, an officer of great courage, who had dismounted, rushed forward to assail it sword in hand, but had the mortification to see it, with a terrible roar, spring past the very place he had just quitted.

Two of his dragoons fired their pistols, but both missed. They then pursued it on the spur for nearly a league, and though seldom more than four or five paces from it, they were unable to cut it down, and ultimately it escaped, by leaping a high stone wall which their horses were

* *Edinburgh Advertiser*, 1764.

unable to surmount ; and after crossing a marsh which lay on the other side, it leisurely retired to a wild forest beyond.

The baffled dragoons reported that it "was as big as the largest park dog, very shaggy, of a brown colour, a yellow belly, a very large head, and had two very long tusks, ears short and erect, and a branched tail, which it sets up very much when running." Fear had no share in this strange description, for the officers of Clermont's regiment asserted that the two dragoons were as brave men as any in the corps ; but some declared that it was a bear, and others a wild boar !

On the 12th of January it attacked seven children (five boys and two girls) who were at play near the Mountain of Marguerite. It tore the entire cheek off one boy, and gobbled it up before him ; but the other four, led by a boy named Portefaix, having stakes shod with iron, drove the beast into a marsh, where it sunk up to the belly, and then disappeared. That night a boy's body was found half devoured in the neighbourhood of St. Marcel ; on the 21st it severely lacerated a girl, and (according to the *Paris Gazette*) "next day attacked a woman, and bit off her head !"

The four brave boys who put it to flight received a handsome gratuity from the Bishop of Mende, and by the king's order were educated for the army ; the *Gazette* adds that the king gave the young Portefaix a gift of four hundred livres, and three hundred to each of his companions.

As females and little ones seemed the favourite food of the beast, Captain Duhamel now ordered several of his dragoons to dress themselves as women, and with their pistols and fusils concealed, to accompany the children who watched the cattle ; and the King of France now offered from his privy purse two thousand crowns, in addition to the one thousand offered by the province of Mende, for the head of this terrible animal.

Inspired by a hope of winning the proffered reward, a stout and hardy peasant of Languedoc, armed with a good musket, set out in search of it ; but on beholding the beast suddenly near him, surrounded by all the real and imaginary terrors it inspired, he forgot alike his musket and his resolution ; he shrieked with terror and fled, and soon after "the creature devoured a woman of the village of Jullange, at the foot of the Mountain of Marguerite."

As the terror was increasing in Gévaudan and

the Vivarez, the offered rewards were again increased to no less than ten thousand livres ; by the diocese of Mende, two thousand ; by the province of Languedoc, two thousand ; by the king, six thousand ; and the following placard was posted up in all the towns and cities of the adjacent provinces :—

“By order of the King, and the Intendant of the Province of Languedoc :

“Notice is given to all persons, that his Majesty, being deeply affected by the situation of his subjects, now exposed to the ravages of the wild beast which for four months past has infested Vivarez and Gévaudan, and being desirous to stop the progress of such a calamity, has determined to promise a reward of six thousand livres to any person or persons who shall kill the animal. Such as are willing to undertake the pursuit of him, may previously apply to the Sieur de la Font, sub-deputy to the Intendant of Mende, who will give them the necessary instructions, agreeable to what has been prescribed by the ministry on the part of his Majesty.”

Still the ubiquitous beast remained untaken ; and a letter from Paris of the 13th February relates the terror it occasioned to a party con-

sisting of M. le Tivre, a councillor, and two young ladies, who were on their way to visit M. de Sante, the curé of Vaisour.

They were travelling in a berlingo, drawn by four post-horses, with two postilions, and accompanied by a footman, who rode a saddle-horse, and was armed with a sabre. The first night, on approaching the dreaded district, they halted at Guimpe, and next morning at nine o'clock set forth, intending to lunch at Roteaux, a village situated in a bleak and mountainous place. The bailiff of Guimpe deemed it his duty to warn them, as strangers, "that the wild beast had been often seen lurking about the Chaussée that week, and that it would be proper to take an escort of armed men for their protection."

M. le Tivre and the councillor, being fool-hardy, declined, and took the young ladies under their own protection; but they had scarcely proceeded two leagues when they perceived a post-chaise, attended by an outrider, coming down the rugged road that traversed the hill of Credi, at a frightful pace, and pursued by the wild beast!"

The leading horse fell, on which the terrible pursuer made a spring towards it; but M. le Tivre's footman interposed with his drawn sabre;

on which the beast pricked up its ears, stood erect, and showed its fangs and mouth full of froth, whisked round, and gave the terrified valet a blow with its tail, covering all his face with blood. The rest of the narrative is ridiculously incredible, for it states, that, on perceiving a gentleman levelling a blunderbuss (which flashed in the pan), the beast darted right through the chaise of M. le Tivre, smashing the side glasses and escaped to the wood: "The stench left in the shattered chaise was past description, and no burning of frankincense, or other method, removed it, so that it was sold for two louis, and though burned to ashes, the cinders were obliged, by order of the commissary, to be buried without the town walls!" (*Advertiser*, 1765).

Eluding the many armed hunters who were now in pursuit of it, in the early part of February the wild beast was seen hovering in well-frequented places, on the skirts of the forests adjoining the fields and vineyards, in the hamlets, and on the highways. In Janols, the capital of Gévaudanois, it sprang upon a child, whose cries brought his father to his aid, but ere a rescue could be effected, the poor little creature was rent asunder.

Three days afterwards, on the Feast of the Purification, five peasants, going to mass at Reintort de Randon, suddenly perceived it on the highway before them. It was crouching, and about to spring, when their shouts, and the pointed staves with which they were armed, put it to flight. On Sunday, the 3rd February, it was heard howling in the little village of St. Aman's during the celebration of high mass. All the inhabitants were in church, "but as they had taken the precaution to shut up the children in their houses, it retired without doing any mischief." On the 8th it was perceived within a hundred yards of the town of Aumont. A general chase through the snow was made by the armed huntsmen ; but night came on before they came within range of the dreaded fugitive.

In February and March we find it still continuing its ravages through all the pleasant valleys of the Aisne. At Soissons it worried a woman to death and partly devoured her. Two girls were brought to the Hospital of St. Flour in a dying state from wounds it had inflicted :

"Catherine Boyer, aged twenty years, who was attacked on the 15th of January at Bastide-de-Montfort ; all that part of the head on which the hair grew is torn away, with a part of the os

coronæ, and the whole pericranium with the upper part of the ear is lost. The occipital bone is likewise laid bare. The other girl belongs to St. Just ; the left side of her head and neck is carried away, with part of her nose and upper lip."

On the 1st of March, a man boldly charged it on horseback, but was thrown, and leaving his nag to its mercy, scrambled away and found refuge in a mill, where it besieged him for some time, till a lad of seventeen appeared, whom it lacerated with teeth and claws and left expiring outside the door. On the road near Bazoches, it tore to pieces a woman who attempted to save a girl on which it was about to spring ; and four men of that place, armed with loaded guns, watched all night, near the mangled body, in the hope that it might return ; but the animal was several miles distant, and after biting several sheep and cows in a farm-yard, was at last severely wounded by Antoine Savanelle, an old soldier, who assailed it with a pitchfork, which he thrust into its throat, and he was vain enough to declare that the wound was mortal and that he must have killed it.

This boast, however, was premature, for it soon reappeared, biting, tearing, and devouring, and

though a man of Malzieu wounded it by a musket shot, making it roll over with a hideous cry, it was able on the 9th to drag a child for two hundred yards from a cottage door. It dropped its prey unhurt ; but on the same evening, we are told that it partly devoured a young woman near the village of Miolonettes, and committed other ravages, the mere enumeration of which would weary rather than astonish, though it was stated that not less "than twenty thousand men" (a sad exaggeration surely), noblesse, hunters, woodmen, and soldiers, were in pursuit of it, under the Count de Morangies, an old *maréchal de camp*, who passed a whole night near the body of the half-devoured girl, in the vain hope that the monster would return within range of his musket.

Great astonishment and ridicule were excited in England by these continued details, and under date of 13th March, a pretended letter from Paris, headed "Wonderful Intelligence!" went the round of the press.

"The wild beast that makes such a noise all over Europe, and after whom there are at least thirty thousand regular forces and seventy thousand militia and armed peasants, proves to be a descendant on the mother's side from the famous Dragon of Wantley, and on the father's

side from a Scotch Highland Laird. He eats a house as an alderman eats a custard, and with the wag of his tail he throws down a church. He was attacked on the night of the 8th instant, in his den, by a detachment of fourteen thousand men, under the command of Duc de Valliant ; but the platoon firing, and even the artillery, had only the effect of making him sneeze ; at last he gave a slash with his tail by which we lost seven thousand men ; then making a jump over the left wing, made his escape."

Elsewhere we find :—"Yesterday, about ten in the morning, a courier arrived (in London) from France, with the melancholy news that the wild beast had, on the 25th instant, been attacked by the *whole* French army, consisting of one hundred and twenty thousand men, whom he totally defeated in the twinkling of an eye, swallowing the whole train of artillery and devouring twenty-five thousand men."

But still in Languedoc, lovers who had lost their brides, brothers their sisters, and parents their children, armed with guns and spears, beat the mountain sides and wild thickets for this animal, the existence of which was considered nearly or quite fabulous in London.

It would seem to have been deemed so in

Holland, too, for the *Utrecht Gazette*, after detailing how bravely a poor woman of La Bessiere, name Jane Chaston, defended her little children against the beast, which appeared in her garden and tore one with its teeth, states that whatever scoffers might say, its existence was no longer doubtful, adding, "that unless we believe in the accounts of it which come from France, we must reject the greatest part of the events to which we give credit, as being of much less authority."

Louis XV. gave a handsome gratuity to Jane Chaston for her courage and tenderness in defending her children, but we are not informed how or with what she was armed.

The Duc de Praslin received a report from the Comte de Montargis, who commanded the troops in the neighbourhood of La Bessiere, to the effect that, three days after the adventure of Jane Chaston, a party of eighty dragoons, *en route* to join their regiment, fell in with the beast, and rode at full speed towards it. When first discovered it was one hundred and fifty yards distant, and fled into a hollow place, which was environed by marshes and water, and then they endeavoured to hunt it forth by dogs. They opened a fire upon it with their carbines; but as

the rain was falling in torrents, all these flashed in the pan, save *one*, which went off without effect. "The rain," continues the report, which is not very flattering to M. le Comte's cavalry, "not only hindered aid from coming to the troopers (the explosion of the carbine and their incessant cries of 'the beast! the beast!' having alarmed the whole neighbourhood), but by filling up the hollows with water, made them unable any longer."

Three-quarters of an hour after this the beast appeared in a field where tiles were made, at the base of Mount Mimat, where there is a hermitage dedicated to St. Privat, partly hewn out of the rock. This was then inhabited by an aged recluse and an officer of artillery, a reformed *roué*, who had dwelt with him for eighteen months, by way of penance. From the window they could plainly see the beast gambolling playfully on the grass, and climbing up the trees like a squirrel; but being without arms, they shut and made fast the door of the grotto, near which it remained watching for half an hour. This time the officer employed in making a sketch of it, which next day he sent to the Bishop of Mende; and here, perhaps, we have the startling engraving which was produced by the Intendant of Alençon.

The Comte de Montargis forwarded this sketch to the Duc de Praslin, to whose office the people flocked in multitudes to behold it ; but public opinion was divided as to whether the animal was a lynx or a bear ; " but I am certain," adds the writer of the news, " that if it was brought to the fair of St. Germain, it would draw more spectators than the famous Indian bird."

This celebrated fair was then held in a large meadow contiguous to the ancient Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés, and was the grand rendezvous of all the dissipated society of Paris, to whom its gaming-tables, booths, theatres, cafés, cabarets, formed a never-ending source of attraction.

In April the beast devoured a young woman of twenty, who was watching some cattle. After that event the country became quite deserted ; though its preference for the fair sex seemed very decided, no men would work in the fields, herd the flocks, or go abroad, save in armed bands.

The *Brussels Gazette* of May records a new phase in the history of the beast. Of eighteen persons whom it had bitten, thirteen are stated to have died raving mad. One patient began to howl like a dog, on which he was bled copiously, and chained hand and foot. Endued

with terrible strength, he burst his bonds, and raved about in wild frenzy, destroying everything that came in his way, until he was shot down by an officer with a double-barrelled gun, when attempting, with a crowbar, to break into a country-house near Broine, where thirty persons had taken refuge from him.

About six in the evening of the 1st of May, the Sieur Martel de la Chaumette, whose château was at St. Alban's, in the bishopric of Mende, perceived, from a window, an animal which he was certain could be no other than the wild beast of Gévaudan. It was in a grass meadow, seated on its hind legs, and was gazing steadfastly at a lad, about fifteen years of age, who was herding some horned cattle, and was all unaware of its vicinity and ulterior views. The Sieur de la Chaumette summoned his two brothers, and armed with guns they issued forth in pursuit of the animal, which fled at their approach.

The youngest overtook it in the forest, and put a ball into it at sixty-seven paces; it rolled over three times, which enabled the elder Chaumette to put in another ball at fifty-two paces, on which it fled, and escaped, losing blood in great quantities. Night came on, and the pursuit

was abandoned ; but next day the Chaumettes were joined by the Sieurs d'Ennival, father and son, and a band of hunters. Its trail and traces of blood were found, and followed for a great distance, but they tracked it in vain.

The Sieur de la Chaumette, who had slain a great many wolves, declared that the animal he had seen in the meadow was *not* one ; but his description of its appearance coincided exactly with that given by the Sieur Duhamel of the 10th Light Horse, and with the sketch made by the military hermit of St. Privat. The Chaumettes were in great hopes that the two bullets had slain the monster ; but on the day following, at five in the evening, at a spot five leagues distant from the château, it devoured a girl fourteen years of age, and the terror of the people increased, as the beast seemed to have a charmed life, and to be almost bullet-proof.

The picked marksmen of fifty parishes now joined in the chase. Two remarkably fine dogs of the Sieur d'Ennival were so eager in the pursuit, that they left the hunt far behind, and, as they were never seen again, were supposed to have been killed and eaten. The society of the knights of St. Hubert, in the city of Puy, composed of forty men, joined in the crusade against

this denizen of the wilds of Languedoc ; but it was not until the end of September, 1765, that it was ultimately vanquished and slain by a gamekeeper and the *Sieur Antoine de Bauterne*, a gentleman of Paris, who set out for Gévaudan on purpose to encounter it.

After a long, arduous, and exciting chase, through forest and over fell, on bringing it to bay at fifty yards, he shot it in the eye. Mad with pain and fury, it was crouching prior to springing upon him, when his companion, *M. Rheinhard*, gamekeeper to Louis, Duke of Orleans (son of Philip, so long regent of France), by a single bullet, in a vital spot, shot it dead.

It was then measured, and found to be five feet seven inches long, thirty-two inches high, and only one hundred and thirty pounds in weight. On the 4th of October, the *Sieur de Bauterne*, who was extolled as if he had been the victor of another Steenkirk or Fontenoy, arrived triumphantly in Paris, and had the honour to present it to the king ; and then great was the astonishment and the disappointment of all who saw this animal—the terrible wild beast of Gévaudan, whose sanguinary career had for so many months excited such dismay there and wonder elsewhere—and found that it

was only a wolf after all, and not a very large one ! Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford—the brilliant and witty Walpole of Strawberry Hill—saw the carcass as it lay in the queen's antechamber at Versailles, and asserts that it was simply a common wolf. Its nature accounted for some of the peculiarities it exhibited during its ravages, as the wolf, according to Weissenborn, destroys every other creature it can master, and, on a moderate calculation, consumes during the year about *thirty times* its own weight of animal substance ; and to increase the list of its crimes, it has, he adds, in many instances, communicated hydrophobia to man.

CHAPTER III.

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS."

AMONG many other strange things, our unlettered ancestors believed in the past existence of those tall fellows, giants (individually, or even collectively as nations), quite as implicitly as they, worthy folks, did in the pranks and appearances of contemporary witches and ghosts; but even among the learned a more than tacit belief in a defunct class of beings, whose bulk and stature far exceeded those of common humanity, found full sway until the beginning of the present century.

A love of the marvellous is strong; and even Buffon, the eminent naturalist, fell into the old and vague delusion that "there were giants in those days," and he made the bones of an elephant to figure as the remains of a man of vast stature.

With Scripture for a basis to their assertions, it was difficult, no doubt, for the over-learned, and still more for the unlearned, of past times to subdue their belief in the existence of such foes as were encountered by our old friend Jack of gallant memory—veritable giants, tall as steeples,

to whom such men as Big Sam of the Black Watch, O'Brien the Irish giant (whose skeleton is in the museum of the College of Surgeons), even the King of Prussia's famous grenadiers, and the girl fifteen years old and more than seven feet high, "who was presented to their majesties at Dresden,"* were all as pigmies and Liliputians by comparison.

The Bible gives us four distinct races of giants, the chief of whom were the Anakims, or sons of Anak, the people of the chosen land, to which Moses was to lead the children of Israel, who were unto them but as grasshoppers in size. Og, the king of this tall race and of Bashan, however, if judged by the measurement of the present day, was not taller than eight feet six inches, as his brazen bedstead measured just nine Jewish cubits; but the Rabbis maintain that the bed described was only his *cradle* when an infant. The Anakims are referred to in the fifth chapter of the Koran, which speaks of Jericho as a city inhabited by giants. The father of Og is also asserted to have been of stature so great, that he escaped the Flood by—*wading*!

When told (as we are) in 1 Samuel that Goliath was in height six cubits and a span, that

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1753.

his coat of mail weighed five thousand shekels of brass, that the staff of his spear was as a weaver's beam, and that its head weighed six hundred shekels of iron, it was difficult for the simple people of past days, when, in some remote cavern or river's bed, or fallen chalk cliff, the monster bones of the elephant, the mastodon, or the rhinoceros came unexpectedly to light, not to believe that there might have been many Goliaths in the world once.

Josephus records that in *his* time there were to be seen in Gaza, Gath, and Azoth the tombs of those mighty men of old, the sons of Anak, who had been slain when Joshua marched into the land of Canaan, and slew the people of Hebron and Dabir.

According to the Moslems, even Joshua was a man of prodigious stature; and the highest mountain on the shores of the Bosphorus is at this hour called by the Turks the Grave of Joshua,—*Fuscha Taghi*,—or the Giant's Mountain.*

Tradition ascribes the origin of the name of Antwerp to a giant whose abode was in the woody swamps through which the Scheldt then wandered to the German Sea, and who used to

* The grave is fifty feet long, and has been called the tomb of Amycus and of Hercules.

cut off the hands and feet of those who displeased him; "and to prove this" (vide *Atlas Geographus*, 1711) "they show there a tooth, which they pretend to be his. It is a hand's-breadth long, and weighs six ounces. Moreover, the city has hands cut off as part of its arms."

Giants figure largely among the earlier fables of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, the two latter contending still for the nationality of the famous

"Finn MacCoul,
Wha dung the deil, and gart him yowl,"

and who, by the famous causeway of his own construction, could cross the Irish Channel to Britain whenever he chose.

Fiammam is probably the same personage. He is said to have lived in the time of Ewen II. of Scotland, a potentate who, according to Buchanan, "reigned in the year before Christ 77, and was a good and civil king;" and local story connects with his name the Giant's Chair, a rock above the river Dullan, in the parish of Mortlach.

England, too, is not without traces of some interest in the sons of Anak. We have the Giant's Grave, a long and grassy ridge in the beautiful Fairy Glen at Hawkstone, in Salop; another place so named on the coast of Bristol, and a third at Penrith, where two stone pillars in the

churchyard, standing fifteen feet asunder at the opposite ends of a grave, and covered with runes or unintelligible carving, mark the size and tomb of Owen Cæsarius. Near these pillars is a third stone, called the Giant's Thumb.

Two miles below Brougham Castle, on the steep banks of the Eamont, are two excavations in the rock, having traces of a door and window, and of a strong column indented with iron ; and these caves are assigned by tradition to a giant, who bore the classic name of Isis.

The vast stature of the Patagonians was long the subject of implicit belief, until it passed into a proverb. Antonio Pagifeta, who accompanied the adventurous Ferdinand Magellan on his famous voyage in 1519, records that on the coast of Brazil they found wild and gigantic cannibals so nimble of foot, that no man could overtake them. Bearing on thence to south latitude 49°, the land seemed all desolate and uninhabited, for they could see no living creature. At last a giant came singing and dancing towards them, and threw dust on his head. He was so tall, that the head of a Spaniard reached only to his waist. His apparel was the skin of a monstrous beast. All the inhabitants were men of the same kind, wherefore "the admiral called them Patagons."

This absurd story was corroborated a hundred years later by Jacob le Maire, in a voyage to the same region, and by the Dutch navigator Schouten, when they relate that at Port Desire they found graves containing human skeletons from eleven to twelve feet long. However, the Spanish officers of Cordova's squadron, by accurate measurements, reduced the utmost stature of the real Patagonian to seven feet one and a half inches, and their common height to six feet.

Premising that, of course, the great bones about to be referred to were those of the mammoth, the mastodon and other antediluvian animals, perhaps the most amusing instance of the credulity and gullibility even of the learned in such matters was a *mémoire*, read seriously to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Rouen, in the middle of the last century, by a savan named M. le Cat.

Therein he asserted and affected to give proof that Ferragas, who was slain by Orlando, the nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet in height; that IsoRET, whose tomb lay near the chapel of St. Pierre, in the suburbs of Paris, had been twenty feet high; and that in the city of Rouen, when digging near the convent of the

Jacobins in 1509, during the reign of Louis XII., there was found in a tomb of stone a skeleton, the skull of which would hold a bushel (thirty-eight pounds weight) of corn. The shin-bones were entire, and measured four feet long. On this astounding tomb was a plate of copper, bearing the epitaph, "In this grave lies the noble and puissant Lord Riccon de Valmont and his bones." He then proceeds to tell us that Valence in Dauphiné possesses the bones of the giant Buccart, tyrant of the Vivarais, whom his vassal, the Count de Cabillon, slew by a barbed arrow, the iron head of which was found in his tomb when it—with all his bones intact—was discovered in 1705, at the base of the mountain of Crussol, whereon the giant dwelt, and whence he used to come daily to drink of the river Merderet. The skeleton when measured was twenty-two feet six inches long.*

"Father Crozart assured me," continued the veracious M. le Cat, "that the physicians who were in the train of the princes who passed through Valence all acknowledged the bones to

* "In the Dominican Church there's the picture of a giant called Buard, who they pretend, by his bones dug up in their monastery, was fifteen cubits high and seven broad."—*Atlas Geographus*, 1711, 4to.

be human, and offered twenty-two pistoles for them." He farther appends a copy of the epitaph of this personage, forwarded to him by the same Father Crozat in 1746, and beginning, "Hæc est effigiis gigantis Baardi Vivariensis tiranni in Montis Cressoli Stantis," &c.

This tall personage, a second whose bones were exposed by the waters of the Rhone in 1456, and a third whose skeleton, nineteen feet long, was found near Lucerne in 1577, were all jokes and swindle when compared with others that were found in later years, particularly the remains of Teutobochus, king of the Teutones, which were discovered near the ruined castle of Chaumont in Dauphiné, in the year 1613, by some masons who were digging a well. At the depth of eighteen feet, in light sandy soil, they came upon a tomb built of brick; above it was a stone inscribed, "Teutobochus Rex." Five years afterwards Mazurier, a surgeon, published his *Histoire Véritable du Géant Teutobochus*, which excited keen controversy, and brought all Paris—the Paris of Louis the Just and of Richelieu—rushing in crowds to see the bones of the mastodon, or whatever it was, whose tomb bore a royal inscription.

This king of the Teutones, who is said to have

been vanquished and slain in battle a few miles from Valence, and to have been buried with all honour by Marius, his conqueror, was carefully measured, and found to be twenty-five feet six inches long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five from breast to back-bone. His teeth were each the size of an ox's foot. All France heard of this with wonder, and a belief which the anatomist Riolan sought in vain to ridicule and expose.

Sicily was peculiarly the favourite abode of giants.

At Mazarino, a town near Girgenti, there were found in 1516 the bones of a giant whose skull was like a sugar-hogshead, with teeth each five ounces in weight; and in the Val di Mazzara, thirty years after, the alleged remains of another were found, whose stature was the same!

Patrick Brydone, in his *Tour to Sicily and Malta*, in 1773, mentions some of these marvellous discoveries.

"In the mountain above it (*il Mar Dolce*) they show you a cavern where a gigantic skeleton is said to have been found; however, it fell to dust when they attempted to remove it. Fazzello says its teeth were the only part that resisted the impression of the air; that he procured two

of them, and that they weighed near two ounces. There are many such stories to be met with in the Sicilian legends, as it seems to be a universal belief that this island (Sicily) was once inhabited by giants ; but, although we have made diligent inquiry, we have never yet been able to procure a sight of any of those gigantic bones which are said to be still preserved in many parts of the island. Had there been any foundation for this, I think it is probable they must have found their way into some of the museums. But this is not the case ; nor indeed have we met with any person of sense and credibility that could say they have seen them. We had been assured at Naples that an entire skeleton, upwards of ten feet high, was preserved in the museum at Palermo ; but there is no such thing there, nor I believe anywhere else in the island."

This Palermitan giant is gravely referred to in the *mémoire* of M. le Cat, as well as "another thirty-three feet high, found in 1550."

According to Plutarch, Serbonius had the grave of Antæus (the Libyan giant and antagonist of Hercules) opened in the city of Tungis, and, finding his body to be "sixty cubits long, was infinitely astonished," as well he might be, and gave orders for the tomb to be closed, but

added new honours to his memory. The bones of a giant, forty-six cubits in length, were laid bare by an earthquake in Crete, as Pliny states with implicit faith; and it was disputed whether they were those of Otus, son of Neptune, who built a city in his ninth year, or of the equally fabulous Orion. But all that we have noted are overtopped by the giant found at Thessalonica in 1691, who was ninety-six feet high (as certified by M. Quoinet, consul for France), and by another found at Trepani, in Sicily—the ancient *Drepanum*. The latter, Boccaccio states the learned of his time to have taken for the skeleton of Polyphemus, the son of Neptune and Thoosa—the one-eyed Cyclop of the *Odyssey*.

“A form enormous ! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature and in face ;”

and on being measured, the bones proved to be exactly *three hundred feet* long !

CHAPTER IV.

BURIED HEARTS.

IT is natural enough that the human heart—deemed by poets and philosophers to be the seat of our affections and passions, of our understanding and will, courage and conscience, by some men looked upon as the root of life itself—should have been considered by many of the dying in past times as a votive gift peculiarly sacred. And this feeling has been the cause in many instances of the burial of the heart apart from the place where the ashes of the body might repose.

Among the earliest instances of the separate mode of heart-burial is that of Henry the Second of England. After this luckless monarch expired in a passion of grief, before the altar of the church of Chinon, in 1189, his heart was interred at Fontevrault, but his body, from the nostrils of which tradition alleges blood to have dropped on the approach of his rebellious son Richard,

was laid in a separate vault. From Fontevrault his heart, according to a statement in a public print, was brought a few years ago to Edinburgh, by Bishop Gillis, of that city. If so, where is it now?

When Richard Cœur de Lion fell beneath Gourdon's arrow at the siege of Chaluz, the gallant heart, which, in its greatness and mercy, inspired him to forgive, and even to reward the luckless archer, was, after his death, preserved in a casket in the treasury of that splendid cathedral which William the Conqueror built at Rouen; for Richard, by a last will, directed that his body should be interred in Fontevrault, "at the feet of his father, to testify his sorrow for the many uneasinesses he had created him during his lifetime." His bowels he bequeathed to Poictou (Grafton has it Carlisle), and his heart to Normandy, out of his great love for the people thereof. Above the relic at Rouen there was erected an elaborate little shrine, which was demolished in 1738, but exactly a hundred years later the heart was found in its old place, and reinterred. It was again exhumed, however, cased in glass, and exhibited in the Musée des Antiquités of the city; but December, 1869, saw it once more replaced in the cathedral,

with a leaden plate on the cover, bearing the inscription :

“ Hic jacet cor Ricardi Regis Anglorum.”

So there finally lies the heart of him who, in chivalry, was the rival of Saladin and Philip Augustus, the hero of the historian, and the novelist, and who was the idol of the English people for many a generation.

When this great crusader's nephew, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and King of the Romans, died, after a stirring life—during which he formed a conspiracy against the king his father, then, like all the wild, pious, and bankrupt lords of those days, took a turn of service in the Holy Land, and next drew his sword in the battle fought at Lewes between Henry the Third and the confederate barons—his body was interred at Hayles, in Gloucestershire, but his heart was deposited at Rewley Abbey, near Oxford, while the heart of his son, who died before him, and for whose tragical fate he died of grief, was laid in Westminster Abbey in 1271.

Two successive holders of the see of Durham made votive offerings of their hearts to two different churches. The first of these was Richard Poore, previously Dean of Salisbury,

Bishop of Chichester, and then of Durham, from 1228 to 1237. He was buried in the cathedral of his diocese, but his heart was sent to Tarrant, in Dorsetshire. A successor in the episcopate, Robert de Sticheil, who had formerly been Prior of Finchale, dying on his way home from the Council of Lyons, in 1274, was buried in Durham, but, at his own request, his heart was left behind, as a gift to the Benedictine convent near Arbecellis, in France. At Henley, in Yorkshire, in the old burial vault of the noble family of Bolton, there lies the leaden coffin of a female member of the house, who had died in France, and been brought from thence embalmed, and cased in lead. On the top of the coffin is deposited her heart in a kind of urn. The heart of Agnes Sorel was interred in the abbey of Jumieges.

In Scotland there have been several instances of the separate burial of the human heart. The earliest known is that connected with the founding and erection of Newabbey, or the abbey of Dulce Cor, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, by Derorgilla, daughter of Alan the Celtic Lord of Galloway, and wife of John Baliol, of Barnard Castle, father of the unpopular competitor for the Scottish crown. Baliol, to whom she was

deeply attached, died an exile in France in 1269; but Derorgilla had his heart embalmed, and as the *Scotichronicon* records, "lokyt and bunden with sylver brycht;" and this relic so sad and grim she always carried about with her. In 1289, as death approached, when she was in her eightieth year, she directed that "this silent and daily companion in life for twenty years should be laid upon her bosom when she was buried in the abbey she had founded;" the beautiful old church, the secluded ruins of which now moulder by the bank of the Nith. For five centuries and more, in memory of her untiring affection, the place has been named locally the Abbey of Sweet-heart.

History and song have alike made us familiar with the last wish of Robert Bruce, the heroic King of Scotland, when, after two years of peace and contemplation, he died in the north, at Cardross. He desired that in part fulfilment of a vow he had made to march to Jerusalem, a purpose which the incessant war with England baffled, his heart should be laid in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on his death-bed he besought his old friend and faithful brother soldier, the good Sir James Douglas, to undertake that which was then a most arduous journey,

and be the bearer of the relic. "And it is my command," he added, to quote Froissart, "that you do use that royal state and maintenance in your journey, both for yourself and your companions, that into whatever lands or cities you may come, all may know that ye have in charge, to bear beyond the seas, the heart of King Robert of Scotland."

Then all who stood around his bed began to weep, and Douglas replied :

"Assuredly, my liege, I do promise, by the faith which I owe to God and to the order of knighthood."

"Now praise be to God," said the king, "I shall die in peace."

It is a matter of history how Douglas departed on this errand with a train of knights, and, choosing to land on the Spanish coast, heard that Alphonso of Leon and Castile was at war with Osman, the Moorish king of Granada. In the true spirit of the age, he could not resist the temptation of striking a blow for the Christian faith, and so joined the Spaniards. He led their van upon the plain of Theba, near the Andalusian frontier. In a silver casket at his neck he bore the heart of Bruce, which rashly

and repeatedly he cast before him amid the Moors, crying :

“Now pass on as ye were wont, and Douglas, as of old, will follow thee or die.”

And there he fell, together with Sir William Sinclair, of Roslin, Sir Robert and Walter Logan, of Restalrig, and others. Bruce's heart, instead of being taken to Jerusalem, was brought home by Sir Simon of Lee, and deposited in Melrose Abbey. Douglas was laid among his kindred in Liddesdale, and from thenceforward “the bloody heart,” surmounted by a crown, became the cognizance of all the Douglasses in Scotland. Bruce was interred at Dunfermline ; and when his skeleton was discovered in 1818, the breast-bone was found to have been sawn across to permit the removal of the heart, in accordance with the terms of his last will.

But of all the treasured hearts of the heroic or illustrious dead, none perhaps ever underwent so many marvellous adventures as that of James, Marquis of Montrose, who was executed by the Scottish Puritans in 1650.

On his body being interred among those of common criminals, by the side of a road leading southward from Edinburgh, his niece, the Lady Napier, whose castle of Merchiston still stands

near the place, had the deal box in which the trunk of the corpse lay (the head and limbs had been sent to different towns in Scotland) opened in the night, and his heart, "which he had always promised at his death to leave her, as a mark of the affection she had ever felt towards him," was taken forth. It was secretly embalmed and enclosed in a little case of steel, made from the blade of that sword which Montrose had drawn for King Charles at the battles of Auldearn, Tippermuir, and Kilsythe. This case she placed in a gold filigree box that had been presented by the Doge of Venice to John Napier, of Merchiston, and she enclosed the whole in a silver urn which had been given to her husband by the great cavalier marquis before the Civil War. She sent this carefully guarded relic to the second marquis, afterwards first Duke of Montrose, who was then in exile with her husband; but it never reached either of them, being unfortunately lost by the bearer on the journey.

Years after all these actors in the drama of life had passed away, a gentleman of Gueldres, a friend of Francis, fifth Lord Napier (who died in 1773), recognized, in the collection of a Flemish virtuoso, by the coat-armorial and other

engravings upon it, the identical gold filigree box belonging to the Napiers of Merchiston. The steel case was within it; but the silver urn was gone. The former "was the size and shape of an egg. It was opened by pressing down a little knob, as is done in opening a watch-case. Inside was a little parcel containing all that remained of Montrose's heart, wrapped in a piece of coarse cloth, and done over with a substance like glue." Restored by this friend to the Napiers, it was presented to Miss Hester Napier, by her father, Lord Francis, when his speculations in the Caledonian Canal and elsewhere led him to fear the sale of his patrimonial castle of Merchiston, and that he would lose all, even to this relic, on which he set so much store. Miss Napier took it with her on her marriage with Johnstone of Carnsalloch, and it accompanied her when she sailed for India with her husband. Off the Cape de Verd Isles their ship was attacked by Admiral de Suffrien, who was also bound for the East with five French sail of the line. In the engagement which ensued, Mrs. Johnstone, who refused to quit her husband's side on the quarter-deck, was wounded by a splinter in the arm, while carrying in her hand a reticule in which she had placed all her

most valuable trinkets, and, among these, the heart of Montrose, as it was feared that the Indiaman would be taken by boarding; Suffrein, however, was beaten off.

At Madura, in India, she had an urn made like the old one to contain the heart, and on it was engraved, in Tamil and Telegu, a legend telling what it held. Her constant anxiety concerning its safety naturally caused a story to be spread concerning it among the Madrassesees, who deemed it a powerful talisman. Thus it was stolen, and became the property of a chief; so the loyal heart that had beat proudly in so many Scottish battles, hung as an amulet at the neck of a Hindoo warrior. The latter, however, on hearing what it really was, generously restored it to its owner, and it was brought to Europe by the Johnstones on their return in 1792. In that year they were in France, when an edict of the revolutionary government required all persons to surrender their plate and ornaments for the service of the sovereign people. Mrs. Johnstone intrusted the heart of Montrose to one of her English attendants named Knowles, that it might be secretly and safely conveyed to England; but the custodian died by the way; the relic was again lost, and heard of no more.

In the wall of an aisle of the old ruined church of Culross, there was found, not long ago, enclosed in a silver case of oval form, chased and engraved, the heart of Edward Bruce, second Lord Kinloss (ancestor of the Earls of Elgin), in his day a fiery and gallant young noble, who fought the famous duel with a kindred spirit, Sir Edward Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, a conflict which is detailed at such length, and so quaintly, in No. 133 of the *Guardian*. Bruce was the challenger, and after a long and careful pre-arrangement, attended by their seconds and surgeons, they encountered each other, with the sword, minus their doublets, and in their shirt-sleeves, under the walls of Antwerp, in August, 1613. Sackville had a finger hewn off, and received three thrusts in his body, yet he contrived to pass his rapier twice, mortally, through the breast of his Scottish antagonist, who fell on his back, dying and choking with blood.

"I re-demanded of him," wrote Sir Edward, "if he would request his life; but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, bravely replying that 'he scorned it,' which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence."

As Sackville was borne away fainting, he escaped, as he relates, "a great danger. Lord Bruce's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lordship's sword, and had not mine, with my sword, interposed, I had been slain, although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand !' "

Sackville was borne to a neighbouring monastery to be cured, and died in 1652 of sorrow, it was alleged, for the death of Charles the First. Kinloss died on the ground where the duel was fought, and was buried in Antwerp ; but his heart was sent home to the family vault, in the old abbey church, which lies so pleasantly half hidden among ancient trees, by the margin of the Forth ; and a brass plate in the wall, with a detail of the catastrophe engraved upon it, still indicates its locality to the visitor.

Still more recently there was supposed to be found in the vault of the Maitlands, at St. Mary's Church, in Haddington, an urn containing the heart of the great but terrible duke, John of Lauderdale, the scourge of the Covenanters, a truculent peer, who, for his services to the powers

that were, was created Baron Petersham and Earl of Guildford, and who died at Tunbridge Wells in 1682. He was buried in the family aisle, amid the execrations of the peasantry, to whom his character rendered him odious, and his coffin on tressels was long an object of grotesque terror to the truant urchin who peeped through the narrow slit that lighted the vault where the lords of Thirlstane lie. The heart of the unhappy king, James the Second of England, which was taken from his body, and interred separately in an urn, in the church of Sainte Marie de Chaillot, near Paris, was lost at the Revolution, in 1792, while the heart of his queen, Mary d'Este, of Modena, and that of their faithful friend and adherent, Mary Gordon, daughter of Lewis, Marquis of Huntley, and wife of James, Duke of Perth (whilom Lord Justice-General, and High Chancellor of Scotland), were long kept where the ashes of the latter still repose, in the pretty little chapel of the Scottish College, at Paris, in the Rue des Fossés St. Victoire, one of the oldest portions of the city.

When the body of the Emperor Napoleon was prepared for interment at St. Helena, in May, 1821, the heart was removed by a medical officer, to be soldered up in a separate case.

Madame Bertrand, in her grief and enthusiasm, had made some vow, or expressed a vehement desire, to obtain possession of this as a precious relic, and the doctor, fearing that some trick might be played him, and his commission be thereby imperilled, kept it all night in his own room, and under his own eye, in a wine-glass. The noise of crystal breaking roused him, if not from sleep, at least from a waking doze, and he started forward, only in time to rescue the heart of the emperor from a huge brown rat, which was dragging it across the floor to its hole. It was rescued by the doctor, soldered up in a silver urn, filled with spirits, by Sergeant Abraham Millington, of the St. Helena Artillery, and placed in the coffin.

During the repair of Christ's Church, at Cork, in 1829, a human heart, in a leaden case, was found embedded among the masonry; but to whom it had belonged, what was its story, the piety or love its owner wished to commemorate, no legend or inscription remained to tell.

In 1774, Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Le Despenser, seems to have received the singular bequest of a human heart, as the obituaries of that year record, that when "Paul Whitehead, Esq., a gentleman much admired by the literati for

his publications, died at his apartments in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, among other whimsical legacies was his heart, which, with fifty pounds, he bequeathed to his lordship." But of all the relics on record, perhaps the most singular, if the story be true, is that related in the second volume of the memoirs of the Empress Josephine, published in 1829, when the Duc de Lauragnois had not only the heart of his wife, to whom he was tenderly devoted, but her entire body, "by some chemical process reduced to a sort of small stone, which was set in a ring, that the duke always wore on his finger." After this, who will say that the eighteenth century was not a romantic age?

CHAPTER V.

PHANTASMAGORIA.

ON the 29th of January, 1719, a Scottish gentleman, named Alexander Jaffray, Laird of Kingswells, was riding across a piece of wide and waste moorland to the westward of Aberdeen, when, about eight o'clock in the morning, he beheld—to his great alarm and bewilderment, as he states in a letter to his friend, Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk (printed by the

Spalding Club)—a body of about seven thousand soldiers drawn up in front of him, all under arms, with colours uncased and waving, and the drums slung on the drummers' backs. A clear morning sun was shining, so he saw them distinctly, and also a commander who rode along the line, mounted on a white charger.

Dubious whether to advance or retire, and sorely perplexed as to what mysterious army this was, the worthy Laird of Kingswells and a companion, an old Scottish soldier, who had served in Low Country wars, reined in their horses, and continued to gaze on this unexpected array for nearly two hours ; till suddenly the troops broke into marching order, and departed towards Aberdeen, near which, he adds, "the hill called the Stockett tooke them out of sight."

Nothing more was heard or seen of this phantom force until the 21st of the ensuing October, when upon the same ground—the then open and desolate White-myres—on a fine clear afternoon, when some hundred persons were returning home from the yearly fair at Old Aberdeen, about two thousand infantry, clad in blue uniforms faced with white, and with all their arms shining in the evening sun, were distinctly visible ; and after a space, the same commander on the same white

charger rode slowly along the shadowy line. Then a long "wreath of smoak apiered, as if they had fired, but no noise" followed.

To add to the marvel of this scene, the spectators, who, we have said, were numerous, saw many of their friends, who were coming from the fair, pass *through* this line of impalpable shadows, of which they could see nothing until they came to a certain point upon the moor and looked back to the sloping ground. Then, precisely as before, those phantoms in foreign uniform broke into marching order, and moved towards the Bridge of the Dee. They remained visible, however, for three hours, and only seemed to fade out or melt gradually away as the sun set behind the mountains. "This will puzzle thy philosophy," adds the laird at the close of his letter to the baronet of Monymusk; "but thou needst not doubt of the certainty of either."

Scottish tradition, and even Scottish history, especially after the Reformation, record many such instances of optical phenomena, which were a source of great terror and amazement to the simple folks of those days; and England was not without her full share of them either; but science finds a ready solution for all such delusions now. They are chiefly peculiar to mour-

tainous districts, and may appear in many shapes and in many numbers, or singly, like the giant of the Brocken, the spectator's own shadow cast on the opposite clouds, and girt with rings of concentric light—or like the wondrous fog-bow, so recently seen from the Matterhorn.

Almost on the same ground where the Laird of Kingswells saw the second army of phantoms, and doubtless resulting from the same natural and atmospheric causes, a similar appearance had been visible on the 12th of February, 1643, when a great body of horse and foot appeared as if under arms on the Brimman Hill. Accoutred with matchlock, pike, and morion, they looked ghost-like and misty as they skimmed through the gray vapour about eight o'clock in the morning; but on the sun breaking forth from a bank of cloud, they vanished, and the green hill-slopes were left bare, or occupied by sheep alone. Much about the same time, another army was seen to hover in the air over the Moor of Forfar. "Quhilkis visons," adds the Commissary Spalding, "the people thocht to be prodigious tokens, and it fell out owre trew, as may be seen hereafter."

Many such omens are gravely recorded as preceding and accompanying the long struggle

of the Covenant, and the fatal war in which the three kingdoms were plunged by Charles I. and his evil advisers.

Indigestion, heavy dinners, and heavier drinking had doubtless much to do in creating some of the spectral delusions of those days; and inborn superstition, together with a heated fancy, were often not wanting as additional accessories. But in the gloomy and stormy autumn that preceded the march of the Scottish Covenanters into England, omens of all kinds teemed to a wonderful extent in the land. When Alaster Macdonnel, son of Coll the Devastator, as the Whigs named him, landed from Ireland, at the Rhu of Ardnamurchan, in Morven, to join the Scottish cavaliers under the Marquis of Montrose, then in arms for the king, it was alleged that the *hum* of cannon-shot was heard in the air, passing all over Scotland from the Atlantic to the German Sea; that many strange lights appeared in the firmament; and that, on a gloomy night in the winter of 1650, a spectre drummer, beating in succession the Scottish and English marches, summoned to a ghostly conference, at the castle-gate of Edinburgh, Colonel Dundas of that Ilk, a corrupt officer, who, on being bribed by gold, afterwards surrendered to

Cromwell the fortress, together with some sixty pieces of cannon.

All the private diaries and quaint chronicles, of late years published by the various literary clubs in England and Scotland, teem with such marvels, but the latter country was more particularly afflicted by them; omens, warnings, and predictions of coming peril rendering it, by their number and character, extremely doubtful whether Heaven or the *other place* was most interested in Scottish affairs.

In 1638, fairy drums were heard beating on the hills of Dun Echt, in Aberdeenshire, according to the narrative of the parson of Rothiemay; in 1643, we hear of the noise of drums "and apparitions of armyes" at Bankafoir in the same county. "The wraith of General Leslie in his buff-coat and on horseback, carrying his own banner with its bend *azure* and three buckles *or*, appeared on the summit of a tower at St. Johnstown. Science now explains such visions as the aerial Morgana, produced by the reflection of real objects on a peculiar atmospheric arrangement; but then they were a source of unlimited terror." Law, in his *Memorials*, records that, in 1676, a wondrous star blazed at noon on the hill of Gargunnock, and a great army of spectres

was seen to glide along the hills near Aberdeen.

A folio of *Apparitions and Wonders*, preserved in the British Museum, records that, at Durham, on the 27th September, 1703, when the evening sky was serene and full of stars, a strange and prodigious light spread over its north-western quarter, as if the sun itself was shining; then came streamers which turned to armed men ranked on horseback. J. Edmonson, the writer of the broadsheet, adds: "It was thought they would see the apparition better in Scotland, because it appeared a great way north; the same," he continues gravely, "was seen in the latter end of March, 1704," and the battle of Hochstadt followed it. This must refer to the second battle fought there, which we call Blenheim, when Marshal Tallard was defeated and taken prisoner by Marlborough. But this wonderful light which turned to armed men at Durham was outdone by a marvel at Churchill, Oxfordshire, where (in the same collection) we find that, on the 9th January, 1705, *four suns* were all visible in the air at once, "sent for signs unto mankind," adds the publisher, Mr Tookey of St. Christopher's Court, "and having their significations of the Lord, like the hand-writing unto his servant Daniel."

In 1744, a man named D. Stricket, when servant to Mr. Lancaster of Blakehills, saw one evening, about seven o'clock, a troop of horse riding leisurely along Souter Fell in Cumberland. They were in close ranks, and ere long quickened their pace. As this man had been sharply ridiculed as the solitary beholder of a spectre horseman in the same place in the preceding year, he watched these strange troopers for some time ere he summoned his master from the house to look too. But ere Stricket spoke of what was to be seen, "Mr. Lancaster discovered the aërial troopers," whose appearance was as plainly visible to him as to his servant. "These visionary horsemen *seemed* to come from the lowest part of Souter Fell, and became visible at a place named Knott; they moved in successive troops (or squadrons) along the side of the Fell till they came opposite to Blakehills, where they went over the mountain. They thus described a kind of curvilinear path, their first and last appearances being bounded by the mountain." They were two hours in sight; and "this phenomenon was seen by *every person* (twenty-six in number) in every cottage within the distance of a mile," according to the statement attested before a magistrate by Lancaster and Stricket, on the 21st of July, 1745.

During the middle of the last century, a toll-keeper in Perthshire affirmed on oath, before certain justices of the peace, that an entire regiment passed through his toll-gate at midnight ; but as no such force had left any town in the neighbourhood, or arrived at any other, or, in fact, were ever seen anywhere but at his particular turnpike, the whole story was naturally treated as a delusion ; though the Highlanders sought in some way to connect the vision with the unquiet spirits of those who fought at Culloden, for there, the peasantry aver, that "in the soft twilight of the summer evening, solitary wayfarers, when passing near the burial mounds, have suddenly found themselves amid the smoke and hurly-burly of a battle, and could recognize the various clans engaged by their tartans and badges. On those occasions, a certain Laird of Culduthil was always seen amid the fray on a white horse, and the people believe that once again a great battle will be fought there by the clans ; but with whom, or about what, no seer has ventured to predict."

Shadowy figures of armed men were seen in Stockton Forest, Yorkshire, prior to the war with France, as the *Leeds Mercury* and local prints record ; and so lately as 1812, much curiosity and no small ridicule were excited by the alleged

appearance of a phantom army in the vicinity of hard-working prosaic Leeds, and all the newspapers and magazines of the time show how much the story amused the sceptical, and occupied the attention of the scientific.

It would appear that between seven and eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday, the 28th October, Mr. Anthony Jackson, a farmer, in his forty-fifth year, and a lad of fifteen, named Turner, were overlooking their cattle, which were at grass in Havarah Park, near Ripley, the seat of Sir John Ingilby, when the lad suddenly exclaimed: "Look, Anthony; what a number of beasts!" "Beasts? Lord bless us!" replied the farmer with fear and wonder, "they are *men*!" And, as he spoke, there immediately became visible "an army of soldiers dressed in white uniforms, and in the centre a personage of commanding aspect clad in scarlet." These phantoms (according to the *Leeds Mercury* and *Edinburgh Annual Register*) were four deep, extended over thirty acres, and performed many evolutions. Other bodies in dark uniforms now appeared, and smoke, as if from artillery, rolled over the grass of the park. On this, Jackson and Turner thinking they had seen quite enough, turned and fled.

Like the spells of the Fairy Morgana, which were alleged to create such beautiful effects in the Bay of Reggio, and which Fra Antonio Minasi saw thrice in 1773, and "deemed to exceed by far the most beautiful theatrical exhibition in the world," science has explained away, or fully discovered the true source of all such spectral phenomena. The northern aurora was deemed by the superstitious, from the days of Plutarch even to those of the sage Sir Richard Baker, as portentous of dire events; and the fancies of the timid saw only war and battle in the shining streamers; but those supposed spectral armies whose appearance we have noted, were something more, in most instances, than mere *deceptio visus*, being actually the shadows of *realities*—the airy reproductions of events, bodily passing in other parts of the country, reflected in the clouds, and imaged again on the mountain slopes or elsewhere, by a peculiar operation of the sun's rays.

CHAPTER VI.

A STRING OF GHOST STORIES.

A BELIEF in the ghost of vulgar superstition is as much exploded in England now as are the opinions advanced by King James in his "Demonologie." Yet the learned Bacon admitted that such things might be. Luther, Pascal, Guy Patin, Milton, Dr. Johnson, and even Southey, believed in the existence of such mediums with the unseen world. "My serious belief amounts to this," wrote the latter: "that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes; and that departed spirits are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves." And had Pope not entertained some similar idea, he had not written:

'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; the immortal mind remains:
The *form* subsists without the *body's* aid,
Ærial semblance and an empty shade."

Upon the truth or falsehood, the theories or rather hypotheses, of such alleged appearances,

we mean not to dwell ; but merely to relate a few little anecdotes connected with them, and drawn—save in Lord Brougham's instance—from sources remote and scarce.

In the memoirs of the celebrated Agrippa d'Aubigné, grandfather of Madame de Maintenon, the wife of Louis XIV., a man famous for his zeal in Calvinism and disbelief in the spiritual world, and one whose integrity was deemed alike rigid and inflexible, we read the following of a spectre like that of a nursery tale :

"I was," he wrote, "in my bed, and entirely awake, when I heard some one enter my apartment ; and perceived at my bedside a woman, remarkably pale, whose clothes rustled against my curtains as she passed. Withdrawing the latter, she stooped towards me, and giving me a kiss that was cold as ice, vanished in a moment !"

D'Aubigné started from bed, and was almost immediately after informed of the sudden death, of his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached.

In a letter of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, we find a curious story of a double apparition occurring at the same moment, and which, though it somewhat illustrates Ennemoser's theory of polarity, is beyond the pale of modern philosophy.

In the gray daylight of an early morning in 1652, the earl saw a figure in white, "like a standing sheet," appear within a yard of his bedside. He attempted to grasp it; but, eluding him, the figure slid towards the foot of the bed, and melted away. He felt a strange anxiety; but his thoughts immediately turned to the Countess (Lady Anne Percy), who was then at Networth with her father, the Earl of Northumberland, and thither he immediately repaired. On his arrival a footman met him on the staircase, with a packet directed to him from his lady; whom he found with her sister, the Countess of Essex, and a Mrs. Ramsay. He was asked why he had come so suddenly. He told his motive, his alarm and anxiety; and, on perusing the letter in the sealed packet, he found that the countess had written to him, requesting his return; "as she had seen a thing in white, with a black face, by her bedside." These apparitions were identically the same in appearance, and were seen by the earl and countess *at the same moment*, though they were in two places forty miles apart. No catastrophe followed. The earl, however, survived his lady, and lived till the year 1713.

In the *St. James's Chronicle* for 1762 we find

a strange story of an apparition being the means of revealing a murder, and bringing the guilty parties to the fatal tree at Tyburn. The narrative was said to have been found among the legal papers of a counsellor of the Middle Temple, then recently deceased.

"In the year 1668 a young gentleman of the West Country, named Stobbine, came to London, and soon after, as ill luck would have it, he wedded a wife of Wapping, the youngest daughter of a Mrs. Alceald ; and in the space of fifteen months the providence of God sent them a daughter, which (*sic*) was left under the care of the grandmother, the husband and his wife retiring to their house in the country."

In 1676, when the daughter was six years old, Mrs. Alceald died, and the child was sent home, and remained there till 1679, when a Mrs. Myltstre, her maternal aunt, "having greatly increased her means, forsook the canaille and low habitations of Wapping, came into a polite part of the town, took a house among people of quality, and set up for a woman of fashion," and thither did she invite the Stobbines and their daughter to spend the winter with her. Among her visitors were her husband's brother, who had the title or rank of captain, and who seems to

have been a bully and gamester—a “blood,” in a flowing wig and laced coat—and there was another relation, who practised as an apothecary,

All these five persons dined together on the birthday of the little girl Stobbine, when a terrible catastrophe ensued. In a spirit of play, it was presumed, she took up a sword that was in the room, and pointing it at Mr. Stobbine, cried, “Stick him, stick him !”

“What !” said he, “would you stab your father ?”

“You are not my father ; but Captain Myltstre is.”

Her father, upon this, boxed her ears, and was instantly run through the body by the captain. “Down he dropped,” we are told, and then his wife, her sister, the captain, and the apothecary, all trampled upon him till he was quite dead, and interring him secretly, gave out that he had returned to the West Country. Time passed on, and though inquiries were made, and messengers sent after the missing Stobbine, he was heard of no more for a time. His daughter was sent to a distant school, and her mother, “who pretended to go distracted, was sent to a village a few miles out of town, where the captain had a pretty little box for his convenience.”

A memory of the terrible scene she had witnessed haunted the daughter, she had nightly horrible dreams and frights, to the terror of a young lady who slept with her ; and she always alleged that a spectre haunted her, a spectre visible to her only, and on these occasions she would exclaim, with every manifestation of horror,

“There is a spirit in the room ! It is Mr. Stobbine’s spirit. Oh, how terrible it looks !”

These appearances and her paroxysms led to an inquiry before a justice of the peace ; and without any warning given, the whole of the guilty parties were apprehended and committed to the Gate-house, tried at the Old Bailey, “and condemned, to the entire satisfaction of the county, the court, and all present.”

After this, Stobbine’s troubled spirit appeared no more. Mrs. Myltstre was hanged, and her body was thrown into the gully-hole near her old house in Wapping ; Mrs. Stobbine was strangled and burned. The captain and the apothecary were hanged at Tyburn, and the latter was anatomized ; and so ended this tragedy.

Another remarkable detection of murder through the alleged appearance of a ghost, occurred in 1724.

A farmer, returning homeward from Southam market in Warwickshire, disappeared by the way. Next day a man presented himself at the farmhouse, and asked of the wife if her husband had come back.

"No," she replied; "and I am under the utmost anxiety and terror."

"Your terror," said he, "cannot surpass mine; for last night as I lay in bed, quite awake, the apparition of your poor husband appeared to me. He showed me several ghastly stabs in his body, which is now lying in a marl-pit."

The pit was searched, the corpse was found, and the stabs, in number and position, answered in every way to the description given by the ghost-seer, to whom the spectre had named a certain man as the culprit; and this person was committed to prison and brought to trial at Warwick for the crime, before a jury and the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Robert (afterwards Lord) Raymond, who was succeeded in 1733 by Sir Philip Yorke. The jury would speedily have brought in a verdict of guilty; but he checked them by saying,

"Gentlemen, you lay more stress on the allegations of this apparition than they will bear. I cannot give credit to these kind of stories. We

are now in a court of law, and must determine according to it ; and I know not of any law which will admit of the testimony of an apparition ; nor yet if it did, doth the ghost appear to give evidence. Crier," he added, "call the ghost."

The farmer's spirit being thrice summoned in vain, Sir Robert again addressed the jury on the hitherto unblemished character of the man accused, and stoutly asserted a belief in his perfect innocence ; adding, " I do strongly suspect that the gentleman who saw the apparition was *himself* the murderer, and knew all about the stabs and the marl-pit without any supernatural assistance ; hence I deem myself justified in committing him to close custody till further inquiries are made."

The result of these was, that on searching his house sufficient proofs of his guilt were found ; he confessed his crime, and was executed at the next assize.

In the list of the officers of the 33rd Regiment, when serving under Lord Cornwallis in America, and then called the 1st West York, will be found the names of Captain (afterwards Sir John Coape) Sherbrooke and Lieutenant George Wynward. The former had recently joined the 33rd from the 4th, or King's Own Regiment. These young

men, being similar in tastes and very attached friends, spent much of their time in each other's society, and when off duty were seldom apart. One evening Sherbrooke was in Wynward's quarters. The room in which they were seated had two doors, one that led into the common passage of the officers' barrack, the other into Wynward's bedroom, from which there was no other mode of egress.

Both officers were engaged in study, till Sherbrooke, on raising his eyes from a book, suddenly saw a young man about twenty years of age open the entrance door and advance into the room. The lad looked pale, ghastly, and thin, as if in the last stage of a mortal malady. Startled and alarmed, Captain Sherbrooke called Wynward's attention to their noiseless visitor; and the moment the lieutenant saw him he became ashy white and incapable of speech, and, ere he could recover, the figure passed them both and entered the bedroom.

"Good God—my poor brother!" exclaimed Wynward.

"Your brother!" repeated Sherbrooke in great perplexity. "There must be some mistake in all this. Follow me."

They entered the little bedroom—it was ten-

antless; and Sherbrooke's agitation was certainly not soothed by Wynward expressing his conviction that from the first he believed they had seen a spectre; and they mutually took note of the day and hour at which this inexplicable affair occurred. Wynward at times tried to persuade himself that they might have been duped by the practical joke of some brother officer; yet his mind was evidently so harassed by it, that when he related what had occurred, all had the good taste to withhold comments, and to await with interest the then slow arrival of the English mails. When the latter came, there were mis-sives for every officer in the regiment except Wynward, whose hopes began to rise; but there was *one* solitary letter for Sherbrooke, which he had no sooner read than he changed colour and left the mess table. Ere long he returned and said,

"Wynward's younger brother is actually no more!" The whole contents of his note were as follows: "Dear John, break to your friend Wynward the death of his favourite brother."

He had died at the very moment the apparition had appeared in that remote Canadian barrack. Strange though the story, the veracity of the witnesses was unimpeachable; and Arch-

deacon Wrangham alludes to it in his edition of Plutarch, who, like Pliny the younger, believed in spectres. Of Wynward, we only know that he was out of the regiment soon after his brother's death; and of Sherbrooke, that he lived to see the three days of Waterloo, became Colonel of the 33rd, Commander of the Forces in North America, and died a General and G.C.B.

Prior to accompanying his regiment, the 92nd Highlanders, in the Waterloo campaign, the famous Colonel John Cameron, of Fassifern, a grandson of the Lochiel of the "Forty-five," dined with Lieutenant-colonel Simon Macdonell, of Morar, who had formerly been in the corps when it was embodied at Aberdeen as the old 100th, or Gordon Highlanders. On the occasion of this farewell dinner there were present other officers of the regiment, some of whom died very recently, and it occurred in the house of Morar, at Arasaig, a wild part of Ardnamurchan, on the western coast of Inverness-shire.

As the guests were passing from the drawing-room towards the dining-room, old Colonel Macdonell courteously paused to usher in Cameron before him, and in doing so he was observed to stagger and become pale, while placing his hands before his face, as if to hide something

that terrified him. Cameron saw nothing of this, though others did ; and all were aware that subsequently, during dinner, their host seemed disconcerted and "out of sorts."

Those unbidden visions known as the *taisch*, or second-sight, were alleged to be hereditary in the family of Morar ; and hence when Cameron fell at Quatre Bras a few weeks afterwards, the old Colonel asserted solemnly, that at the moment when Cameron passed before him he saw his figure suddenly become enveloped in a dark shroud, which had blood-gouts upon it about the region of the heart ; but no shroud enveloped the gallant Cameron when his foster-brother buried him in the *allée verte* of Brussels, where his body lay for six months, till it was brought home to Kilmalie, and buried under a monument on which is an inscription penned by Scott.

One of the latest testimonies of the existence of a spiritual world is that given in the *Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham*, written by himself.

In volume first, he tells us that after he left the High School of Edinburgh to attend the University, one of his most intimate friends there was a Mr. G——, with whom, in their

solitary walks in the neighbourhood of the city, he frequently discussed and speculated on the immortality of the soul, the possibility of ghosts walking abroad, and of the dead appearing to the living; and they actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written mutually *with their blood*, to the effect, "that whichever died first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts entertained of the life after death."

G—— went to India, and after the lapse of a few years Brougham had almost forgotten his existence, when one day in winter—the 19th of December—as he was indulging in the half sleepy luxury of a warm bath, he turned to the chair on which he had deposited his clothes, and thereon sat his old college-chum G——, looking him coolly, quietly, and sadly in the face. Lord Brougham adds that he swooned, and found himself lying on the floor. He noted the circumstance, believing it to be all a dream, and yet, when remembering the compact, he could not discharge from his mind a dread that G—— must have died, and that his appearance even in a dream, was to be received as a proof of a future state. Sixty-three years afterwards the veteran statesman and lawyer appends the following note to this story of the apparition :

“Brougham, Oct. 16, 1862.—I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream, *certissima mortis imago*. Soon after my return there arrived a letter from India announcing G——’s death, and stating that he died on the 19th of December! Singular coincidence! Yet when one reflects on the vast number of dreams which night after night pass through our brains, the number of coincidences between the vision and the event are perhaps fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would warrant us to expect.”

THE END.

WILLING, PRINTER, GUILDFORD, SURREY.

THE
BLACK WATCH

OR
FORTY-SECOND HIGHLANDERS.

BY
JAMES GRANT
AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF WAR"

NEW EDITION

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE
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THE SECRET DISPATCH.
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P R E F A C E.

WOVEN up with an occasional legend or superstition gleaned among the mountains from whence its soldiers came, the warlike details and many of the names which occur in the following pages, belong to the military history of the country and of the brave Regiment whose title is given to our Book.

It is generally acknowledged that but for the retention of the kilt in the British service, and for the high character of those regiments who wear it, the military *name* of Scotland had been long since forgotten in Europe, and her national existence had been as completely ignored during the Wars of Wellington as in those of Marlborough ; nor in times more recent had the electric wire announced that, when the cloud of Russian horse came on at Balaclava and our allies fled, "the Scots stood firm."

The kilt alone indicated *their* country, as our Scots Lowland regiments are clad like the rest of the Line. The martial and picturesque costume of

the ancient clans which is now so completely identified with modern Scotland, is one of the few remnants of the past that remain to her; and it is remarkable that it has survived so long; for it was the garb of those adventurous Greeks who fought under Xenophon, and of those hardy warriors who spread the terror of the Roman name from the shores of the Euphrates on the east, to those of the Caledonian Firths upon the west.

It was the best public service of the great Pitt when he first rallied round the British throne, as soldiers of the Highland Regiments, the men of that warlike race, who had been so long inimical to the House of Hanover.

“I sought for merit wherever it was to be found,” said he; “it is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it and found it on the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifice of your enemies, and who, in the war before the last, had well nigh gone to have overturned the State. These men in the last war were brought to combat by your side; they served with fidelity as they fought with honour, and conquered for you in every part of the world.”

Highlander and Lowlander are now so mingled by

intermarriage that there is scarcely a subject in the northern kingdom without more or less Celtic blood in his or her veins; and to this mixture of race, which unites the fire and impatience of the former to the steady perseverance of the latter, Scotland owes her present prosperity.

The Clans are passing away, and with them a thousand great and glorious historical and romantic associations; while, by the rapid spread of education, even their language cannot long survive; "but when time shall have drawn its veil over the past as over the present—when the *last* broadsword shall have been broken on the anvil, and the shreds of the *last* plaid tossed to the winds upon the cairn, or been bleached within the raven's nest, posterity may look back with regret to a people who have so marked the history, the poetry, and the achievements of a distant age;" and who, in the ranks of the British army, have stood foremost in the line of battle and given place to none!

26, DANUBE STREET, EDINBURGH,

October, 1859.

LEGENDS

OF

THE BLACK WATCH.

I.

THE STORY OF FARQUHAR SHAW.

THIS soldier, whose name, from the circumstances connected with his remarkable story, daring courage, and terrible fate, is still remembered in the regiment, in the early history of which he bears so prominent a part, was one of the first who enlisted in Captain Campbell of Finab's independent band of the *Reicudan Dhu*, or Black Watch, when the six separate companies composing this Highland force were established along the Highland Border in 1729, to repress the predatory spirit of certain tribes, and to prevent the levy of black mail. The companies were independent, and at that time wore the clan tartan of their captains, who were Simon Frazer, the celebrated Lord Lovat; Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell; Grant of Ballindalloch; Alister Campbell of Finab, whose father fought at Darien; Ian Campbell of Carrick, and Deors Monro of Culcairn.

The privates of these companies were all men of a superior station, being mostly cadets of good families—gentlemen of the old Celtic and patriarchal lines,

mael, in the desert ; for they, too, have an olden time to which they look back with regret, as being nobler, better, braver, and purer than the present. Thus, the father of Farquhar Shaw was a grim *duinewassal*, who never broke bread or saw the sun rise without uncovering his head and invoking the names of " God, the Blessed Mary, and St. Colme of the Isle ;" who never sat down to a meal without opening wide his gates, that the poor and needy might enter freely ; who never refused the use of his purse and sword to a friend or kinsman, and was never seen unarmed, even in his own dining-room ; who never wronged any man ; but who *never* suffered a wrong or affront to pass, without sharp and speedy vengeance ; and who, rather than acknowledge the supremacy of the House of Hanover, died sword in hand at the rising in Glensheil. For this act, his estates were seized by the House of Breadalbane, and his only son, Farquhar, became a private soldier in the ranks of the Black Watch.

It may easily be supposed, that the son of such a father was imbued with all his cavalier spirit, his loyalty and enthusiasm, and that his mind was filled by all the military, legendary, and romantic memories of his native mountains, the land of the Celts, which, as a fine Irish ballad says, was THEIRS

Ere the Roman or the Saxon, the Norman or the Dane,
Had first set foot in Britain, or trampled heaps of slain,
Whose manhood saw the Druid rite, at forest tree and rock—
And savage tribes of Britain round the shrines of Zernebok ;
Which for generations witnessed all the glories of the Gael,
Since their Celtic sires sang war-songs round the sacred fires of
Baal.

When it was resolved by Government to form the six independent Highland companies into one regi-

ment, Farquhar Shaw was left on the sick list at the cottage of a widow, named Mhona Cameron, near Inverlochty, having been wounded in a skirmish with Caterans in Glennevis, and he writhed on his sick-bed when his comrades, under Finab, marched for the Birks of Aberfeldy, the muster-place of the whole, where the companies were to be united into one battalion, under the celebrated John Earl of Crawford and Lindesay, the last of his ancient race, a hero covered with wounds and honours won in the services of Britain and Russia.

Weak, wan, and wasted though he was (for his wound, a slash from a pole-axe, had been a severe one), Farquhar almost sprang from bed when he heard the notes of their retiring pipes dying away, as they marched through Maryburgh, and round by the margin of Lochiel. His spirit of honour was ruffled, moreover, by a rumour, spread by his enemies the Caterans, against whom he had fought repeatedly, that he was growing faint-hearted at the prospect of the service of the Black Watch being extended beyond the Highland Border. As rumours to this effect were already finding credence in the glens, the fierce, proud heart of Farquhar burned within him with indignation and unmerited shame.

At last, one night, an old crone, who came stealthily to the cottage in which he was residing, informed him that, by the same outlaws who were seeking to deprive him of his honour, a subtle plan had been laid to surround his temporary dwelling, and put him to death, in revenge for certain wounds inflicted by his sword upon their comrades.

The energy and activity of the Black Watch had long since driven the Caterans to despair, and nothing

but the anticipation of killing Farquhar comfortably, and chopping him into ounce pieces at leisure, enabled them to survive their troubles with anything like Christian fortitude and resignation.

"And this is their plan, mother?" said Farquhar to the crone.

"To burn the cottage, and you with it."

"Dioul! say you so, Mother Mhona," he exclaimed; "then 'tis time I were betaking me to the hills. Better have a cool bed for a few nights on the sweet-scented heather, than be roasted in a burning cottage, like a fox in its hole."

In vain the cotters besought him to seek concealment elsewhere; or to tarry until he had gained his full strength.

"Were I in the prime of strength, I would stay here," said Farquhar; "and when sleeping on my sword and target, would fear nothing. If these dogs of Caterans came, they should be welcome to my life, if I could not redeem it by the three best lives in their band; but I am weak as a growing boy, and so shall be off to the free mountain side, and seek the path that leads to the Birks of Aberfeldy."

"But the Birks are far from here, Farquhar," urged old Mhona.

"*Attempt, and Did-not*, were the worst of Fingal's hounds," replied the soldier. "Farquhar will owe you a day in harvest for all your kindness; but his comrades wait, and go he must! Would it not be a strange thing and a shameful, too, if all the Reicudan Dhu should march down into the flat, bare land of the Lowland clowns, and Farquhar not be with them? What would Finab, his captain, think? and what would all in Brae Lochaber say?"

"Yet pause," continued the crone.

“Pause! Dhia! my father’s bones will soon be clattering in their grave, far away in green Glensheil, where he died for King James, Mhona.”

“Beware,” continued the old woman, “lest you go for ever, Farquhar.”

“It is longer to *for ever* than to Beltane, and by that day I must be at the Birks of Aberfeldy.”

Then, seeing that he was determined, the crones muttered among themselves that the *tarvecoill* would fall upon him; but Farquhar Shaw, though far from being free of his native superstitions, laughed aloud; for the *tarvecoill* is a black cloud, which, if seen on a new-year’s eve, is said to portend stormy weather; hence it is a proverb for a misfortune about to happen.

“You were unwise to become a soldier, Farquhar,” was their last argument.

“Why?”

“The tongue may tie a knot which the teeth cannot untie.”

“As your husbands’ tongues did, when they married you all, poor men!” was the good-natured retort of Farquhar. “But fear not for me; ere the snow begins to melt on Ben Nevis, and the sweet wallflower to bloom on the black Castle of Inverlochy, I will be with you all again,” he added, while belting his tartan-plaid about him, slinging his target on his shoulder, and whistling upon Bran, his favourite stag-hound; he then set out to join the regiment, by the nearest route, on the skirts of Ben Nevis, resolving to pass the head of Lochleven, through Larochemohr, and the deep glens that lead towards the Braes of Rannoch, a long, desolate, and perilous journey, but with his sword, his pistols, and gigantic hound to guard him, his plaid for a covering,

and the purple heather for a bed wherever he halted, Farquhar feared nothing.

His faithful dog Bran, which had shared his couch and plaid since the time when it was a puppy, was a noble specimen of the Scottish hound, which was used of old in the chase of the white bull, the wolf, and the deer, and which is in reality the progenitor of the common greyhound ; for the breed has degenerated in warmer climates than the stern north. Bran (so named from Bran of old) was of such size, strength, and courage, that he was able to drag down the strongest deer ; and, in the last encounter with the Caterans of Glen Nevis, he had saved the life of Farquhar, by tearing almost to pieces one who would have slain him, as he lay wounded on the field. His hair was rough and grey ; his limbs were muscular and wiry ; his chest was broad and deep ; his keen eyes were bright as those of an eagle. Such dogs as Bran bear a prominent place in Highland song and story. They were remarkable for their sagacity and love of their master, and their solemn and dirge-like howl was ever deemed ominous and predictive of death and woe.

Bran and his master were inseparable. The noble dog had long been invaluable to him when on hunting expeditions, and now since he had become a soldier in the Reicudan Dhu, Bran was always on guard with him, and the sharer of all his duties ; thus Farquhar was wont to assert, " that for watchfulness on sentry, Bran's two ears were worth all the rest in the Black Watch put together."

The sun had set before Farquhar left the green thatched clachan, and already the bases of the purple mountains were dark, though a red glow lingered on their heath-clad sunmits. Lest some of the Cateran

band, of whose malevolence he was now the object, might already have knowledgo or suspicion of his departure and be watching him with lynx-like eyes from behind some rock or bracken bush, he pursued for a time a path which led to the westward, until the darkness closed completely in ; and then, after casting round him a rapid and searching glance, he struck at once into the old secluded drove-way or Fingalian road, which descended through the deep gorge of Corriehoilzie towards the mouth of Glencoe.

On his left towered Ben Nevis—or “the Mountain of Heaven”—sublime and vast, four thousand three hundred feet and more in height, with its pale summits gleaming in the starlight, under a coating of eternal snow. On his right lay deep glens yawning between pathless mountains that arose in piles above each other, their sides torn and rent by a thousand water-courses, exhibiting rugged banks of rock and gravel, fringed by green waving bracken leaves and black whin bushes, or jagged by masses of stone, lying in piles and heaps, like the black, dreary, and Cyclopean ruins “of an earlier world.” Before him lay the wilderness of Laroehmohr, a scene of solitary and solemn grandeur, where, under the starlight, every feature of the landscape, every waving bush, or silver birch ; every bare scalp of porphyry, and every granite block torn by storms from the cliffs above ; every rugged watercourse, tearing in foam through its deep marl bed between the tufted heather, seemed shadowy, unearthly, and weird—dark and mysterious ; and all combined, were more than enough to impress with solemnity the thoughts of any man, but more especially those of a Highlander ; for the savage grandeur and solitude of that district

at such an hour—the gloaming—were alike, to use a paradox, soothing and terrific.

There was no moon. Large masses of crape-like vapour sailed across the blue sky, and by gradually veiling the stars, made yet darker the gloomy path which Farquhar had to traverse. Even the dog Bran seemed impressed by the unbroken stillness, and trotted close as a shadow by the bare legs of his master.

For a time Farquhar Shaw had thought only of the bloodthirsty Caterans, who in their mood of vengeance at the Black Watch in general, and at him in particular, would have hewn him to pieces without mercy; but now as the distance increased between himself and their haunts by the shores of the Lochy and Eil, other thoughts arose in his mind, which gradually became a prey to the superstition incident alike to his age and country, as all the wild tales he had heard of that sequestered district, and indeed of that identical glen which he was then traversing, crowded upon his memory, until he, Farquhar Shaw, who would have faced any six men sword in hand, or would have charged a grape-shotted battery without fear, actually sighed with apprehension at the waving of a hazel bush on the lone hill side.

Of many wild and terrible things this *locale* was alleged to be the scene, and with some of these the Highland reader may be as familiar as Farquhar.

A party of the Black Watch in the summer of 1738, had marched up the glen, under the command of Corporal Malcolm MacPherson (of whom more anon), with orders to seize a flock of sheep and arrest the proprietor, who was alleged to have “lifted” (*i.e.*, stolen) them from the Camerons of Lochiel. The soldiers found the flock to the number of three hundred, grazing

on a hill side, all fat black-faced sheep with fine long wool, and seated near them, crook in hand, upon a fragment of rock, they found the person (one of the Caterans already referred to) who was alleged to have stolen them. He was a strange-looking old fellow, with a long white beard that flowed below his girdle; he was attended by two huge black dogs of fierce and repulsive aspect. He laughed scornfully when arrested by the corporal, and hollowly the echoes of his laughter rang among the rocks, while his giant hounds bayed and erected their bristles, and their eyes flashed as if emitting sparks of fire.

The soldiers now surrounded the sheep and drove them down the hill side into the glen, from whence they proceeded towards Maryburgh, with a piper playing in front of the flock, for it is known that sheep will readily follow the music of the pipe. The Black Watch were merry with their easy capture, but none in MacPherson's party were so merry as the captured shepherd, whom, for security, the corporal had fettered to the left hand of his brother Samuel; and in this order they proceeded for three miles, until they reached a running stream; when, lo! the whole of the three hundred fat sheep and the black dogs turned into clods of brown earth; and, with a wild mocking laugh that seemed to pass away on the wind which swept the mountain waste, their shepherd vanished, and no trace of his presence remained but the empty ring of the fetters which dangled from the left wrist of Samuel MacPherson, who felt every hair on his head bristle under his bonnet with terror and affright.

This sombre glen was also the abode of the *Daoine Shie*, or Good Neighbours, as they are named in the Lowlands; and of this fact the wife of the pay-

sergeant of Farquhar's own company could bear terrible evidence. These imps are alleged to have a strange love for abstracting young girls and women great with child, and leaving in their places bundles of dry branches or withered reeds in the resemblance of the person thus abstracted, but to all appearance dead or in a trance ; they are also exceeding partial to having their own bantlings nursed by human mothers.

The wife of the sergeant (who was Duncan Campbell of the family of Duncaves) was without children, but was ever longing to possess one, and had drunk of all the holy wells in the neighbourhood without finding herself much benefited thereby. On a summer evening when the twilight was lingering on the hills, she was seated at her cottage door gazing listlessly on the waters of the Eil, which were reddened by the last flush of the west, when suddenly a little man and woman of strange aspect appeared before her—so suddenly that they seemed to have sprung from the ground—and offered her a child to nurse. Her husband, the sergeant, was absent on duty at Dumbarton ; the poor lonely woman had no one to consult, or from whom to seek permission, and she at once accepted the charge as one long coveted.

"Take this pot of ointment," said the man, impressively, giving Moina Campbell a box made of shells, "and be careful from time to time to touch the eyelids of our child therewith."

"Accept this purse of money," said the woman, giving her a small bag of green silk ; "'tis our payment in advance, and anon we will come again."

The quaint little father and mother then each blew a breath upon the face of the child and disappeared, or as the sergeant's wife said, seemed to melt away

into the twilight haze. The money given by the woman was gold and silver ; but Moina knew not its value, for the coins were ancient, and bore the head of King Constantine IV. The child was a strange, pale and wan little creature, with keen, bright, and melancholy eyes ; its lean freakish hands were almost transparent, and it was ever sad and moaning. Yet in the care of the sergeant's wife it throve bravely, and always after its eyes were touched with the ointment it laughed, crowed, screamed, and exhibited such wild joy that it became almost convulsed.

This occurred so often that Moina felt tempted to apply the ointment to her own eyes, when lo ! she perceived a group of the dwarfish Daoine Shie—little men in trunk hose and sugar-loaf hats, and little women in hoop petticoats all of a green colour—dancing round her, and making grimaces and antic gestures to amuse the child, which to her horror she was now convinced was a bantling of the spirits who dwelt in Larochmohr !

What was she to do ? To offend or seem to fear them was dangerous, and though she was now daily tormented by seeing these green imps about her, she affected unconsciousness and seemed to observe them not ; but prayed in her heart for her husband's speedy return, and to be relieved of her fairy charge, to whom she faithfully performed her trust, for in time the child grew strong and beautiful ; and when, again on a twilight eve, the parents came to claim it, the woman wept as it was taken from her, for she had learned to love the little creature, though it belonged neither to heaven nor earth.

Some months after, Moina Campbell, more lonely now than ever, was passing through Larochmohr, when suddenly within the circle of a large green fairy

ring, she saw thousands, yea myriads of little imps in green trunk hose and with sugar-loaf hats, dancing and making merry, and amid them were the child she had nursed and its parents also, and in terror and distress she addressed herself to them.

The tiny voices within the charmed circle were hushed in an instant, and all the little men and women became filled with anger. Their little faces grew red, and their little eyes flashed fire.

"How do *you* see us?" demanded the father of the fairy child, thrusting his little conical hat fiercely over his right eye.

"Did I not nurse your child, my friend?" said Moina, trembling.

"But how do you *see us*?" screamed a thousand little voices.

Moina trembled, and was silent.

"Oho!" exclaimed all the tiny voices, like a breeze of wind, "she has been using our ointment, the insolent mortal!"

"I can alter that," said one fairy man (who being three feet high was a giant among his fellows), as he blew upward in her face, and in an instant all the green multitude vanished from her sight; she saw only the fairy ring and the green bare sides of the silent glen. Of all the myriads she had seen, not one was visible now.*

"Fear not, Moina," cried a little voice from the hill side, "for your husband will prosper." It was the fairy child who spoke.

* This, and the two legends which follow, were related to me by a Highlander, who asserted, with the utmost good faith, that they happened in Glendochart; but I have since seen an Arabian tale, which somewhat resembles the adventure of the sergeant's wife.

"But his fate will follow him," added another voice, angrily.

Full of fear the poor woman returned to her cottage, from which, to her astonishment, she had been absent ten days and nights; but she saw her husband no more: in the meantime he had embarked for a foreign land, being gazetted to an ensigncy; thus so far the fairy promise of his prospering proved true.*

Another story flitted through Farquhar's mind, and troubled him quite as much as its predecessors. In a shieling here a friend of his, when hunting, one night sought shelter. Finding a fire already lighted therein he became alarmed, and clambering into the roof sat upon the cross rafters to wait the event, and ere long there entered a little old man two feet in height. His head, hands, and feet were enormously large for the size of his person; his nose was long, crooked, and of a scarlet hue; his eyes brilliant as diamonds, and they glared in the light of the fire. He took from his back a bundle of reeds, and tying them together, proceeded to blow upon them from his huge mouth and distended cheeks, and as he blew, a skin crept over the dry bundle, which gradually began to assume the appearance of a human face and form.

These proceedings were more than the huntsman on his perch above could endure, and filled by dread that the process below might end in a troublesome likeness of himself, he dropped a sixpence into his pistol (for everything evil is proof to *lead*) and fired straight at the huge head of the spirit or gnome, which vanished with a shriek, tearing away in his

* His "fate" would seem to have followed him, too; for he was killed at Ticonderoga, when captain-lieutenant of the Black Watch.—See *Stewart's Sketches*.

wrath and flight the whole of the turf wall on one side of the shieling, which was thus in a moment reduced to ruin.

These memories, and a thousand others of spectral Druids and tall ghastly warriors, through whose thin forms the twinkling stars would shine (but these orbs were hidden now) as they hovered by grey cairns and the grassy graves of old, crowded on the mind of Farquhar; for there were then, and even now *are*, more ghosts, devils, and hobgoblins in the Scottish Highlands than ever were laid of yore in the Red Sea. Nor need we be surprised at this superstition in the early days of the Black Watch, when Dr. Henry tells us, in 1831, that within the last twenty years, when a couple agreed to marry in Orkney, they went to the Temple of the Moon, which was semicircular, and there, on her knees, the woman solemnly invoked the spirit of Woden!

Farquhar, as he strode on, comforted himself with the reflection that those who are born at night—as his mother had a hundred times told him he had been—*never saw spirits*; so he took a good dram from his hunting-flask, and belted his plaid tighter about him, after making a sign of the cross three times, as a protection against all the diablerie of the district, but chiefly against a certain malignant fiend or spirit, who was wont to howl at night among the rocks of Laroehmohr, to hurl storms of snow into the deep vale of Corriehoilzie, and toss huge blocks of granite into the deep blue waters of Loch Leven. He shouted on Bran, whistled the march of the Black Watch, “to keep his spirits cheery,” and pushed on his way up the mountains, while the broad rain drops of a coming tempest plashed heavily in his face.

He looked up to the “Hill of Heaven.” The night

clouds were gathering round its awful summit, wheeling, eddying, and floating in whirlwinds from the dark chasms of rock that yawn in its sides. The growling of the thunder among the riven peaks of granite overhead announced that a tempest was at hand; but though Farquhar Shaw had come of a brave and adventurous race, and feared nothing *earthly*, he could not repress a shudder lest the mournful gusts of the rising wind might bear with them the cry of the Tar' Uisc, the terrible Water Bull, or the shrieks of the spirit of the storm!

The lonely man continued to toil up that wilderness till he reached the shoulder of the mountain, where, on his right, opened the black narrow gorge, in the deep bosom of which lay Loch Leven, and, on his left, opened the glens that led towards Loch Treig, the haunt of Damh mhor a Vonalia, or Enchanted Stag, which was alleged to live for ever, and be proof to mortal weapons; and now, like a tornado of the tropics, the storm burst forth in all its fury!

The wind seemed to shriek around the mountain summits and to bellow in the gorges below, while the thunder hurtled across the sky, and the lightning, green and ghastly, flashed about the rocks of Loch Leven, shedding, ever and anon, for an instant, a sudden gleam upon its narrow stripe of water, and on the brawling torrents that roared down the mountain sides, and were swelling fast to floods, as the rain, which had long been falling on the frozen summit of Ben Nevis, now descended in a broad and blinding torrent that was swept by the stormy wind over hill and over valley. As Farquhar staggered on, a gleam of lightning revealed to him a little turf shieling under the brow of a pine-covered rock, and making a vigorous effort to withstand the roaring wind, which

tore over the bare waste with all the force and might of a solid and palpable body, he reached it on his hands and knees. After securing the rude door, which was composed of three cross bars, he flung himself on the earthen floor of the hut, breathless and exhausted, while Bran, his dog, as if awed by the elemental war without, crept close beside him.

As Farquhar's thoughts reverted to all that he had heard of the district, he felt all a Highlander's native horror of remaining in the *dark* in a place so weird and wild; and on finding near him a quantity of dry wood—bog-pine and oak, stored up, doubtless, by some thrifty and provident shepherd—he produced his flint and tinder-box, struck a light, and, with all the readiness of a soldier and huntsman, kindled a fire in a corner of the shieling, being determined that if it was the place where, about “the hour when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead,” the brownies were alleged to assemble, they should not come upon him unseen or unawares.

Having a venison steak in his havresack, he placed it on the embers to broil, heaped fresh fuel on his fire, and drawing his plaid round Bran and himself, wearied by the toil of his journey on foot in such a night, and over such a country, he gradually dropped asleep, heedless alike of the storm which raved and bellowed in the dark glens below, and round the bare scalps of the vast mountain whose mighty shadows, when falling eastward at eve, darken even the Great Glen of Albyn.

In his sleep, the thoughts of Farquhar Shaw wandered to his comrades, then at the Birks of Aberfeldy. He dreamt that a long time—how long he knew not—had elapsed since he had been in their ranks; but he saw the Laird of Finab, his captain, surveying

him with a gloomy brow, while the faces of friends and comrades were averted from him.

"Why is this—how is this?" he demanded.

Then he was told that the Reicudan Dhu were disgraced by the desertion of three of its soldiers, who, on that day, were to die, and the regiment was paraded to witness their fate. The scene with all its solemnity and all its terrors grew vividly before him; he heard the lamenting wail of the pipe as the three doomed men marched slowly past, each behind his black coffin, and the scene of this catastrophe was far, far away, he knew not where; but it seemed to be in a strange country, and then the scene, the sights, and the voices of the people, were foreign to him. In the background, above the glittering bayonets and blue bonnets of the Black Watch, rose a lofty castle of foreign aspect, having a square keep or tower, with four turrets, the vanes of which were shining in the early morning sun. In his ears floated the drowsy hum of a vast and increasing multitude.

Farquhar trembled in every limb as the doomed men passed so near him that he could see their breasts heave as they breathed; but their faces were concealed from him, for each had his head muffled in his plaid, according to the old Highland fashion, when imploring mercy or quarter.

Lots were cast with great solemnity for the firing party or executioners, and, to his horror, Farquhar found himself one of the twelve men chosen for this, to every soldier, most obnoxious duty!

When the time came for firing, and the three unfortunates were kneeling opposite, each within his coffin, and each with his head muffled in a plaid, Farquhar mentally resolved to close his eyes and fire at random against the wall of the castle opposite;

but some mysterious and irresistible impulse compelled him to look for a moment, and lo! the plaid had fallen from the face of one of the doomed men, and, to his horror, the dreamer beheld *himself*!

His own face was before him, but ghastly and pale, and his own eyes seemed to be glaring back upon him with affright, while their aspect was wild, sad, and haggard. The musket dropped from his hand, a weakness seemed to overspread his limbs, and writhing in agony at the terrible sight, while a cold perspiration rolled in bead-drops over his clammy brow, the dreamer started, and awoke, when a terrible voice, low but distinct, muttered in his ear—

*"Farquhar Shaw, bithidh duil ri fear feachd, ach cha bhi duil ri fear lic!"**

He leaped to his feet with a cry of terror, and found that he was *not* alone, as a little old woman was crouching near the embers of his fire, while Bran, his eyes glaring, his bristles erect, was growling at her with a fierce angry sound, that rivalled the bellowing of the storm, which still continued to rave without.

The aspect of this hag was strange. In the light of the fire which brightened occasionally as the wind swept through the crannies of the shieling, her eyes glittered, or rather glared like fiery sparks; her nose was hooked and sharp; her mouth like an ugly gash; her hue was livid and pale. Her outward attire was a species of yellow mantle, which enveloped her whole form; and her hands, which played or twisted nervously in the generous warmth of the glowing embers, resembled a bundle of freakish knots, or the talons of an aged bird. She muttered to herself at times,

* A man may return from an expedition; but there is no hope that he may return from the grave.—*A Gaelic Proverb.*

and after turning her terrible red eyes twice or thrice covertly and wickedly towards Farquhar, she suddenly snatched the venison steak from amid the flames, and, with a chuckle of satisfaction, devoured it steaming hot, and covered as it was with burning cinders.

On Farquhar secretly making a sign of the cross, when beholding this strange proceeding, she turned sharply with a savage expression towards him, and rose to her full stature, which was not more than three feet; and he felt, he knew not why, his heart tremble; for his spirit was already perturbed by the effect of his terrible dream, and clutching the steel collar of Bran (who was preparing to spring at this strange visitor, and seemed to like her aspect as little as his master) he said—

“Woman, who are you?”

“A traveller like yourself, perhaps. But who are *you*?” she asked in a croaking voice.

“Do you know our proverb in Lochaber—

What sent the messengers to *hell*,
But asking what they knew full well?”

was the reply of Farquhar, as he made a vigorous effort to restrain Bran, whose growls and fury were fast becoming quite appalling; and at this proverb the eyes of the hag seemed to blaze with fresh anger, while her figure became more than ever erect.

“Oich! oich!” grumbled Farquhar, “I would as readily have had the devil as this ugly hag. I have got a shelter, certainly; but with her ’tis out of the cauldron and into the fire. Had she been a brown-eyed lass, to a share of my plaid she had been welcome; but this wrinkled cailloch—down, Bran, down!” he added aloud, as the strong hound strained

in his collar, and tasked his master's hand and arm to keep him from springing at the intruder.

"Is this kind or manly of you," she asked, "to keep a wild brute that behaves thus, and to a woman too? Turn him out into the storm; the wind and rain will soon cool his wicked blood."

"Thank you; but in that you must excuse me. Bran and I are as brothers."

"Turn him out, I say," screamed the hag, "or worse may befall him!"

"I shall not turn him out, woman," said Farquhar, firmly, while surveying the stranger with some uneasiness; for, to his startled gaze, she seemed to have grown *taller* within the last five minutes. "You have a share of our shelter, and you have had all our supper; but to turn out poor Bran—no, no, that would never do."

To this Bran added a roar of rage, and the fear or fury which blazed in the eyes of the woman fully responded to those of the now infuriated staghound. The glances of each made those of the other more and more fierce.

"Down, Bran; down, I say," said Farquhar. "What the devil hath possessed the dog? I never saw him behave thus before. He must be savage, mother, that you left him none of the savoury venison steak; for all the supper we had was that road-collop from one of MacGillony's brown cattle."

"MacGillony," muttered the hag, spreading her talon-like hands over the embers; "I knew him well."

"You!" exclaimed Farquhar.

"I have said so," she replied with a grin.

"He was a mighty hunter five hundred years ago, who lived and died on the Grampians!"

"And what are five hundred years to me, who saw

the waters of the deluge pour through Corrieheilzie, and subside from the slope of Ben Nevis?"

"This is a very good joke, mother," said poor Farquhar, attempting to laugh, while the hideous old woman, who was so small when he first saw her as to be almost a dwarf, was now, palpably, veritably, and without doubt, nearly a head taller than himself; and watchfully he continued to gaze on her, keeping one hand on his dirk and the other on the collar of Bran, whose growls were louder now than the storm that careered through the rocky glen below.

"Woman!" said Farquhar, boldly, "my mind mis-gives me—there is something about you that I little like; I have just had a dreadful dream."

"A morning dream, too!" chuckled the hag with an elfish grin.

"So I connect your presence here with it."

"Be it so."

"What may that terrible dream foretell?" pondered Farquhar; "for morning dreams are but warnings and presages unsolved. The blessings of God and all his saints be about me!"

At these words the beldame uttered a loud laugh.

"You are, I presume, a Protestant?" said Farquhar, uneasily.

At this suggestion she laughed louder still, but seemed to grow more and more in stature, till Farquhar became well-nigh sick at heart with astonishment and fear, and began to revolve in his mind the possibility of reaching the door of the shieling and rushing out into the storm, there to commit himself to Providence and the elements. Besides, as her stature grew, her eyes waxed redder and brighter, and her malevolent hilarity increased.

It was a fiend, a demon of the wild, by whom he

was now visited and tormented in that sequestered hut.

His heart sank, and as her terrible eyes seemed to glare upon him, and pierce his very soul, a cold perspiration burst over all his person.

"Why do you grasp your dirk, Farquhar—ha! ha!" she asked.

"For the same reason that I hold Bran—to be ready. Am I not one of the King's Reicudan Dhu? But how know you my name?"

"'Tis a trifle to me, who knew MacGillony."

"From whence came you to-night?"

"From the Isle of Wolves," she replied, with a shout of laughter.

"A story as likely as the rest," said Farquhar, "for that isle is in the Western sea, near unto Coll, the country of the Clan Gillian. You must travel fast."

"Those usually do who travel on the skirts of the wind."

"Woman!" exclaimed Farquhar, leaping up with an emotion of terror which he could no longer control, for her stature now overtopped his own, and ere long her hideous head would touch the rafters of the hut; "thou art either a liar or a fiend! which shall I deem thee?"

"Whichever pleases you most," she replied, starting to her feet.

"Bran, to the proof!" cried Farquhar, drawing his dirk, and preparing to let slip the now maddened hound; "at her, Bran, and hold her down. Good, dog—brave dog! oich, he has a slippery handful that grasps an eel by the tail! at her, Bran, for thou art strong as Cuchullin."

Uttering a roar of rage, the savage dog made a wild bound at the hag, who, with a yell of spite and defiance, and with a wondrous activity, by one spring,

left the shieling, and dashing the frail door to fragments in her passage, rushed out into the dark and tempestuous night, pursued by the infuriated but baffled Bran—baffled now, though the fleetest hound on the Braes of Lochaber.

They vanished together in the obscurity, while Farquhar gazed from the door breathless and terrified. The storm still howled in the valley, where the darkness was opaque and dense, save when a solitary gleam of lightning flashed on the ghastly rocks and narrow defile of Loch Leven; and the roar of the bellowing wind as it tore through the rocky gorges and deep granite chasms, had in its sound something more than usually terrific. But, hark! other sounds came upon the skirts of that hurrying storm.

The shrieks of a fiend, if they could be termed so;—for they were shrill and high, like cries of pain and laughter mingled. Then came the loud deep baying, with the yells of a dog, as if in rage and pain, while a thousand sparks, like those of a rocket, glittered for a moment in the blackness of the glen below. The heart of Farquhar Shaw seemed to stand still for a time, while, dirk in hand, he continued to peer into the dense obscurity. Again came the cries of Bran, but nearer and nearer now; and in an instant more, the noble hound sprang, with a loud whine, to his master's side, and sank at his feet. It was Bran, the fleet, the strong, the faithful and the brave; but in what a condition! Torn, lacerated, covered with blood and frightful wounds—disembowelled and dying; for the poor animal had only strength to loll out his hot tongue in an attempt to lick his master's hand before he expired.

"Mother Mary," said Farquhar, taking off his bonnet, inspired with horror and religious awe, "keep

thy blessed hand over me, for my dog has fought with a demon !”

It may be imagined how Farquhar passed the remainder of that morning—sleepless and full of terrible thoughts, for the palpable memory of his dream, and the episode which followed it, were food enough for reflection.

With dawn, the storm subsided. The sun arose in a cloudless sky ; the blue mists were wreathed round the brows of Ben Nevis, and a beautiful rainbow seemed to spring from the side of the mountain far beyond the waters of Loch Leven ; the dun deer were cropping the wet glistening herbage among the grey rocks ; the little birds sang early, and the proud eagle and ferocious gled were soaring towards the rising sun ; thus all nature gave promise of a serene summer day.

With his dirk, Farquhar dug a grave for Bran, and lined it with soft and fragrant heather, and there he covered him up and piled a cairn, at which he gave many a sad and backward glance (for it marked where a faithful friend and companion lay) as he ascended the huge mountains of rock, which, on one hand, led to the *Uisc Dhu*, or Vale of the Black Water, and on the other, by the tremendous steep named the Devil's Staircase, to the mouth of Glencoe.

In due time he reached the regiment at its cantonments on the Birks of Aberfeldy, where the independent companies, for the first time were exercised as a battalion by their Lieutenant-Colonel, Sir Robert Munro of Culcainn, who, six years afterwards, was slain at the battle of Falkirk.

Farquhar's terrible dream and adventure in that Highland wilderness were ever before him, and the events subsequent to the formation of the Black

Watch into a battalion, with the excitement produced among its soldiers by an unexpected order to *march into England*, served to confirm the gloom that preyed upon his spirits.

The story of how the Black Watch were deceived is well known in the Highlands, though it is only one of the many acts of treachery performed in those days by the British Government in their transactions with the people of that country, when seeking to lessen the adherents of the Stuart cause, and ensnare them into regiments for service in distant lands; hence the many dangerous mutinies which occurred after the enrolment of all the *old* Highland corps.

This unexpected order to march into England caused such a dangerous ferment in the Black Watch, as being a violation of the principles and promise under which it was enrolled, and on which so many Highland gentlemen of good family enlisted in its ranks, that the Lord President Duncan Forbes of Culloden, warned General Clayton, the Scottish Commander-in-Chief, of the evil effects likely to occur if this breach of faith was persisted in; and to prevent the corps from revolting *en masse*, that officer informed the soldiers that they were to enter England "solely to be seen by King George, who had never seen a Highland soldier, and had been graciously pleased to express, or feel great curiosity on the subject."

Cajoled and flattered by this falsehood, the soldiers of the Reicudan Dhu, *all unaware that shipping was ordered to convey them to Flanders*, began their march for England, in the end of March, 1743; and if other proof be wanting that they were deluded, the following announcement in the *Caledonian Mercury* of that year affords it:—

"On Wednesday last, the Lord Sempills Regiment of Highlanders began their march for England, *in order to be reviewed by his Majesty.*"

Everywhere on the march throughout the north of England, they were received with cordiality and hospitality by the people, to whom their garb, aspect, and equipment were a source of interest, and in return, the gentlemen and soldiers of the Reicudan Dhu behaved to the admiration of their officers and of all magistrates; but as they drew nearer to London, according to Major Grose, they were exposed to the malevolent mockery and the national "taunts of the true-bred English clowns, and became gloomy and sullen. Animated even to the humblest private with the feelings of gentlemen," continues this English officer, "they could ill brook the rudeness of boors, nor could they patiently submit to affronts in a country to which they had been called by the *invitation* of their sovereign."

On the 30th April, the regiment reached London, and on the 14th May was reviewed on Finchley Common, by Marshal Wade, before a vast concourse of spectators; but the King, whom they expected to be present, had sailed from Greenwich for Hanover on the same night they entered the English metropolis. Herein they found themselves deceived; for "the King had told them a lie," and the spark thus kindled was soon fanned into a flame.

After the review at Finchley Common, Farquhar Shaw and Corporal Malcolm MacPherson were drinking in a tavern, when three English gentlemen entered, and seating themselves at the same table, entered into conversation, by praising the regiment, their garb, their country, and saying those compliments which are so apt to win the heart of a Scotch-

man when far from home ; and the glens of the Gae' seemed then indeed, far, far away, to the imagination of the simple souls who mauined the Black Watch in 1743.

Both Farquhar and the corporal being gentlemen, wore the wing of the eagle in their bonnets, and were well educated, and spoke English with tolerable fluency.

"I would that his Majesty had seen us, however," said the corporal ; "we have had a long march south from our own country on a bootless errand."

"Can you possibly be so simple as to believe that the King cared a rush on the subject?" asked a gentleman, with an incredulous smile ; for he and his companions, like many others who hovered about these new soldiers, were Jacobites and political incendiaries.

"What mean you, sir?" demanded MacPherson, with surprise.

"Why, you simpleton, that story of the King wishing to see you was all a tale of a tub—a snare."

"A snare!"

"Yes—a pretext of the ministry to lure you to this distance from your own country, and then transport you bodily for life."

"To where?"

"Oh, that matters little—perhaps to the American plantations."

"Or, to Botany Bay," suggested another, maliciously ; "but take another jorum of brandy, and fear nothing ; wherever you go, it can't well be a worse place than your own country."

"Thanks, gentlemen," replied Farquhar, loftily,

while his hands played nervously with his dirk ; "we want no more of your brandy."

"Believe me, sirs," resumed their informant and tormentor, "the real object of the ministry is to get as many fighting men, Jacobites and so forth, out of the Highlands as possible. This is merely part of a new system of government."

"Sirs," exclaimed Farquhar, drawing his dirk with an air of gravity and determination which caused his new friends at once to put the table between him and them, "will you swear this upon the dirk?"

"How—why?"

"Upon the Holy Iron—we know no oath more binding," continued the Highlander, with an expression of quiet entreaty.

"I'll swear it by the Holy Poker, or anything you please," replied the Englishman, re-assured on finding the Celt had no hostile intentions. "'Tis all a fact," he continued, winking to his companions, "for so my good friend Phil Yorke, the Lord Chancellor, who expects soon to be Earl of Hardwick, informed me."

The eyes of the corporal flashed with indignation ; and Farquhar struck his forehead as the memory of his terrible dream in the haunted glen rushed upon his memory.

"Oh ! yes," said a third gentleman, anxious to add his mite to the growing mischief ; "it is all a Whig plot of which you are the victims, as our kind ministry hope that you will all die off like sheep with the rot ; or like the Marine Corps ; or the Invalids, the old 41st, in Jamaica."

"They dare not deceive us !" exclaimed MacPherson, striking the basket-hilt of his claymore

"Dare not !"

"No."

"Indeed—why?"

"For in the country of the clans fifty thousand claymores would be on the grindstone to avenge us!"

A laugh followed this outburst.

"King George made you rods to scourge your own countrymen, and now, as useless rods, you are to be flung into the fire," said the first speaker, tauntingly.

"By God and Mary!" began MacPherson, again laying a hand on his sword with sombre fury.

"Peace, Malcolm," interposed Farquhar; "the Saxon is right, and we have been fooled. Bithidh gach ni mar is aill Dhiu. (All things must be as God will have them.) Let us seek the Reicudan Dhu, and woe to the Saxon clowns and to that German churl, their King, if they have deceived us!"

On the march back to London, MacPherson and Farquhar Shaw brooded over what they had heard at Finchley; while to other members of the regiment similar communications had been made, and thus, ere nightfall, every soldier of the Black Watch felt assured that he had been entrapped by a royal falsehood, which the sudden, and to them unaccountable, departure of George II. to Hanover seemed beyond all doubt to confirm.

"In those whom he knows," according to General Stewart, "a Highlander will repose perfect confidence, and if they are his superiors will be obedient and respectful; but ere a stranger can obtain this *confidence*, he must show that he *merits* it. When once it is given, it is constant and unreserved; but if confidence be lost, no man is more suspicious. Every officer of a Highland regiment, on his first joining the corps, must have observed in his little transactions with the men how minute and strict they are in ever,

item ; but when once confidence is established, scrutiny ceases, and his word or nod of assent is as good as his bond. In the case in question (the Black Watch), notwithstanding the arts which were practised to mislead the men, they proceeded to no violence, but believing themselves deceived and betrayed, the only remedy that occurred to them was to get back to their own country."

The memory of the commercial ruin at Darien, and of the massacre at Glencoe (the Cawnpore of King William), were too fresh in every Scottish breast not to make the flame of discontent and mistrust spread like wildfire ; and thus, long before the bell of St. Paul's had tolled the hour of midnight, the conviction that he had been BETRAYED was firmly rooted in the mind of every soldier of the Black Watch, and measures to baffle those who had deluded and lured them so far from their native mountains were at once proposed, and as quickly acted upon.

At this crisis, the dream of Farquhar was constantly before him, as a foreboding of the terrors to come, and he strove to thrust it from him ; but the words of that terrible warning—a man may return from an expedition, but never from the grave—seemed ever in his ears !

On the night after the review, the whole regiment, except its officers, most of whom knew what was on the *tapis*, assembled at twelve o'clock on a waste common near Highgate. The whole were in heavy marching order ; and by direction of Corporal Malcolm MacPherson, after carefully priming and loading with ball-cartridge, they commenced their march in silence and secrecy and with all speed for Scotland—a wild, daring, and romantic attempt, for they were heedless and ignorant of the vast extent of

hostile country that lay between them and their homes, and scarcely knew the route to pursue. They had now but three common ideas;—to keep together, to resist to the last, and to march *north*.

With some skill and penetration they avoided the two great highways, and marched by night from wood to wood, concealing themselves by day so well, that for some time no one knew how or where they had gone, though, by the Lords Justices orders had been issued to all officers commanding troops between London and the Scottish Borders to overtake or intercept them; but the 19th May arrived before tidings reached the metropolis that the Black Watch, one thousand strong, had passed Northampton, and a body of Marshal Wade's Horse (now better known as the 3rd or Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards) overtook them, when faint by forced and rapid marches, by want of food, of sleep and shelter, the unfortunate regiment had entered Ladywood, about four miles from the market town of Oundle-on-the-Nen, and had, as usual, concealed themselves in a spacious thicket, which, by nine o'clock in the evening, was completely environed by strong columns of English cavalry under General Blakeney.

Captain Ball, of Wade's Horse, approached their bivouac in the dusk, bearer of a flag of truce, and was received by the poor fellows with every respect, and Farquhar Shaw, as interpreter for his comrades, heard his demands, which were, "that the whole battalion should lay down its arms, and surrender at discretion as mutineers."

"Hitherto we have conducted ourselves quietly and peacefully in the land of those who have deluded and wronged us, even as they wronged and deluded our forefathers," replied Farquhar; "but it may not be

so for one day more. Look upon us, sir; we are famished, worn, and desperate. It would move the heart of a stone to know all we have suffered by hunger and by thirst, even in this land of plenty."

"The remedy is easy," said the captain.

"Name it, sir."

"Submit."

"We have no such word in our mother-tongue, then how shall I translate it to my comrades, so many of whom are gentlemen?"

"That is your affair, not mine. I give you but the terms dictated by General Blakeney."

"Let the general send us a written promise."

"Written?" reiterated the captain, haughtily.

"By his own hand," continued the Highlander, emphatically; "for here in this land of strangers we know not whom to trust when our King has deceived us."

"And to what must the general pledge himself?"

"That our arms shall not be taken away, and that a free pardon be given to all."

"Otherwise——"

"We will rather be cut to pieces."

"This is your decision?"

"It is," replied Farquhar, sternly.

"Be assured it is a rash one."

"I weigh my words, Saxon, ere I speak them. No man among us will betray his comrade; we are all for one and one for all in the ranks of the Reicudan Dhu!"

The captain reported the result of his mission to the general, who, being well aware that the Highlanders had been entrapped by the Government on one hand, and inflamed to revolt by Jacobite emissaries on the other, was humanely willing to tempo-

rize with them, and sent the captain to them once more.

"Surrender yourselves prisoners," said Ball; "lay down your arms, and the general will use all his influence in your favour with the Lords Justices."

"We know of no Lords Justices," they replied. "We acknowledge no authority but the officers who speak our mother-tongue, and our native chiefs who share our blood. To be without arms, in our country, is in itself to be dishonoured."

"Is this still the resolution of your comrades?" asked Captain Ball.

"It is, on my honour as a gentleman and soldier," replied Farquhar.

The English captain smiled at these words, for he knew not the men with whom he had to deal.

"Hitherto, my comrade," said he, "I have been your friend, and the friend of the regiment, and am still anxious to do all I can to save you; but, if you continue in open revolt one hour longer, surrounded as you all are by the King's troops, not a man of you can survive the attack, and be assured that even I, for one, will give quarter to none! Consider well my words—you may survive banishment for a time, but from the grave there is no return."

"The words of my dream!" exclaimed Farquhar, in an agitated tone of voice; "*Bithidh duil ri fear feachd, ach cha bhi duil ri fear lic*. God and Mary, how come they from the lips of this Saxon captain?"

The excitement of the regiment was now so great that Captain Ball requested of Farquhar that two Highlanders should conduct him safely from the wood. Two duinewassals of the Clan Chattan, both corporals, named MacPherson, stepped forward, blew

the priming from their pans, and accompanied him to the outposts of his own men—the Saxon *Seidar Dearg*, or Red English soldiers, as the Celts named them.

Here, on parting from them, the good captain renewed his entreaties and promises, which so far won the confidence of the corporals, that, after returning to the regiment, the whole body, in consequence of their statements, agreed to lay down their arms and submit the event to Providence and a court-martial of officers, believing implicitly in the justice of their cause and the ultimate adherence of the Government to the letters of *local* service under which they had enlisted.

Farquhar Shaw and the two corporals of the Clan Chattan nobly offered their own lives as a ransom for the honour and liberties of the regiment, but their offer was declined ; for so overwhelming was the force against them, that all in the battalion were alike at the mercy of the ministry. On capitulating, they were at once surrounded by strong bodies of horse, foot, and artillery, with their field-pieces grape-shotted ; and the most severe measures were faithfully and cruelly resorted to by those in authority and those in whom they trusted. While, in defiance of all stipulation and treaty with the Highlanders, the main body of the regiment was marched under escort towards Kent, to embark for Flanders, two hundred privates, chiefly gentlemen or cadets of good family, were selected from its ranks and sentenced to banishment, or service for life in Minorca, Georgia, and the Leeward Isles. The two corporals, Samuel and Malcolm MacPherson, with Farquhar Shaw, were marched back to London, to meet a more speedy, and to men of such spirit as theirs, a more welcome fate.

The examinations of some of these poor fellows prove how they had been deluded into service for the Line.

"I did not desert, sirs," said John Stuart, a gentleman of the House of Urrard, and private in Campbell of Carrick's company. "I repel the insinuation," he continued, with pride; "I wished only to go back to my father's roof and to my own glen, because the inhospitable Saxon churls abused my country and ridiculed my dress. We had no leader; we placed no man over the rest."

"I am neither a Catholic nor a false Lowland Whig," said another private—Gregor Grant, of the family of Rothiemurchus; "but I am a true man, and ready to serve the King, though his actions have proved him a liar! You have said, sirs, that I am afraid to go to Flanders. I am a Highlander, and never yet saw the man I was afraid of. The Saxons told me I was to be transported to the American plantations to work with black slaves. Such was not our bargain with King George. We were but a Watch to serve along the Highland Border, and to keep broken clans from the Braes of Lochaber."

"We were resolved not to be tricked," added Farquhar Shaw. "We will meet the French or Spaniards in any land you please; but we will die, sirs, rather than go, like Saxon rogues, to hoe sugar in the plantations."

"What is your faith?" asked the president of the court-martial.

"The faith of my fathers a thousand years before the hateful sound of the Saxon drum was heard upon the Highland Border!"

"You mean that you have lived——"

"As please God and the Blessed Mary, I shall die

—a Catholic and a Highland gentleman ; stooping to none and fearing none——”

“None, say you ?”

“Save Him who sits upon the right hand of His Father in Heaven.”

As Farquhar said this with solemn energy, all the prisoners took off their bonnets and bowed their heads with a religious reverence which deeply impressed the court, but failed to save them.

On the march to the Tower of London, Farquhar was the most resolute and composed of his companions in fetters and misfortune ; but on coming in sight of that ancient fortress, his firmness forsook him, the blood rushed back upon his heart, and he became deadly pale ; for in a moment he recognised the castle of his strange dream—the castle having a square tower, with four vanes and turrets—and then the whole scene of his foreboding vision, when far away in lone Lochaber, came again upon his memory, while the voice of the warning spirit hovered again in his ear, and he knew that the hour of his end was pursuing him !

And now, amid crowds of country clowns and a rabble from the lowest purlieus of London, who mocked and reviled them, the poor Highlanders were marched through the streets of that mighty metropolis (to them, who had been reared in the mountain solitudes of the Gaël, a place of countless wonders !) and were thrust into the Tower as prisoners under sentence.

Early on the morning of the 12th July, 1743, when the sun was yet below the dim horizon, and a frowzy fog that lingered on the river was mingling with the city's smoke to spread a gloom over the midsummer morning, all London seemed to be pouring from her many avenues towards Tower Hill, where an episode

of no ordinary interest was promised to the sight-loving Cockneys—a veritable military execution, with all its stern terrors and grim solemnity.

All the troops in London were under arms, and long before daybreak had taken possession of an ample space enclosing Tower Hill; and there, conspicuous above all by their high and absurd sugar-loaf caps, were the brilliantly accoutred English and Scots Horse Grenadier Guards, the former under Viscount Cobham, and the latter under Lieutenant-General John Earl of Rothes, K.T., and Governor of Duncan-non; the Coldstream Guards; the Scots Fusiliers; and a sombre mass in the Highland garb of dark-green tartan, whom they surrounded with fixed bayonets.

These last were the two hundred men of the Reicudan Dhu selected for banishment, previous to which they were compelled to behold the death, or—as they justly deemed it—the deliberate murder under trust, of three brave gentlemen, their comrades.

The gates of the Tower revolved, and then the craped and muffled drums of the Scots Fusilier Guards were heard beating a dead march before those who were “to return to Lochaber no more.” Between two lines of Yeomen of the Guard, who faced inwards, the three prisoners came slowly forth, surrounded by an escort with fixed bayonets, each doomed man marching behind his coffin, which was borne on the shoulders of four soldiers. On approaching the parade, each politely raised his bonnet and bowed to the assembled multitude.

“Courage, gentlemen,” said Farquhar Shaw; “I see no gallows here. I thank God we shall not die a dog’s death!”

“’Tis well,” replied MacPherson, “for honour is more precious than refined gold.”

The murmur of the multitude gradually subsided and died away, like a breeze that passes through a forest, leaving it silent and still, and then not a sound was heard but the baleful rolling of the muffled drums and the shrill but sweet cadence of the fifes. Then came the word, *Halt!* breaking sharply the silence of the crowded arena, and the hollow sound of the three empty coffins, as they were laid on the ground, at the distance of thirty paces from the firing party.

Now the elder brother patted the shoulder of the other, as he smiled and said—

“Courage—a little time and all will be over—our spirits shall be with those of our brave forefathers.”

“No coronach will be cried over us here, and no cairn will mark in other times where we sleep in the land of the stranger.”

“Brother,” replied the other, in the same forcible language, “we can well spare alike the coronach and the cairn, when to our kinsmen we can bequeath the dear task of avenging us!”

“If that bequest be valued, then we shall not die in vain.”

Once again they all raised their bonnets and uttered a pious invocation; for now the sun was up, and in the Highland fashion—a fashion old as the days of Baal—they greeted him.

“Are you ready?” asked the provost-marshal.

“All ready,” replied Farquhar; “*moch-eirigh ’luain, a ni’n t-suain ’mhairt.*”*

This, to them, fatal 12th of July was a *Monday*; so the proverb was solemnly applicable.

Wan, pale, and careworn they looked, but their eyes were bright, their steps steady, their bearing

* Early rising on *Monday* gives a sound sleep on *Tuesday*.—See MacIntosh’s *Gaelic Proverbs*

erect and dignified. They felt themselves victims and martyrs, whose fate would find a terrible echo in the Scottish Highlands ; and need I add, that echo *was heard*, when two years afterwards Prince Charles unfurled his standard in Glenfinnan ? Thus inspired by pride of birth, of character, and of country—by inborn bravery and conscious innocence, at this awful crisis, they gazed around them without quailing, and exhibited a self-possession which excited the pity and admiration of all who beheld them.

The clock struck the fatal hour at last !

“It is my doom,” exclaimed Farquhar ; “the hour of my end hath followed me.”

They all embraced each other, and declined having their eyes bound up, but stood boldly, each at the foot of his coffin, confronting the levelled muskets of thirty privates of the Grenadier Guards, and they died like the brave men they had lived. One brief paragraph in *St. James's Chronicle* thus records their fate.

“On Monday, the 12th, at six o'clock in the morning, Samuel and Malcolm MacPherson, corporals, and Farquhar Shaw, a private-man, three of the Highland deserters, were shot upon the parade of the Tower pursuant to the sentence of the court martial. The rest of the Highland prisoners were drawn out to see the execution, and joined in their prayers with great earnestness. They behaved with perfect resolution and propriety. Their bodies were put into three coffins by three of the prisoners, *their clansmen and namesakes*, and buried in one grave, near the place of execution.”

Such is the matter-of-fact record of a terrible fate !

To the slaughter of these soldiers, and the wicked

breach of faith perpetrated by the Government, may be traced much of that distrust which characterized the Seaforth Highlanders and other clan regiments in their mutinies and revolts in later years; and nothing inspired greater hatred in the hearts of those who "rose" for Prince Charles in 1745, than the story of the deception and *murder*) for so they named it) of the three soldiers of the Reicudan Dhu by King George at London. "There must have been something more than common in the case and character of these unfortunate men," to quote the good and gallant old General Stewart of Garth, "as Lord John Murray, who was afterwards colonel of the regiment, had portraits of them hung in his dining-room."

This was the first episode in the history of the Black Watch, which soon after covered itself with glory by the fury of its charge at Fontenoy, and on the field of Dettingen exulted that among the dead who lay there was General Clayton, "the Sassenach" whose specious story first lured them from the Birks of Aberfeldy.

II.

THE SEVEN GRENADIERS

"As the regiment expects to be engaged with the enemy to-morrow, the women and baggage will be sent to the rear. For this duty, Ensign James Campbell, of Glenfalloch."

Such was the order which was circulated in the camp of the 42nd Highlanders (then known as the Black Watch) on the evening of the 28th April, 1745, previous to the Duke of Cumberland's attack on the French outposts in front of Fontenoy. Our battalion (writes one of our old officers) was to form the advanced guard on this occasion, and had been ordered to the village of Veson, where a bivouac was formed, while Ensign Campbell, of Glenfalloch, the same who was afterwards wounded at Fontenoy marched the baggage, with all the sorrowing women of the corps, beyond Maulpré, as our operations were for the purpose of relieving Tournay, then besieged by a powerful French army under Marshal Count de Saxe, and valiantly defended by eight thousand Dutchmen under the veteran Baron Dorth. It was the will of Heaven in those days that we should fight for none but the Dutch and Hanoverians.

I had been appointed captain-lieutenant to the Black Watch from the old 26th, or Angus's Foot, and having overtaken the corps on its march between the

gloomy old town of Liege and the barrier fortress of Maestricht, the aspect and bearing of the Highlanders—we had then only *one* regiment of them in the service—seemed new and strange, even barbaric to my eyes ; for, as a Lowlander, I had been ever accustomed to associate the tartan with fierce rapine and armed insurrection. Yet their bearing was stately, free, and noble ; for our ranks were filled by the sons of Highland gentlemen, and of these the most distinguished for stature, strength, and bravery were the seven sons of Captain Maclean, a cadet of the house of Duairt, who led our grenadiers. The very flower of these were the seven tall Macleans, who, since the regiment had been *first* mustered at the beautiful Birks of Aberfeldy, in May, 1740, had shone foremost in every encounter with the enemy.

Captain Campbell, of Finab, and I seated ourselves beside the Celtic patriarch who commanded our grenadier company, and near him were his seven sons lounging on the grass, all tall and muscular men, bearded to the eyes, athletic, and weather-beaten by hunting and fighting in the Highlands, and inured alike to danger and to toil. Though gentlemen volunteers, they wore the uniform of the privates, a looped-up scarlet jacket and waistcoat faced with buff and laced with white,* a tartan plaid of twelve yards plaited round the body and thrown over the left shoulder ; a flat blue bonnet with the fesse-chequé of the house of Stuart round it, and an eagle's feather therein, to indicate the wearer's birth. The whole regiment carried claymores in addition to their muskets, and to these weapons every soldier added, if he chose, a dirk, skene, pair of pistols, and

* The regiment was not made royal until 1758.

target, in the fashion of the Highlands; thus our front rank men were usually as fully equipped as any that stepped on the muir of Culloden. Our sword-belts were black, and the cartouch-box was slung in front by a waist-belt. In addition to all this warlike paraphernalia, our grenadiers carried each a hatchet and pouch of hand-grenades. The servicelike, formidable, and *cap-à-pie* aspect of the regiment had impressed me deeply; but Captain Maclean and his seven sons more than all, as they lay grouped near the watchfire, in the red light of which their bearded visages, keen eyes, and burnished weapons were glinting and glowing.

The beard of old Maclean was white as snow, and flowed over his tartan plaïd and scarlet waistcoat, imparting to his appearance a greater peculiarity, as all gentlemen were then closely shaven. As Finab and I seated ourselves by his fire, he raised his bonnet and bade us welcome with a courtly air, which consoled ill with his sharp west Highland accent. His eye was clear and bold in expression, his voice was commanding and loud, as in one whose will had never been disputed. Close by was his inseparable henchman and foster-brother Ronald MacAra, the colour-sergeant of his company, an aged Celt of grim presence and gigantic proportions, whose face had been nearly cloven by a blow from a Lochaber axe at the battle of Dunblane.

"Welcome, gentlemen," said old Maclean, "a hundred thousand welcomes to a share of our supper, a savoury *road collop*, as we call it at home. It was a fine fat sheep that my son Dougal *found* astray in a field near Maulpré; and here is a braw little demi-john of Belgian wine, which Alaster borrowed from a boor close by. These other five lads are also my

sons, Dunacha, Deors, Findlay Bane, Farquhar Gorm, and Angus Dhu, all grenadiers in the King's service, and hoping each one to be like myself a captain and to cock their feathers among the best in the Black Watch. Attend to our comrades, my braw lads."

The *lads*, the least of whom was six feet in height, assisted us to a share of the sheep, which was broiling merrily on the glowing embers, and from which their comrades, who crowded round, partook freely, cutting off the slices, as they sputtered and browned, by their long dirks and sharp skenes. The seven grenadiers were all fine and hearty fellows, who trundled Alaster's demijohn of wine from hand to hand round the red roaring fire, on which the grim henchman or colour-sergeant heaped up, from time to time, the doors and rafters of an adjacent house, and there we continued to carouse, sing, and tell stories, until the night was far advanced.

The month was April, and the night was a glorious one; all our bivouac was visible as if at noonday. The hum of voices, the scrap of a song, a careless laugh, the neigh of a horse, or the jangle of a bridle alone broke the silence of the moonlit sky; though at times we heard the murmur of a stream that stole towards the Scheldt, like a silver current through the fields of sprouting corn, and under banks where the purple foxglove, the pink wild rose, and the green bramble hung in heavy masses.

And could aught be more picturesque than our Highland bivouac, lighted up by wavering watchfires and the brilliant queen of night—the Celtic soldiers muffled in their dark-green plaids, their rough bare knees, hardy as the stems of the mountain pine, and alike impervious to the summer heat and winter cold, lying asleep upon their "umbered arms," or seated in

groups, singing old songs, or telling wild stories of those distant glens from which, as *Seidaran Dearg* or "Red Soldiers," the chances of the Belgian war had brought them here.

I was delighted with the old chief and his sons—they were so free and gay in manner, so frank and bold in bearing, while there was something alike noble and patriarchal in the circumstance of their stately old father leading a company of brave hearts, nearly all of whom were men of his own name and kindred. The fire had been freshly heaped with billets and fagots, the demijohn still bled freely; we had just concluded a merry chorus, which made the Uhlan videttes on the distant plain prick up their ears and listen, and we had reached that jovial point when a little wit goes a very long way, when Sergeant Ronald MacAra, the old henchman, approached Captain Maclean, and placing a hand upon his shoulder with that kind but respectful familiarity which his relation as a foster-brother sanctioned, said with impressive solemnity—

"For the love of the blessed God, see that ye do not fight the stranger to-morrow with your stomach fasting."

The ruddy face of the old soldier grew pale.

"No, Ronald," said he; "our race has already paid dear for neglecting that strange warning."

"God and Mary forbid!" muttered two of his sons, crossing themselves devoutly.

"Keep something for me in your havresac, Ronald," said the captain, "and call me before the drums beat for marching; keep something for the laddies, too—for the Lord forbend that ever son of mine should draw his blade with a fasting stomach under his belt."

"A wise precaution, Maclean," said old Captain Campbell of Finab; "but Gude kens we have often had to draw our blades here in Low Germanie, and fall on, without other breakfast than a tightened waist-belt."

"True; but it was by omitting to break his fast that my worthy ancestor Sir Lauchlan Maclean lost his life in Mull, and hence the warning of Sergeant MacAra, my fosterer."

"How came that to pass?" I asked with surprise; for the impressive manner of these Celts was strange and new to me.

"'Tis a story as well as any other, and I care not if I tell you, gentlemen," said the old captain of grenadiers. "Dunacha, throw some more sticks on the fire—Angus, pass round the black-jack, my son, while I tell of the doleful battle of Groynard. The presence of the Lord be about us, but *that* was a black day, and a dreary one for the house of Duairt and the Clan Gillian to boot!"

After this preamble and collecting his thoughts a little, the captain commenced the following strange story:—

History will tell you, gentlemen, that in the early part of the reign of his Majesty James VI. there arose a deadly feud between my people, the Clan Gillian in Mull, and the Clan Donald of Islay, concerning the claim which, from times beyond the memory of man, we had, or believed we had ('tis all one in the Highlands) to the Rhinns of Islay. For many a year our people and the Macdonalds invaded, harried, hacked, hewed, and shot each other; the axe and bow, the pistol and claymore were never relinquished for one entire week, but we were never nearer our

end, for I must admit that our antagonists were a brave tribe, though in boyhood—such is the absurdity of a transmitted feud—I was taught to hate them more than death. I have been told that there was not a man of either of the hostile tribes but had lost his nearest and dearest kinsmen in that ungodly contest.

But now a crisis was coming.

My worthy ancestor, Sir Lauchlan Maclean of Duairt, was a soldier of high renown and bravery—one whose skill in war was acknowledged by all who saw him lead the Clan Gillian to victory at the great battle of Benrinnes, where twelve thousand Scottish Protestants measured swords with Lord Huntly's Catholics on the banks of the Livat, and there decided their religious differences like pretty men. Well, Sir Lauchlan, through the great favour in which he was held at court, obtained from the King's own hand at Holyrood a charter or warrant empowering him to take possession not only of those devilish Rhinns, but of the whole island of Islay—the patrimony and home of the Lords of the Isles—what think you of that, sirs? All Islay with Eilan-na-Corlle, or the Island of Council, the great castle in Loch Finlaggan, the Rock of the Silver Rent, the Rock of the Rent-in-Kind, with everything that flew over Islay, walked on its hills, or swam in its lakes, to him and his heirs for ever, heritably and irredeemably, until the day of doom.

This seemed a severe stroke of fortune to the poor Clan Donald, the more so as their chief, Angus of Kintyre, was aged and frail, and had not drawn a sword since last he fought our people in his seventieth year, and now he was eighty. His son, Sir James, was as yet unknown as a soldier, while Sir Lauchlan was in the noon of his strength and manhood—second

to none that stepped on heather or ever wore the tartan : hence, full of hope and confident of success, he rejected with scorn the offers of mediation made by neighbouring chiefs ; for old Angus had many friends, and my forefathers' claims were, to say the least of them, rather unjust. Sir Lauchlan summoned all the clan, his friends and kinsmen, to meet him in arms and with their galleys on a certain day to sail for Islay, when he hoped to crush the Clan Donald for ever in one decisive battle.

On the evening before the muster, mounted and alone he rode from Duairt to consult a witch who dwelt in an uncouth den known among us as "the cave of the Grey Woman." It was not without some misgivings that my ancestor paid this visit ; but the advice and auguries of this woman, Aileen Glas, had never failed our race in times of war and peril.

As he drew near her dwelling, the night was closing in ; the wind shook the boughs of the forest, and as he looked back, they resembled the long green waves of a sea of foliage rolling up the narrow glen. The "gloaming" darkened fast, and the silent dew distilled from the drooping leaves ; the golden cups of the broom and the calices of the heather-bells were shrinking with many a summer fly and honey-bee concealed in their petals, for night was descending on the stormy shores and boisterous hills of Mull—boisterous indeed, for there the hollow winds rave and howl from peak to peak, and wreath up the mist into many a strange and many a fearful shape, till the ghosts of Ossian seem again to tower above Benmore and Bentaluidh.

Sir Lauchlan rode rapidly up the narrowing glen, till he found the cave of the Grey Woman before him. It yawned dark, lofty, and profound ; so, dismounting,

he tied his horse to a tree, and with his target and claymore advanced boldly, but with no small trouble, as the darkness was now intense, and the ascent to the cavern was rocky and difficult. Above his head rose its capacious arch, fringed by matted ivy and the light waving mountain ash that covered all the upper rocks, the splintered peaks of which shot up against the starless sky in abrupt and jagged outline. Clambering up, he entered with a stately step, though his heart beat fast with anxiety; before him lay a dark abyss of blackness and vacancy, opening into the bowels of the mountain; and though lightly shod in cuarans of soft deer hide, he could hear his footsteps echoing afar off.

At last a red light began to gleam before him, playing in fitful flashes upon the wet slimy walls of the den, and on the huge stalactites that hung like rough Gothic pendants from the roof, and were formed by the filtrations of calcareous rills that stole noiselessly down between the chasms and crannies in the walls of rock.

Aileen Glas was said to have been born in the mossy isle of Calligrey, in a hut built among the stones of the temple of Annat, the ruined shrine of a Druidical goddess. Annat presided over the young maidens of the Western Isles, and there still remains her well, in which they are said to have purified themselves. In that well Aileen was baptized by the Red Priest of Applecross, and hence her magical power.

As Maclean stepped on, he perceived the Grey Woman, a withered, shrivelled, and frightful hag, whose nose was hooked like an eagle's beak, and on whose chin was a grey tuft, like a thistle's beard—a mere anatomy of bones and skin—seated before a heap

of blazing turf and sticks, but asleep, and reclining against the wall of rock. A tattered plaid of our clan tartan was over her head, the grey hair of which hung in twisted elflocks round her bony visage. An urchin—a hideous hedgehog—nestled in her fleshless bosom, and its diminutive eyes shone like red beads in the light. On one side lay a heap of withered herbs, a human skull cloven in battle, and the spulebane of a sea-wolf; on the other side was an old iron three-legged pot used in her incantations. Therein sat a huge, rough, and wild-eyed polecat, which spat at the intruder, and woke up a large, sleepy bat that swung by his tail from a withered branch which projected from a fissure of the rock.

The Grey Woman awoke also, and, without moving, fixed her green basilisk eyes on Sir Lauchlan's face, saying sharply—

“What want ye, Duairt?”

“Your advice, good Aileen Glas,” replied the chief, meekly, for he was awed by her aspect.

“Advice!” shrieked the Grey Woman. “Is it a spell you seek, to insure success, that you may do a greater wrong unto the hapless and guiltless Clan Donald of Islay?”

“I seek to do them no wrong, Aileen. The Rhinns are ours by right, and Islay is ours by the King's own charter?”

“The *people* were there before kings or charters were known in the land. God gave the hills and the isles to the children of the Gael, and His curse will fall on all who seek to dispossess them by virtue of sheepskins and waxen seals. Did not a Lord of the Isles say that he little valued a right which depended on the possession of a scrap of parchment? Beware,

Lauchlan Maclean ! beware ! for the hand of fate is upon you !”

Scared by her words and her fury, as her shrill voice awoke the inmost recesses of the vault, Sir Lauchlan said—

“ In the name of the mother of God, Aileen Glas, I beseech you to be composed, and to tell me of what I must beware !”

She snatched up the spulebane of the wolf, and, after looking through it by holding it between her and the fire, cast it aside with a shriek, saying—

“ Lauchlan of Duairt, listen to me, for never may you hear my voice again !”

“ It may be so, Aileen ; we sail for Islay to-morrow !”

“ Well, do not land upon a *Thursday*, and do not drink of the well that flows at the head of Loch Groynard, for I can see that *one* Maclean will be slain there, and *lie headless* ! Away ! leave me now ! In the glen you will meet those who will tell you more !” and she muffled her face in her plaid as Sir Lauchlan left her.

“ I can easily avoid a landing on Thursday, and a draught of that devilish well too ; but whom shall I meet in the glen ?” thought he, as he mounted and galloped homewards to Duairt, glad the horrid interview was over. As he rode round the base of Benmore, the waning moon began to show half her disc above the black shoulder of the mighty mountain, and a pale light played along the broad waves of Loch-na-keal, which lay on his left, and were rolled in foam against the bold headlands and columnar ridges, which are covered with coats of ivy and tufted by remains of oak and ash woods that overhung the salt

billows of that western sea, where the scart, the mew, and the heron were screaming.

On, on rode our chief, treasuring the words of Grey Aileen in his heart, and soon he saw the lights in his own castle of Duairt glittering before him about a mile off, and anon he could perceive the outline of the great keep as it towered in the pale moonlight on its high cliff that breasts the Sound of Mull. But hark ! the voice of a woman made him pause.

He checked his horse and looked around him.

Under an old and blasted oak-tree, the leafless and gnarled branches of which seemed white and ghastly in the cold moonlight, stood the figure of a woman arrayed in a pale-coloured dress that shimmered and gleamed as the moon's half-disc dipped behind the sharp rocky cone of Bentaluidh. The figure, which was thin and tall, was enveloped in a garment that resembled a shroud. It came forward with one lean arm uplifted, as if to stay the onward progress of Maclean, whose rearing horse swerved, trembled, and perspired with fear. Nearer she came, and, as the starlight glinted on her features, they seemed pallid, ghastly, hollow, and wasted ; the lips were shrunken from the teeth, the eyes shone like two pieces of glass, and, to his horror, Sir Lauchlan recognised his old nurse Mharee, who had been buried in the preceding year, and whom, with his own hands, he had laid in her grave, close by the wall of Torosay Kirk, the bell of which at that moment tolled the eleventh hour of the night. Gathering courage from despair, he asked—

“ In the name of Him who died for us, Mharee, what want you here to-night ? ”

“ Oh, my son ! ” said she, “ for such indeed I may call you (for did not these breasts, on which the worms

are now preying, give you suck ?) this expedition against the men of Islay is full of mighty consequences to you and all Clan Gillian !”

“I am sure of that, Mharee,” replied Maclean, with a sinking heart; “but we go to gather glory and triumph, to spread the honour and the terror of our name, and to win a fairer patrimony to bequeath, with our swords, to the children who succeed us.”

“Lauchlan Maclean ! by the bones of your father and the fame of your mother, I conjure you to abandon this wicked war, to sheath your sword, to burn the King’s charter, and to leave the Clan Donald in peace, for Islay is the land of their inheritance.”

“To what disgrace would you counsel me, Mharee ? to be a coward and a liar in the face of the King, of my kindred and clansmen ? Come weal, come woe, to-morrow my birlinns shall spread their sails upon the sea that leads to Islay, though I and all my people go but to their graves : by the cross of Maclean I have sworn it !”

“So be it then ; but if go you will, I warn you not to cross the threshold of Duairt with a *fasting stomach*, or sore evil, Lauchlan, will come of it to all thy kin and thee !”

With these strange words, the figure faded away like a moonbeam, and nothing was seen but the bare, blasted tree stretching its naked arms across the narrow way. Some time elapsed before Maclean recovered from his terror and astonishment to find his horse dashing up the ascent which led to the Castle of Duairt, where his pale face and wild manner caused many questions and excited much comment ; but he kept his own counsel, resolving *not* to march on the morrow before breakfast, *not* to land on a Thurs-

day, and *not* to drink of any well in Islay, if other liquor could be found for love or money.

Next morning great were the hurry, din, and preparation in Duairt, and long before cockcrow the shore of Loch Linnhe was covered by armed men, with their brass targets and burnished claymores, axes, bows, and Spanish muskets; their helmets and lurichs sparkled in the dawn, and when the sun arose above the hills of Lorn, the white sails of the birlinns, with banners flying and pipers playing at the prow, covered all the sea around the Castle of Duairt. Sir Lauchlan in person superintended the embarkation of his followers, and if there was one, there were seven hundred good claymores among them—not a bonnet less! Every man, as he left Duairt, had a ration of bannock, cheese, and venison given to him, with a good dram to put under his belt, for such is our Highland custom before setting out on an expedition.

But such was the enthusiasm, such were the cheers, the congratulations and hopes uttered aloud, the yelling of pipes, the twangling of clairsachs and quaffing of toasts with blade and bicker held aloft, that it was not until he was on board his great war birlinn, with all her canvas spread to catch the northern gale which blew towards the peaks of Jura, that the fated chieftain found that, in attending to his people, he had forgotten to regale himself, and, contrary to the solemn warning of the spirit, had actually commenced his hazardous expedition with a "fasting stomach!"

"Dhia!" cried he to my grand-uncle Lauchlan BARRON; "I am lost, nephew," and he related the vision of last night.

"If that be all," replied my grand-uncle, who was his brother's son, "rest easy, for here have I and

Ronald of the Drums marched too, with nothing under our belts but the cold north wind."

Still my ancestor felt far from easy; but he forgot it before night, when a heavy gale came on, and the birlinns were scattered on the waters of the darkening deep like a flock of gulls; and it was in vain that he fired his pateraroes as signals to keep together.

The storm increased, and while some of the little fleet narrowly escaped being sucked (like the Danish prince of old) into the roaring whirlpool of Coirvreckan, many were blown to the Isle of Colonsay and others to the Sound of Jura. Many days—all days of storm with nights of pitchy blackness—followed, and on the first *Thursday* of the next week the little fleet of birlinns made the low green shores and sandy inlets of Islay, and saw the rising sun gild the woods and hills that rise upon its eastern coast. Still the stormy wind ploughed up the sea; the sun was enveloped in watery clouds, and the tempest-tossed Clan Gillian gladly steered their vessels (oh, fatality!) into the salt Loch of Groynard, a shallow bay on the north-west of the isle, where, with a shout of triumph, they ran the keels into the sand and leaped ashore with brandished swords, and formed their ranks, all barelegged, in the water.

But long ere this the *crian tarigh*, or cross of fire, had blazed upon the hills of Islay!

Under their young chief, Sir James, the whole Clan Donald, many of whom had been trained to service in the Irish wars, were drawn up in array of battle at the head of Loch Groynard; and there, with all their weapons glittering from the purple heather, they hovered like a cloud of battle. As the hostile bands drew near, some gentlemen of the Clan Donald, to prevent the effusion of Christian blood, prevailed

upon Sir James to promise that he would resign one half of Islay to Maclean during his life, provided he would acknowledge that he held it for personal service to the Clan Donald, in the same manner as our forefathers had held the Rhinns of Islay.

But, rendered furious on finding that he had doubly transgressed the wizard warnings he received, Sir Lauchlan laughed the proposition to scorn. Then the young chief offered to submit the matter in dispute to any impartial umpires Duairt might choose, with the proviso that, if *they* should disagree, his Majesty the King should be their arbiter.

But my ancestor drew off his glove, and, taking a handful of water from a fountain that gurgled from a rock near him, exclaimed—

“May this water prove my poison, if I will have any arbiter but my sword, or any terms but an absolute surrender of the whole island!”

Then my grand-uncle Lauchlan Barroch uttered a cry of terror—for Duairt in his anger had forgotten the prediction, and drank of “*the well* at the head of Loch Groynard, where *one* Maclean was to fall”—and there, in ten minutes after, he was slain by a MacDonald, who by a single blow of a claymore swept his head off his shoulders.

Long and bloody was the battle that ensued when the MacDonalds rushed down the hill to close with the Clan Gillian, who were routed, leaving eighty duinewassals and two hundred soldiers, with their chief, dead upon the field. Ronald Maclean of the Drums—a little tower upon the peninsula of Loch Suinard—was shot by an arrow, and not one who left Duairt with “a fasting stomach,” escaped;—why, God alone knows; for though my grand-uncle Lauchlan Barroch retreated with a remnant of our

people to the birlinns, he was mortally wounded by a musket-shot. Of the Clan Donald, only thirty men were killed and sixty wounded. Among the latter was their young chief—afterwards a general of the Scots Brigade in Holland—who was found on the field with an arrow in his breast.

I have heard my mother say that all that night the watchman on the keep of Duairt heard cries and moans coming from the seaward, though the castle was more than fifty miles distant from Groynard ; for it seemed as if the spirits of the air brought the sounds of battle on their wings from the fatal shore of Islay. Late that night, the hoofs of a galloping horse were heard reverberating in the glen and ringing on the roadway that led to Duairt ; and soon a horse and rider were seen in the moonlight approaching rapidly, the hoofs of the steed striking fire from the flinty path.

“A messenger approaches !” cried the watchman, and in an instant the lady of Duairt and all her household were at the gate ; but how great was their terror when they perceived that the approaching horseman was headless, though wearing the arms, plaid, and trews of a chief ! Up, up the ascent came the terrible vision, galloping in the pale moonlight, but passing on, it disappeared in the glen which led to the blasted oak where Sir Lauchlan had received his last unearthly warning.

Be this story false or true, there are in our regiment a hundred brave men of trust and honour, who can swear to having seen this spectre gallop up to Duairt gate on the anniversary of the battle of Groynard, or when any calamity overhangs the Clan Gillian. Sir Lauchlan—the heavens be his bed to-night !—sleeps in Torosay Kirk, yet that headless horseman

may appear to-morrow on the shore of Mull, for many a bonnet will be on the turf, many a plaid in our ranks dyed red in the wearer's blood—and I have seven sons in the field! But our fate is in the hands of God, so let our hearts be stout and true, for He will never fail us, though we may be false to ourselves. Hand round the demijohn, Findlay, my brave lad—and rouse the brands, Farquhar, for the moon has sunk behind the hills, and our fire is getting low.

So ended this legend of Celtic diablerie, to which I had listened attentively, for the air and manner of the venerable narrator were very impressive, as he devoutly believed it all; but Captain Campbell of Finab, who affected to consider it, as he said, “a tale of a tub,” was as much startled as I by the issue of the next day's engagement with the enemy.

By dawn next day the wild pibroch “Come to me and I will give you flesh,” that fierce invitation to the wolf and raven, rang in the allied bivouac, as his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland took post at Maulpré in view of the French position, and ordered a squadron of each regiment, with six battalions of foot, five hundred pioneers, a body of Austrian hussars, and six pieces of cannon, all under the command of the veteran Lieutenant-General Sir James Campbell, K.B., Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, to drive the enemy out of the defiles of the wood of Barri. This movement was the prelude to the disastrous battle of Fontenoy, where Campbell was killed.

The Guards and we—the old Black Watch—began the engagement at Veson—the well-known affair of outposts. There the Dauphin commanded, and his

soldiers were the flower of the French line, a splendid brigade, all clad in white coats laced with gold, long ruffles, tied perriwigs, and little plumed hats. They were intrenched breast high, and defended by an abattis.

We fell furiously on; the Scottish Foot-guards with their clubbed muskets and fixed bayonets; the Black Watch with swords, pistols, and dirks, and the struggle was terrible, as the action ensued at a place which was swept by the fire of a redoubt mounted with cannon and manned by six hundred of the noble Regiment de Picardie. Old Captain Maclean, at the head of his grenadiers and with his seven sons by his side, rushed up the glacis to storm the palisades.

"Open pouches—blow fuses—dirk and claymore, fall on!" were his rapid orders, as the hand-grenades fell like a hissing shower over the breastwork, from which a sheet of lead tore through the ranks of our stormers. Maclean fell at the foot of the palisades with one hand upon them and the other on his sword. All his sons perished with him, falling over each other in a gory heap as they strove to protect his body. The last who fell was the youngest, Angus Dhu, who, after slaying a French field officer, had driven a bayonet into his head, thrusting it through the ears; using it as a lever, he strove furiously to twist, tear, or wrench off the Frenchman's skull as a trophy of vengeance; for the young Celt was beside himself with grief and rage, when a volley of bullets from the white-coated Regiment de Picardie laid him on the grass to rise no more, just as Sir James Campbell carried the intrenchment sword in hand, and totally routed or destroyed the soldiers of the Dauphin.

Whether old Captain Maclean and his sons marched that morning without breaking their fast—a fatal

omission apparently in any of the Clan Gillian—I have no means of ascertaining ; but, as Ronald Mac Ara, who bore their provisions, was killed by a stray bullet about daybreak, it was generally believed so by the regiment, as this faithful henchman of the captain was found dead with a full havresac under his right arm, and the weird story of the seven fated grenadiers was long remembered by the Black Watch, when the greater events of the rout at Fontenoy and the evacuation of Flanders were forgotten.

III.

THE LOST REGIMENT.

A LOVE STORY.

I HAVE been told that a better or a braver fellow than Louis Charters of ours never drew a sword. He was, as the regimental records show, captain of our 7th company, and major in the army when the corps embarked for service in the *Illinois* in 1763; but prior to that his story was a strange and romantic one. Louis was a cadet of one of the oldest houses in Scotland, the Charters of Amisfield; thus he was a lineal descendant of the famous Red Riever. Early in life he had been gazetted to an ensigncy in Montgomery's Highlanders, the *old* 77th, when that corps was raised in 1757 by Colonel Archibald Montgomery (afterwards Earl of Eglinton and Governor of Dumbarton), among the Frasers, Macdonalds, Camerons, Macleans, and other Jacobite clans.

Charters was a handsome and enthusiastic soldier, full of the old chivalry and romance of the Highlands; but, at the time he joined the Black Watch, with the remnant of Montgomery's regiment, which volunteered into our ranks in 1763, he was a pale, moody, and disappointed man, who had no hope in the service, but that it might procure him an honourable death under the balls of an enemy.

The story of Louis Charters was as follows:—

In January, 1757, he was recruiting at Perth for the 77th, when it was his good, or perhaps ill fortune, to become attached to a young lady possessed of great attractions, whom he had met at a ball, and who was the only daughter of the Laird of Tullynairn, a gentleman of property in the vicinity of the "Fair City."

Emmy Stuart was four-and twenty, and Louis was three years her senior. She was tall and beautiful in face and figure ; her hair was chesnut, her eyes hazel, and there was a charming droop in their lids which enhanced all her varieties of expression, especially the droll, and lent to them a seductive beauty, most dangerous to the peace of all who engaged in a two-handed flirtation with her ; for although that word was unknown to the fair maids of Perth in those days, yet they flirted nevertheless, and none more than the lively Emmy Stuart.

Though her charming figure was almost hidden by her frightful hoop petticoat, and her beautiful hair by white powder—but that, if possible, increased the brilliance of her eyes and complexion—none knew better than Emmy the piquant mode of arranging her capuchin, of holding a vinaigrette under her pretty pink nostrils ; and your great-grandmother, my good reader, never surpassed her in the secret art of putting those devilish little patches on her soft cheek, or about her bright roguish eyes, in such a manner as to give double point to those glances of drollery or disdain in which all ladies then excelled ; or, worse still, an amorous languish, levelled *à la Française*, in such a mode as would have demolished a whole battalion ; while the adorable *embonpoint* of her figure was somewhat increased by the arrangement of her busk, her jewelled necklace, her embossed gold watch and

stivi, which no lady was ever without, and which Emmy of course carried at her waist.

When she left the assembly, there was always such a crush of gay gallants about the door to see her depart, that Louis seldom got her safely into her sedan or coach without swords being drawn, and some unfortunate being run through the body, or having a few inches of a flaming link thrust down his throat ; for the "fine fellows" of those days were not over-particular in their mode of resentment when a pretty woman was concerned. The "Blood," or "Buck," or "Maccaroni," of the last century was a very different fellow from the peaceful unmitigated "snob" of the present day.

It was no wonder that Louis loved Emmy ; the only marvel would have been had he proved invulnerable ; so he fell before a glance of her bright hazel eyes, as Dunkirk fell before the allied armies. But Emmy was so gay in manner, distinguishing none in particular, that Charters was often in an agony of anxiety to learn whether she would ever love him ; and moreover, there was one of ours, a Captain Douglas, recruiting in Perth, who possessed a most annoyingly handsome person, and who hovered more about the beautiful Emmy than our friend of the 77th could have wished. To make the matter worse, Douglas was an old lover, having met Emmy at a ball three years before, and been shot clean through the heart by one of her most seductive glances.

Emmy was so full of repartee and drollery, that though Charters was always making the most desperate love to her, he was compelled to mask his approaches under cover of pretty banter, or mere flirtation ; thus leaving him an honourable retreat in case of a sharp repulse ; for he could not yet trust himself to opening

the trenches in earnest, lest she might laugh at him, as she had done at others; and Louis knew enough of the world to be aware, that a lover once laughed at *is lost*, and may as well quit the field.

So passed away the summer of—I am sorry to give so antique an epoch—1757. The snow began to powder the bare scalps of the Highland frontier; the woods of Scone and Kinnoull became stripped and leafless, and their russet spoils where whirled along the green inches and the reedy banks of the Tay; then the hoar frost wove its thistle blades on the windows in the morning, and our lovers found that a period was put to their rambles in the evening, when the sun was setting behind the darkening mountains of the west.

Now came the time to ballot for partners for the winter season; and then it was that Louis first learned to his joy that he was not altogether indifferent to the laughing belle. The fashion of balloting for partners was a very curious one, and now it is happily abolished in Scottish society; for only imagine one's sensations, good reader, on being condemned to dance everything with the same girl, and with her only, during a whole winter season! Besides, as the devil would be sure to have it so, one would always have the girl one did not want. The laws respecting partners were strictly enforced, and when once settled or fairly handfasted to a dancing girl for the season, a gentleman was on no account permitted to change, even for a single night, on pain of being shot or run through the body by her nearest male relative.

In the beginning of the winter season, the appointment for partners usually took place in each little coterie before the opening of the first ball or assembly. A gentleman's triple-cocked beaver was unflapped, and

the fans of all the ladies present were slyly put therein; the gentlemen were then blindfolded, and each selected a fan; then she to whom it belonged, however ill they might be paired or assorted, was his partner for the season. Such was the strange law, most rigidly enforced in the days of Miss Nicholas, who was then the mirror of fashion and presiding goddess of the Edinburgh assemblies.

When the time for balloting came, great was the anxiety of poor Louis Charters lest his beloved Emmy might fall to the lot of that provoking fellow Douglas of ours; but judge of his joy when Emmy told him, with the most arch and beautiful smile that ever lighted up a pair of lovely hazel eyes, how to distinguish *her fan* from amid the eighteen or twenty that were deposited in the hat.

"Now, my dear Mr. Charters," said she in a whisper, "I never pretended to be ferociously honest, and thus my unfortunate little tongue is always getting me into some frightful scrape; but I shall give you a token by which you will know *my fan*. Does that make you supremely happy?"

"Happy, Emmy? Dear Emmy, more than ever you will give me credit for!"

"Do not be sure of that, and do not make a scene. Quick now, lest some one anticipate you."

"But the fan——"

"Has a silver ball in lieu of a tassel. Now go and prosper."

Thus indicated, he soon selected the fan and drew it forth, to the annoyance of Douglas, who beheld him present it to the fair owner; and her hazel eye sparkled with joy as Charters kissed her hand with a matchless air of ardour and respect. Honest Charters felt quite tipsy with joy. Emmy had now shown

that he was *not* without interest to her ; and was not this a charming admission from a young beauty, who could command any number of wedding-rings at any hour she pleased ? Thus, according to the witty Sir Alexander Boswell, who (for one of his squibs) was shot one morning by Stuart of Dunearn,

“ Each lady’s fan a chosen Damon bore,
With care selected many a day before.”

With the dancing of a whole season before them, the reader may easily imagine the result. All the tabbies, gossips, and coteries of the fair city had long since assigned them to each other ; and though the mere magic of linking two names constantly together has done much to cajole boys and girls into a love for each other, no such magic was required here, for Emmy, I have said, was four-and-twenty, and Louis was three years her senior.

Finding himself completely outwitted, and that the fan of a demoiselle of somewhat mature age and rather unattractive appearance had fallen to his lot, Willy Douglas “ evacuated Flanders,” *i.e.*, forsook the ballroom, and bent all his energies to recruiting for the second battalion of the Black Watch, leaving the fair field completely to his more successful rival.

But though assigned to Charters by the fashion of the time, and by her own pretty manœuvre, as a partner for the season, our gay coquette would not yet acknowledge herself conquered ; and Charters felt with some anxiety that she was amusing herself with him, and that the time was drawing near when he would have to rejoin his regiment, which was then expecting the route for America, over the fortunes of which the clouds of war were gathering. Besides, Emmy had a thousand little whims and teasing ways

about her, all of which it was his daily pleasure, and sometimes his task, to gratify and to soothe ; and often they had a quarrel—a real quarrel—for two whole days. These were two centuries to Louis ; but then it was of course made up again ; and Emmy, like an Empress, gave him her dimpled hand to kiss, reminding him, with a coy smile, that

“ A lover’s quarrel was but love renewed.”

“ True, Emmy ; but I would infinitely prefer a love that required no renewal,” said Charters, with a sigh.

“ How tiresome you become ! You often make me think of Willy Douglas. Well, and where shall we find this remarkable love you speak of ?”

“ Ah, Emmy, you read it in every eye that turns to yours ; it fills the very air you breathe, and sheds a purity and a beauty over everything.”

“ Then you always see beauty here ?”

“ Oh, Emmy, I always see *you*, and you only ; but you are still bantering.”

“ Do you know, Captain Charters, that I do not think it polite to tell a woman that she is beautiful ?” said Emmy, pretending to pout, while her eyelids drooped, and she played with her fan.

“ To tell any ordinary woman that she was beautiful, might offend her, if she was sensible ; but to tell you so, though you have the sense of a thousand, must be pleasing, because you are conscious of your great beauty, Emmy, and know its fatal power—but alas ! too well.”

“ What !” exclaimed Emmy, her eyes flashing with triumph and fun, “ I am beautiful, then ?”

“ Too much so for my peace. Beautiful ! Oh, Emmy Stuart, you are dangerously so. But you trifle with me cruelly. Emmy. Think how time is

gliding away—and a day must come when I shall be no longer here.”

Her charming eyelids drooped again.

“A time—well, but remember there is an Italian poet who says,

All time is lost that is not spent in love.”

Charters gazed at her anxiously, and after a momentary pause, with all his soul in his eyes and on his tongue, he said :—

“Listen to me, dearest Emmy. Of all things necessary to conduce to man’s happiness, love is the principal. It purifies and sheds a glory, a halo over everything, but chiefly around the beloved object herself. It awakens and matures every slumbering virtue in the heart, and causes us to become as pure and noble as a man may be, to make him more worthy of the woman we love. Such, dear Emmy, is my love for you.”

This time Emmy heard him in silence, with downcast eyes, a blush playing upon her beautiful cheek, a smile hovering on her alluring little mouth, with her breast heaving and her pretty fingers playing nervously with her fan and the frills of her busk.

This conversation may be taken as a specimen of a hundred that our lovers had on every convenient opportunity, when Louis was all truthful earnestness—devotion and anxiety pervading his voice and manner; while Emmy was all fun, drollery, and coquetry, yet loving him nevertheless.

But a crisis came, when Charters received, by the hand of his chief friend, Lieutenant Alaster Mackenzie, of the house of Seaforth, a command to rejoin his regiment, then under orders to embark at Greenock, to share in the expedition which Brigadier-General

Forbes of Pittencrief was to lead against Fort du Quesne, one of the three great enterprises undertaken in 1758 against the French possessions in North America. How futile were the tears of Emmy now !

"Though divided by the sea, dear Louis, our hope will be one, like our love," she sobbed in his ear.

"Think—think of me often, very often, as I shall think of you."

"I do not doubt you, Louis. I now judge of your long, faithful, and noble affection by my own. Oh, Louis ! I have been foolish and wilful ; I have pained you often ; but you will forgive your poor Emmy now ; she judges of your love by her own."

It was now too late to think of marriage. Emmy, subdued by the prospect of a sudden and long separation from her winning and handsome lover, and by a knowledge of the dangers that lay before him by sea and land, the French bullet, the Indian arrow—all the risks of war and pestilence—was almost broken-hearted on his departure. The usual rings and locks of hair, the customary embraces, were exchanged ; the usual adieus and promises—solemn and sobbing promises of mutual fidelity—were given, and so they parted ; and with sad Emmy's kiss yet lingering on his lips, and her undried tears on his cheek, poor Charters found himself marching at the head of his party of fifty recruits, while the drum and fife woke the echoes in the romantic Wicks of Baiglie, as he bade a long adieu to beautiful Perth, the home of his Emmy, and joined the headquarters of Montgomery's Highlanders at Greenock.

But amid all the bustle of the embarkation in transports and ships of war—such rough sea-going ships as Smollet has portrayed in his "Roderick Random"—Charters saw ever before him the happy,

bright, and beautiful Emmy of the past year of joy ; or as he had last seen her, pale, crushed, and drooping in tears upon his breast—her coquetry, her drollery, her laughter, all evaporated, and the true loving and trusting woman alone remaining—her eyes full of affection, and her voice tremulous with emotion.

Louis sailed for America with one of the finest regiments ever sent forth by Scotland, which, in the war that preceded the declaration of American independence, gave to the British ranks more than sixty thousand soldiers*—few, indeed, of whom ever returned to lay their bones in the land of their fathers.

Montgomery's Highlanders consisted of thirteen companies, making a total of 1460 men, including 65 sergeants who were armed with Lochaber axes, and 30 pipers armed with target and claymore.

Once more among his comrades, the spirit of Charters rose again ; a hundred kindly old regimental sympathies were awakened in his breast, and, though the keen regret of his recent parting was fresh in his memory, yet in the conversation of Alaster Mackenzie (who shared his confidence), and in his military duty, he found a relief from bitterness—a refuge which was denied to poor Emmy, who was left to the solitude of her own thoughts and the bitter solace of her own tears, amid those familiar scenes which only conduced to add

* See "Present Conduct of the Chieftains Considered." Edinburgh: 1773. "Thus it appears," says an anti-ministerial pamphlet, published in 1763, "that out of 756 officers *commanding* in the Army, garrisons, &c., 210 are Scots: and out of 1930 in the Navy, 536 are Scots." The table was thus:—

Scots Generals	29	} Army.	Scots Admirals	7	} Navy.
" Colonels	39		" Captains	81	
" Lieut.-Colonels	81		" Masters	33	
" Majors	61		" Lieutenants	271	
			" Surgeons	144	

poignancy to her grief, and served hourly to recal some memory of the absent, and those hours of love and pleasure that had fled, perhaps never to return.

Meanwhile, Charters had not a thought or hope, desire or aim, but to do his duty nobly in the field, to obtain promotion, and to return to wed Emmy. A year—two years—yea, even three, though an eternity to a lover, would soon pass amid the bustle and excitement of war and of foreign service. Three years at most, then, would find him again at the side of Emmy, hand in hand as of old. But, alas! as poor Robert Burns says pithily—

“The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft aje.”

Though our lovers had resolved that nothing should exceed the regularity of their correspondence, and that the largest sheets of foolscap should be duly filled with all they could wish each other to say, in those days when regular mails, steamers, telegraphs, and penny postage were yet concealed in Time's capacious wallet, neither Emmy nor Charters had quite calculated upon the devious routes or the strange and wild districts into which the troops were to penetrate, or the chances of the Western war, with all its alternate glories and disasters.

After a lapse of two long and weary months, by a sailing vessel poor Emmy received a letter from Louis, and, in the hushed silence of her own apartment, the humbled coquette wept over every word of it—and read it again and again—for it seemed to come like the beloved voice of the writer from a vast distance and from that land of danger. Then when she looked at the date and saw that it was a month—a whole

month—ago, and when she thought of the new terrors each day brought forth, she trembled and her heart grew sick ; then a paroxysm of tears was her only relief, for she was a creature of a nervous and highly excitable temperament.

It described the long and dreary voyage to America in the crowded and comfortless transport—one thought ever in his soul—the thought of her ; one scene ever around him—sea and sky. It detailed the hurried disembarkation and forced march of General Forbes's little army of 6200 soldiers from Philadelphia in the beginning of July, through a vast tract of country, little known to civilized men ; all but impenetrable or impassable, as the roads were mere war paths, that lay through dense untrodden forests or deep morasses and over lofty mountains, where wild, active, and ferocious Indians, by musket, tomahawk, scalping-knife, and poisoned arrow, co-operated with the French in harassing our troops at every rood of the way. He told how many of the strongest and healthiest of Montgomery's Highlanders perished amid the toils and horrors they encountered ; but how still *he* bore up, animated by the memory of her, by that love which was a second life to him, and by the darling hope that, with God's help, he would survive the campaign and all its miseries, and would find himself again, as of old, seated by the side of his beloved Emmy, with her cheek on his shoulder and her dear little hand clasped in his. He sent her some Indian beads, a few forget-me-nots that grew amid the grass within his tent ; he sent her another lock of his hair, and prayed kind God to bless for the sake of the poor absent heart that loved her so well.

And here ended this sorrowful letter, which was

dated from the camp of the Scottish Brigadier, who halted at Raystown, ninety miles on the march from Fort du Quesne. Thus, by the time Emmy received it, the fort must have been attacked and lost or won.

"Attacked!"—How breathlessly and with what protracted agony did she long for intelligence—for another letter or for the War-office lists! But days, weeks, months rolled on; the snow descended on the Highland mountains; the woods of Kinnoull were again leafless; again the broad Inches of Perth wore the white mantle of winter; the Tay was frozen hard as flint between its banks and between the piers of the old wooden bridge; there now came no mails from America; no letter reached her; and poor Emmy, though surrounded by admirers as of old, felt all the misery of that deferred hope which "maketh the heart sick."

Meanwhile Louis, at the head of his company of Montgomery's Highlanders, accompanied the force of Brigadier Forbes, who, in September, despatched from Raystown Colonel Bouquet to a place called Loyal Henning, to reconnoitre the approach to Fort du Quesne. The colonel's force consisted of 2000 men; of these he despatched in advance 500 Provincials and 400 of Montgomery's regiment, under Major James Grant of Ballindalloch, whose second in command was Captain Charters. Despite the advice of the latter, Grant, a brave but reckless and imprudent officer, advanced boldly towards Fort du Quesne with all his pipes playing and drums beating, as if he was approaching a friendly town. Now the French officer who commanded in the fort was a determined fellow. He it was who had behaved with such heroism at the recent siege of Savannah, where he had been sergeant-

major of Dillon's Regiment of the Irish Brigade in the service of King Louis. When the Comte d'Estaing madly proposed to take the fortress by a *coup-de-main*, M. le Comte Dillon, anxious to signalize his Irishmen, proposed a reward of a hundred guineas to the first grenadier who should plant a fascine in the fosse, which was swept by the whole fire of the garrison; but his purse was proffered in vain, for not an Irishman would advance. Confounded by this, Dillon was upbraiding them with cowardice, when the sergeant-major said—

“Monsieur le Comte, had you not held out a sum of money as an incentive, your grenadiers would one and all have rushed to the assault!”

The count put his purse in his pocket.

“Forward!” cried he—forward went the Irish grenadiers, and out of 194 who composed the company, 104 left their bodies in the breach.

But to resume: the moment the soldiers of Grant were within range, the French cannon opened upon them, and under cover of this fire, the infantry made a furious sortie.

“Sling your muskets! Dirk and claymore!” cried the major as the foe came on. A terrible conflict ensued, the Highlanders fighting with their swords and daggers, and the Provincials with their fixed bayonets; the French gave way, but, unable to reach the fort, they dispersed and sought shelter in the vast forest which spread in every direction round it. Here they were joined by a strong body of Indians, and returning, from amid the leafy jungles and dense foliage they opened a murderous fire upon Major Grant's detachment, which had halted to refresh, when suddenly summoned to arms.

A yell pierced the sky! It was the Indian war-

whoop, startling the green leaves of that lone American forest, and waking the echoes of the distant hills that overlook the plain of the Alleghany; thousands of Red Indian warriors, horrible in their native ugliness, their streaky war paint, jangling mocassins and tufted feathers, naked and muscular, savage as tigers and supple as eels, with their barbed spears, scalping-knives, tomahawks, and French muskets, burst like a living flood upon the soldiers of Ballindalloch. The Provincials immediately endeavoured to form square, but were broken, brained, scalped, and trod under foot, as if a brigade of horse had swept over them. While, in the old fashion of their native land, the undaunted 77th men endeavoured to meet the foe, foot to foot and hand to hand, with the broadsword, but in vain. Grant ordered them to throw aside their knapsacks, plaids, and coats, and betake themselves to the claymore, and the claymore only. For three hours a desultory and disastrous combat was maintained—every stump and tree, every bush, rock, and stone being battled for with deadly energy and all the horrors of Indian warfare—yells, whoops, the tomahawk and the knife—were added to those of Europe, and before the remnant of our Highlanders effected an escape, Captains MacDonald and Munro, Lieutenants Alaster, William and Robert Mackenzie, and Colin Campbell, were killed and scalped, with many of their men. Ensign Alaster Grant lost a hand by a poisoned arrow; but of all who fell, Charters most deeply regretted Alaster Mackenzie, his friend and confidant, to save whom, after a shot had pierced his breast, he made a desperate effort and slew three Indians by three consecutive blows; but this succour came too late, and Mackenzie's scalp was torn off before he breathed his last.

"Stand by your colours, comrades, till death!" were his last words. "Farewell, dear Charters—may God protect you for your Emmy's sake—we'll meet again!"

"Again!"

"Yes—again—in heaven!" he answered, and expired with his sword in his hand, like a brave and pious soldier.

The Red men were like incarnate fiends, and, amid groans, yells, prayers, and entreaties, were seen on their knees in frenzy, drinking blood from the spouting veins and bleeding scalps of their victims. The combat was a mere massacre, and seemed as if all hell had burst its gates and held jubilee in that wild forest of the savage West. The Provincials were destroyed. Grant, with nineteen officers, fell into the hands of the French; and of his Highlanders only 150 succeeded in effecting a retreat to Loyal Henning, under the command of Louis Charters, to whose skill, bravery, and energy, they unanimously attributed their escape. Many of their comrades who were captured died under agonies such as Indians, Turks, or devils alone could have devised; and the story of one—Private Allan MacPherson—who escaped a cruel death by pretending that his neck was sword-proof, as related by the Abbé Reynal, and General Stewart of Garth, is well known.

James Grant of Ballindalloch died a general in the army in 1806; but he never forgot the horrors of his rashness at Fort du Quesne, which was abandoned to Brigadier Forbes on the 24th November; by this he was deprived of a revenge, and to win it Charters had volunteered to lead the forlorn-hope. Poor General Forbes died on the retreat.

Charters's regiment served next in General Am-

herst's army at Ticonderoga, at Crown Point, and on the Lake Expedition, where he saved the life of Ensign Grant—now known as Alaster the One-handed—by bearing him off the field when wounded; but during all those desultory and sanguinary operations, he never heard from Emmy, nor did she hear from him. He suffered much; he nearly perished in the snow on one occasion with a whole detachment; he was wounded in the left shoulder on that night of horrors at Ticonderoga, and had a narrow escape from a cannon-ball in the fight with a French ship, when proceeding on the expedition to Dominique under Lord Rollo and Sir James Douglas; but though the ball spared his head, the *wind* of it raised a large inflamed spot, which gave him great trouble and pain. He was with his corps at the conquest of the Havannah; he was at the capture of Newfoundland with the 45th and the Highlanders of Fraser, and he served with honour in a hundred minor achievements of the brave Highlanders of Montgomery.

Renewed or recruited thrice from the Highland clans, the old 77th covered themselves with glory, and of all the Scottish corps in the King's service, there was none from which the soldiers more nobly and rigidly transmitted to their aged parents in Scotland the savings of their poor pay or the prize money gained by their blood in the Havannah. In one of his (unanswered) letters to Emmy Stuart, Louis says, "I have known some of our poor fellows, my dear girl, who almost starved themselves for this purpose."

One of the majors being killed at the storming of the Moro, his widow, in consideration of his great services, was permitted to sell his commission. Louis was now senior captain, and the regiment knew well that he, having only his pay, was unable to purchase

it: but so greatly was he beloved by the soldiers, many of whom, in America, had thrown themselves before the sharp tomahawks and poisoned arrows of the Indians to save him, that they subscribed each Highlander so many days' pay to purchase his majority; and the plunder of the rich Havannah having put these brave souls in good funds, the money was all fairly laid on the drum-head in one hour, when the corps was on evening parade in the citadel of El Fuerte.

Such a noble instance of *camaraderie* and true soldierly sentiment never occurred in the British service but once before; and then it was also in an old Scottish regiment which had served, I believe, in the wars of Queen Anne, before the amalgamation of the forces of the two kingdoms.*

This was the most noble tribute his soldiers could pay to Charters, who was duly gazetted when the regiment was stationed at New York in the summer of 1763, to enjoy a little repose after the toils of the past war.

The services and adventures so briefly glanced at here, had thus spread over a period of five years—to Louis, long and weary years—during which he had never heard of Emmy but once; and now he had no relic of her to remind him of those delightful days of peace and love that had fled apparently for ever. The ring she had given him, warm from her pretty hand, had been torn from his finger by plunderers as he lay wounded and helpless on the ramparts of Fort Loudon, on the confines of far Virginia; her fan was lost when his baggage was taken on the retreat from Fort du Quesne; the locket with her hair had been

* See "Advice to Officers." Perth, 1795.

rent from him, when he was taken prisoner and stripped by the French, in the attack on Martinique. He was changed in appearance too; his hair once black as night was already seamed by many a silvery thread, yet he was only two-and-thirty. His face was gaunt and wan, and bronzed by the Indian sun and keen American frost. His eyes, like the eyes of all inured to facing death and danger, pestilence and the bullet, were fierce at times, and keen and haggard; and when tidings came, or it was mooted at mess, that the war-worn regiment of Montgomery was once again to see the Scottish shore, poor Louis looked wistfully into his glass, and doubted whether Emmy would know him; for between the French and the Cherokees he had acquired somewhat the aspect of a brigand.

Peace was proclaimed at last, and the Government made an offer to the regiment, that such officers and men as might choose to settle in America should have grants of land proportioned to their rank and services. The rest might return to Scotland or volunteer into other corps. A few remained among the colonists, and on the revolt of America in 1775, were the *first men* to join the standard of George III., who ordered them to be embodied as the 84th or Royal Regiment of Highland Emigrants. The rest—most of whom volunteered to join the Black Watch—with the band, pipes, and colours, under Louis Charters, embarked at New York, and, full of hope and joy, with three hearty cheers, as their ship cleft the waters of the Hudson and bore through the Narrows, saw the future capital of the western world sink in the distance and disappear astern.

Five years!

“Emmy must now be nearly nine-and-twenty!”

thought Louis; "in a month from this time I shall see her—shall hear her voice—shall be beside her again, assuring her that I am the same Louis Charters of other days."

But month after month passed away, and six elapsed after the sailing of the transport from New York had been duly notified by the London and the Edinburgh Gazettes, and yet no tidings reached Britain of the missing regiment of Montgomery.

During all these five long years—those sixty months—those one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five days, every one of which had been counted by poor Louis—how fared it with the beautiful Emmy Stuart, who was still the belle of the fair city?

So far as the defective newspapers of those days, when Edinburgh had only *three* (and those of London seldom came north), supplied intelligence, she had traced the operations of Montgomery's Highlanders in the Canadas, the States, on the Lakes, and in the West Indies, in the despatches of Brigadier Forbes, of Colonel Bouquet, Lord Rollo, and others; she had frequently seen the name of her lover mentioned, as having distinguished himself, and twice as having been left wounded on the field. I need not dwell on her days and nights of sickening sorrow and suspense, which no friendship could alleviate.

Save once, no letter from Louis had ever reached her; yet poor Louis had written many: from among frozen camps and bloody fields—from wet bivouacs, and places such as Emmy's gentle mind could never conceive—had he written to her the outpourings of his heart, believing that in due time Emmy would be gazing fondly on the words his hand had traced, and endeavouring to conjure up the tones in which he would have said all that distance and separation com-

pelled him to commit to paper ; but, by a strange fatality, these letters never reached her ; yet Emmy, the belle, the coquette, remained true, for she knew the chances of war ; and that, until the regiment returned home and he proved false, she could not desert her lover.

But Willy Douglas of the Black Watch, who had been all this time comfortably recruiting about Perth and Dunkeld (thanks to his uncle, the Duke of Douglas), was wont to remind her that the 40th Regiment had been more than *forty* years abroad,* and the battalion of Montgomery might be quite as long away.

After three years had passed without letters arriving, Emmy still mourned and loved Louis more than ever ; while well-meaning friends, who never thought of consulting the army list, assured her that he was killed ; but it availed them nought.

Then five years elapsed, and in all that time there came no letter ; yet, when taunted that Louis had forgotten her, she replied as Cleopatra did to Alexis when he advised her to deem her lover cruel, inconsistent, and ungrateful :—

“I cannot, if I could ; these thoughts were vain ;
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel if he be,
I still must love him !”

But time changes all things. A pleasing and saa recollection was now beginning to replace her lively affection for Charters. Tired of worshipping one who had become little more than a beautiful statue, her admirers had disappeared gradually, till the assiduous Douglas alone remained in the position

* Fact in 1764.

of a tacit and privileged dangler. Willy was an honest-hearted fellow, and with his real love for Emmy there was mingled much of pity for what she suffered on account of his "devilish neglectful rival," as he termed Charters. Emmy had long been insensible to his addresses; but as Douglas, who was very prepossessing, was the nephew of the last Duke of Douglas, and had a handsome fortune, her father frequently, earnestly, and affectionately urged her to accept his proposals; while her mother reminded her that she was past eight-and-twenty now; and added, that in a new and more fortunate attachment—in the love that is supposed to follow marriage—she would forget the sorrows of the past. But Emmy, though knowing that this was all mere sophistry, was about to give a silent acquiescence to their schemes, when, turning over the leaves of an old periodical, one day, in a dreamy and listless mood, her eye fell on the following:—

"A union of fortunes, *not* a union of hearts, is the thing generally aimed at in marriage, and, by those who esteem themselves *prudent* people, is thought the only rational view. There is no divine ordinance more frequently disobeyed than that wherein God forbids human sacrifices, for in no other light can most modern marriages be viewed. Brazen images, indeed, are not the objects of their worship; a purer metal is their deity. Every one who reads in ancient history of human sacrifices, exclaims against the horrid practice and trembles at the narrative, though there is scarcely one of the female readers, if she is of a marriageable age, who is not ready to deck her person, like an adorned victim, in the hope of tempting some *golden idol* to receive a free-will offering."

Emmy thought of Douglas's fortune, and the book fell from her hand.

"No, no," she said with a shudder; "I shall not be the adorned victim offered up to this golden idol;" and from that hour she resolved to decline his addresses.

On the day succeeding this brave resolution came tidings "that the remnant of Montgomery's Highlanders, under the command of Major Louis Charters, had sailed from New York six weeks ago, and were daily expected at Greenock, from whence that gallant corps had sailed for the wars of the Far West in 1758."

Now came Emmy's hour of triumph, and already Louis seemed before her, loving, trusting, and true; and hourly she expected to have, in his own handwriting, assurance of all her heart desired; but, alas! time rolled on—days became weeks—weeks became months, and no tidings reached Britain of the Highlanders of Montgomery.

"The lost regiment" was spoken of from time to time, till even friends, comrades, and relations grew tired of futile surmises, and their unaccountable disappearance became like a tale that is told—or a fragment of old and forgotten intelligence.

For a time a sickening and painful suspense had been kept alive by occasional reports of pieces of wreck, with red coats and tartan fluttering about them, having been espied in the Atlantic; vessels waterlogged and abandoned were passed by solitary ships, and averred to be the missing transport; craft answering her description had been seen to founder in tempests off the banks of Newfoundland; but after eight months had elapsed nothing was heard of what was emphatically called *the lost regiment*.

Emmy mourned now for Louis as for one who was dead—one who, after all his toil and valour, suffering and constancy (she felt assured he had been constant), was sleeping in the great ocean that had divided them so long.

Tired of all this, her friends had arrayed her in mourning as for one who was really dead; and to carry out a plan of realizing this conviction, her father had erected in the church of St. John a handsome marble tablet to the memory of Charters; and this cold white slab *in memoriam* met Emmy's heavy eyes every time she raised them from her prayer-book on Sunday. So at last Louis was dead—she felt convinced of it, and, with a reluctant and foreboding mind, she consented to a marriage with Captain Douglas of the Black Watch—a consent in which she had but one thought, that in making this terrible sacrifice she was only seeking to soothe the anxiety and gratify the solicitations of her mother, who was now well up in the vale of years, and who loved her tenderly.

Emmy was placid and content; but though even cheerful in appearance, she was not happy; for her cheek was ever pale and her soft hazel eyes, with their half-drooping lids, failed to veil a restlessness that seemed to search for something vague and undefined.

They were married. We will pass over the appearance of the bride, her pale beauty, her rich lace, the splendour of all the accessories by which the wealth of her father, of her husband, and the solicitude of her kind friends surrounded her, and come to the crisis in our story—a crisis in which a lamentable fatality seemed to rule the destinies of the chief actors in our little drama.

The minister of St. John's Church had just pronounced the nuptial blessing, and the pale bride was in her mother's arms, while the officers of the Black Watch were crowding round Douglas with their hearty congratulations; a buzz of voices had filled the large withdrawing room, as a hum of gladness succeeded the solemn but impressive monotony of the marriage service, when the sharp rattle of drums and the shrill sound of the fifes ringing in the Southgate of Perth struck upon their ears, and the measured march of feet, mingling with the rising huzzahs of the people, woke the echoes of every close and wynd.

A foreboding smote the heart of Captain Douglas. He sprang to a window and saw the gleam of arms—the glitter of bayonets and Lochaber axes, with the waving of plumed bonnets above the heads of a crowd which poured along the sunny vista of the Southgate; and, as the troops passed, led by a mounted officer whose left arm was in a sling—a bronzed, war-worn, and weatherbeaten band—their tartans were recognised as well as the tattered colours which streamed in ribbons on the wind, and their name went from mouth to mouth:—

“The Lost Regiment—the Highlanders of Montgomery!”

A low cry burst from Emmy; she threw up her clasped hands, and sank in a dead faint at her mother's feet. All was consternation in the house of Stuart of Tullynairn; and the marriage guests gazed at the passing soldiers, as at some fascinating but unreal pageant—but on they marched, cheering, to the barracks, with drums beating and pipes playing; and now the mounted officer, who had been gazing wistfully at the crowded windows, stoops from his saddle and whispers a few words to another—Alaster the

One-handed, now a captain—then he turns his horse, and, dismounting at the door, is heard to ascend the stair; and in another moment, Louis Charters, sallow, thin, and hollow-eyed, by long toil and suffering, his left arm in a sling and his right cheek scarred by a shot, stands amid all these gaily-attired guests in his fighting jacket, the scarlet of which had long since become threadbare and purple.

He immediately approached Emmy, who had now partially recovered and gazed at him, as one might gaze at a spectre, when Douglas threw himself forward with a hand on his sword.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Louis, who grew ashy pale, and whose voice sank into Emmy's soul; "have you all forgotten me—Louis Charters of Montgomery's Regiment?"

"No," replied Douglas, "but your presence here at such a time is most unfeeling and inopportune."

"Unfeeling and inopportune—I—Miss Stuart—Emmy—"

"Miss Stuart has just been made my wedded wife; thus any remarks you have to make, sir, you will please address to *me*."

Louis started as if a scorpion had stung him, and his trembling hand sought the hilt of his sword; here the old minister addressed him kindly, imploringly, and the guests crowded between them, but he dashed them all aside and turned from the house, without a word or glance from Emmy. Poor Emmy! dismay had frozen her, and mute despair glared in her haggard yet still beautiful eyes.

"Half an hour earlier and I had saved her and saved myself!" exclaimed Charters, bitterly; "the half-hour I loitered in Strathearn!" for he had halted there to refresh his weary soldiers

And now to explain this sudden reappearance.

Tempest-tossed and under jurmasts, after long beating against adverse winds, the transport, with the remnant of his regiment, had been driven to 37 and 40 degrees of north latitude, and was stranded on the small isles of Corvo and Flores, two of the most western and detached of the Azores. There they had been lingering among the Portuguese for seven months, unknown to and unheard of by our Government; and it was not until Charters, leaving Alaster Grant in command at Corvo, had visited Angra, the capital of the island, and urged the necessity of having his soldiers transmitted home, that he procured a ship at Ponta del Gada, the largest town of these islands, and sailing with the still reduced remnant of his corps—for many had perished with the foundered transport—he landed at Greenock, from whence he was ordered at once to join the 2nd battalion of the Black Watch, into which his soldiers had volunteered, and which, by a strange fatality, was quartered in Perth—the home of his Emmy, and the place where for five long years he had garnered up his thoughts and dearest hopes.

The reader may imagine the emotions of poor Emmy on finding that her lover lived, and that her heart was thus cruelly wrenched away from all it had treasured and cherished for years. Then, as if to aggravate her sorrow, our battalion marched the next day for foreign service, and Louis again embarked for America, the land of his toil, without relentless fate permitting Emmy to excuse or explain herself.

Douglas left the corps and took his wife to Paris, where he fell in a duel with a Jacobite refugee.

Emmy lived to be a very old woman, but she never smiled again.

Thus were two fond hearts separated for ever.

Three months after Louis landed in America, he died of a broken heart say some ; of the marsh fever say others. He was then on the march with a detachment of ours up the Mississippi, a long route of 1500 miles, to take possession of Fort Charters in the Illinois. His friend, a Captain Grant—Alaster the One-handed—performed the last offices for him, and saw him rolled in a blanket, and buried at the foot of a cotton-tree, where the muskets of the Black Watch made the echoes of the vast prairie ring as they poured three farewell volleys over the last home of a brave but lonely heart.

IV.

THE MASSACRE AT FORT WILLIAM
HENRY.

WHEN the Black Watch sailed for America, in 1756, to serve under the heroic Wolfe and fight against the Marquis of Montcalm, the lieutenant of the 7th company was Roderick MacGillivray, known in the ranks by his local patronymic, Roderick Ruadh (or the Red) of Glenarrow, a gentleman of the Clan Chattan, who, eleven years before, had been a captain in the army of Prince Charles Edward, and had served throughout the memorable campaign of 1745-6. In his heart Roderick MacGillivray had no love either for the service or sovereign of Britain, whom he considered as the butcher of his countrymen, and the usurper of their crown ; but his estate of Glenarrow had been forfeited ; he was penniless, and having a young wife to maintain, he was glad to accept a commission in the Royal Highlanders—a favour he procured through the interest of one who has already been mentioned in these pages, Louis Charters, who served at Fort du Quesne, as already related in the legend of the “Lost Regiment.”

In those days there were many soldiers in the ranks of our regiment who had served in the army of Prince Charles, and who deemed his father, James VIII., the undoubted sovereign of these realms, by that

hereditary right, which, as their Celtic proverb has it, "will face the rocks," and which they deemed as sacred and immutable as if the breath of God had ordained it. Thus they served George II., *not* because they wavered in their loyalty to their native kings, but because they hated his enemies the French, whom they knew to have betrayed the cause of the clans, and in the hope that a time would yet come when the standard which Tullybardine, the loyal and true, unfurled in Glenfinnan, would again wave over a field in which God would defend the right.

And such thoughts and hopes as these were the theme of many a poor soldier of the Reicudan Dhu, in their tents and bivouacs, on the plains of Flanders, on the Heights of Abraham, and by the vast and then untrodden shores of the American lakes.

Similar thoughts, and the memory of all he had endured at the hands of the victorious party, together with the confiscation of his estate, which had descended to him through twelve generations of martial ancestors, made Roderick MacGillivray a grave and somewhat sombre man. He had fought valiantly in the first line at Culloden, where he was one of the guard, the *Leine Chrìos* (i.e. Shirt of Mail, or Children of the Belt) around the Laird of Dunmacglas,* who led the MacIntoshes, and who was next day murdered by the English soldiers, when found all but dead of wounds upon the field, where they dashed out his brains by the butts of their muskets as he lay in the arms of his distracted wife.

After that day, MacGillivray became a fugitive and outlaw, but was happy enough to be one of those

* The Fort of the Greyman's Son.

eight brave men who, with MacDonald of Glenaladale—the faithful, the gentle, and the true Glenaladale—watched, guarded, and tended by night and by day the unfortunate Prince Charles in the wild cavern of Coire-gaath among the beautiful Braes of Glenmorriston. There these starving and outlawed men made a bed of heather for the royal fugitive, and there he slept and lurked in perfect security, though thirty thousand pounds were set upon his head by George II., and though the Saxon drum was heard, where the flames of rapine were seen rising on the vast steeps of Corryarrack.

The memory of those stirring days—this companionship with the son of his exiled King, with *Prionse Tearlach Rìgh nan Ghael*, words that were said and promises made, with all that winning charm of manner, for which the princes of the House of Stuart were so remarkable, sank deep in Roderick's heart; and there were times when in his soul he panted for the hour when again the White Rose would shed its bloom upon the wasted Highland hills, when the swift vengeance of the loyal would fall on the faithless clans of the west, and the shrill wild pibroch of the Clan Chattan would ring in fierce triumph above the burial mounds at Culloden.

And so he hoped and thought, and watched and waited, but that new day of battle never came!

His secret aspirations were shared to the full by his young wife, Mary MacDonald, who was a granddaughter of MacViclan, the chieftain of Glencoe, the terrible Williamite episode in whose history can yet make the brow of every Highlander darken. But Mary was gentle and timid; she had seen too much of war and bloodshed, of butchery and terror in her girlhood, during the time that followed Culloden; and

though she prayed in her innocent little heart for the restoration of Scotland's exiled kings, it was in peace she would have wished it achieved.

In the ancient fashion of the Highlands, Roderick on the day of their marriage had bestowed on Mary—in addition to the espousal ring—an antique brooch; one of those old marriage gifts which were usually given on such occasions. It had been worn by many matrons of his house, and thus became invested with many deep and endearing memories: association, old tales of the love, the spirit and virtue of the dead, hallowed the gift, for it had shone on many a soft breast that had long since mouldered in the dust. Being circular, it was the mystic emblem of eternity, and bore the crest of the Clan Gillibhreac—a cat, with the significant motto in the old Gaelic letter—

"Touch not the cat without the glove;"

and as her own life Mary prized this old bridal brooch, the dearest gift her husband could bestow upon her.

When MacGillivray joined the regiment, Mary was in her twentieth year. She was pale and more than pretty, having that dazzling white skin for which the women of her clan are said to excel all others in Scotland; but of old the same was said of the Campbells and the Drummonds. Her hair was black; her eyes, deep and quiet, were dark hazel, and her features were unexceptionable. She was neither brilliant nor beautiful, but there was a sweetness and delicacy in her smile and manner that touched and won the hearts of all who knew her. There was a sadness, too, in her air and tone, for the most of her kindred had perished in the Glencoe massacre, or at Culloden. She was thus alone in the world, with

none to shield or shelter her but her husband—he who was now beginning a life of war and peril—the savage war and double peril of a campaign in America, a wild and untrodden land of barbarous hordes and mighty forests. She shrank with a terror of the prospect before them, and viewed with dismay the many lesser horrors which surrounded her in a crowded transport of those days.

MacGillivray sailed on board the *Mercury*, the master of which was James Cooke, afterwards the celebrated navigator.

“Twain of heart and of purpose,” husband and wife were to each other all in all; and the Celtic soldiers, who knew their story well, said in their own forcible language, that if the bullet of a Frenchman or the arrow of an Indian brought death to Roderick Ruadh, the daughter of MacViclan would not survive him long.

Each scarcely knew how deep was the love of the other; for the Scots are not a demonstrative people, and the most powerful emotions of the heart are those which they have been taught, perhaps erroneously, to conceal; but of this negative quality we find less in the more impulsive Celt. The ardour of love had now been succeeded by the affection of marriage, and the sincerity of friendship had replaced the glow of passion; but Roderick’s enthusiasm in the estimate of perfect excellence by which he judged his own little wife was only equalled by the standard which she had formed for him. To make her happy was to be himself happy, and it was the study of his life to surround her with such comforts as a camp and barrack or transport afforded upon the pay of a lieutenant of the line in the days of George II. “England,” says honest *Harry Coverdale*, “expects

every man to do his duty, and occasionally recompenses him for it with honourable starvation." And such was indeed a subaltern's pay in 1757.

In their new mode of existence all seclusion was destroyed ; and amid the whirl of a military life, the hurry of embarkation for foreign service, and in the narrow recess allotted to her in the transport, odious by the odour of tar, tobacco, and bilge water, poor Mary sighed for the hum of the summer bee, and for the free, pure breeze that waved the heather bells in Glencoe, or for her husband's once happy home in Glenarrow, roofless and ruined now, as the flames and the devastators of the ducal butcher had left it.

"We have lost all, Mary," said Roderick, bitterly, as one evening she sat on deck, nestled in his plaid, and whispering of these things and of other times ; "all but the name of our fathers have gone to the Campbells of Breadalbane, for they have become the lords of all."

"But a time shall come, Roderick, when these usurpations and another still greater shall end, and then the Clan Donald, the MacGregors, the MacIntyres of Glen O, and the race of MacVicar, like the King, shall enjoy their own again."

"Mhari, laoghe mo chri—Mary, calf of my heart," replied the husband, folding her, with a smile, to his breast ; "but this will never be——"

"Until the *fatal plaid* floats down Loch Fyne," she added, with a smile.

There is a Highland prophecy, that a time is coming when a plaid of many colours shall float down Loch Fyne from the Ara to the Firth of Clyde, and then the eagles from a thousand hills shall assemble, and each take therefrom a piece of his own colour ;

and this is to be the day of general restoration by the Campbells of all of which they have dispossessed the clans of the west.

Under Colonel Francis Grant of Grant (afterwards a lieutenant-general) the regiment landed in America, where the peculiar garb of the Highlanders astonished the Indians, who, during the march to Albany, "flocked from all quarters to see these strangers, who they believed were of the same extraction as themselves, and therefore received as brothers;" for the long hunting-shirt of the Indians resembled the kilt, as their moccasins did the gartered hose, their striped blanket the shoulder plaid, and they too had round shields and knives, like the target and dirk of the Celt; hence, according to General Stewart, "the Indians were delighted to see a European regiment in a costume so similar to their own."

At this period our officers wore a narrow gold braiding round their jackets, but all epaulettes and lace had been laid aside to render them less conspicuous to the Canadian riflemen. The sergeants laced their coats with silver, and still carried the terrible *tuagh* or Lochaber axe, the head of which was fitted for hooking, hewing, or spearing an enemy.

After remaining in quarters at Albany for some months, during the winter and spring of 1757, the Black Watch were exercised in bush-fighting and sharpshooting; and amid the dense copsewood or jungle which covered the western margin of the Hudson, on the rugged, stern, and sterile banks of the Mohawk, among woods of stunted pine, dwarf shrubs, and sedge grass, they soon revived the skill they had attained as hardy hunters, deerstalkers, and deadly shots on their native hills; but when they fairly took

the field, their ardour and impatience often lured them within the fire of the more wary and cunning Indians who served the Marquis of Montcalm.

So expert, brave, and active did the soldiers of the Black Watch prove themselves in skirmishing, that when, in the beginning of summer, a plan was formed to reduce Louisbourg, and they joined the army destined for that purpose under Major-General Abercrombie, a detachment of fifty chosen men, under the orders of MacGillivray of Glenarow, departed to reinforce the little garrison in Fort William Henry, on the southern bank of the beautiful Lake George, a sheet of clear water, which is thirty-three miles long and two miles broad, and which, on its northern quarter, near Ticonderoga (that place of fatal memory to the Royal Highlanders), discharges itself into Lake Champlain. It is surrounded by high mountains of the most romantic beauty.

Here, then, lay a garrison of nearly three thousand British soldiers, commanded by Colonel Munro, a veteran Highland officer of great courage and experience, who had for some time successfully protected the frontier of the English colonies, and by his cannon covered the waters of the lake, the double purpose for which the fort had been built. Before the departure of MacGillivray, a serious *malheur* had occurred near this place.

Munro having heard that the French advanced guard, composed of regulars and Indians, had reached Ticonderoga, sent Colonel John Parker, with four hundred soldiers, down the lake in bay-boats to beat up their quarters; but three of his boat crews being captured, his design became known to M. Beauchatel, the officer in command. Parker was lured into an ambush, and the most dreadful scene of massacre and

scalping ensued. His detachment was literally cut to pieces, only two officers and seventy privates escaping, of the four hundred who left the garrison of Munro.

It was on a beautiful evening when MacGillivray's party of Highlanders, marching from the mountains that look down on Lake Champlain, came suddenly in view of Lake George. They had their muskets slung, and were encumbered by their knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, and blankets, and the live-long day had toiled to reach the fort ere night fell; for to halt in that woody district, teeming as it was with the savage Iroquois of Montcalm, would have been a measure fraught with danger and death. MacGillivray came in rear of his little band, leading by the bridle a stout pony, on the pad of which his wife was mounted, for she was ever the object of his tenderest solicitude. This pony was a sturdy little nag, but the long march from Albany had somewhat impaired its vigour, and now it was beginning to fail when almost at the end of the journey.

With the detachment of MacGillivray were two of his comrades in the late civil war, Alaster MacGregor, from Glengyle, and Ewen Chisholm, one of the faithful men of Glenmorriston, who guarded the Prince in the Coire-gaath.

The sun was setting, and his gorgeous disc seemed for a time to linger among clouds of saffron, crimson, and purple, that were piled in glowing masses above the wooded hills, some of which were a thousand feet in height, and surrounded the waters and islets of Lake George—named by the Indians of old the Horican, and by the Pilgrim Fathers the Lake of the Sacrament; for, charmed by the limpid purity of the water and the sylvan beauty of the scenery, it had been selected, especially by the Jesuits, as a place for

procuring the element of baptism. But now for the old Indian name had been substituted that of his Majesty George II. ; while, to awe the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Tuscaroras, and to keep the French in check, Fort William Henry—named after another prince of the House of Brunswick—had been built, as related, upon the southern margin of the lake.

Like all American forts, it was formed with earthen ramparts, covered by rich green turf, and defended by tall stockades of dry white timber. Within were seen the shingle-covered roofs of the low barrack buildings, tarred and painted black, and all glistening in the sunshine. Two of the lower bastions were faced with stone and washed by the azure water of Lake George, while a deep fosse secured the fort on the landward, and dangerous morasses protected its flanks. Beyond lay a cleared space, where the timber of the old primeval forest had been cut down for garrison purposes. The bayonets of the sentinels flashed like stars on the green ramparts ever and anon, while some thirty or forty lines of steady horizontal light marked where the setting sun shone on the iron guns that peered through the embrasures, or frowned *en barbette* above the slope of the parapets.

The gaudy Union Jack hung unwaved upon its staff. As evening closed in, masses of vapour ascended from the bosom of the deep blue water, and wreathed like white and golden scarfs about the summits of the mountains, whose tops were mellowed in the distance, and those rocky bluffs that start forward from the wooded slopes, as if to break the harmony of the scenery by a few darker and bolder features. As the last vestige of the sun sank, and its rays alone remained to play upon the clouds above and the ripples of the Horican below, the boom of the evening gun

was heard pealing through the wilderness with a hundred solemn reverberations; and as the flag descended from its staff on the fort, a sound on the soft and ambient air came floating up the mountain-side.

"The drummers are beating the evening *retreat*, Mary," said MacGillivray to his wife, who was looking pale and weary; "in half-an-hour we shall be with old Munro."

"Yonder fort is like some place I have seen before," said she, pressing her husband's hand.

"Aye, Lady Glenarrow," responded Ewen Chisholm, coming close with the easy familiarity of a Highlander—a familiarity that is destitute of all assurance; "you are thinking of Fort George, for there are the same palisades and the same fashion of ramparts washed by the waves of the Moray Firth; but oich! oich! we miss green Ard-na-saor."

"And the Black Isle, and the Chanonry-ness, Ewen," added MacGillivray.

"Yes, yes," said Mary, thoughtfully, to the soldiers in their own language; "the land is beautiful; but it is not *home*. Then what is it to us?"

"Yet," said Ewen, "here is a badge for your bonnet, MacGillivray, and, though of American growth, you cannot despise it."

"Thanks, Ewen," said the officer, with a kindling eye, as he placed the gift in his bonnet.

It was a sprig of the red whortleberry, the *badge* of those of his name in Scotland, where they are styled the *Clann Gillibhreac*, "or the Sons of the Freckled Man."

The elm, the ash, the cypress, the chesnut, the pine, and the beech, all mingled their varied foliage above the narrow track or Indian trail the soldiers

were pursuing, while a thousand flowers and shrubs, to them unknown, flourished in all the rich luxuriance of this new world into which they were penetrating, and the musk-rat, the racoon, and the fox scampered before them from tree to tree as they proceeded.

"Hark!" exclaimed Alaster MacGregor, a wary old forester, "something on two feet stirs in the bush!"

"Dioul! and see, Alaster, the objects are close enough," added the officer.

At a part of the wood where it became more open by the trees having been cut away, and where the ground shelved abruptly down to the depth of eighty or a hundred feet, they suddenly came in view of two Indians gliding stealthily from stem to stem, as if seeking to elude observation. Their wild and horrid aspect caused the timid wife of MacGillivray to utter a faint cry of terror, while the whole detachment halted simultaneously to observe them, and began instinctively to handle their muskets.

"They are Iroquois," whispered MacGillivray to his sergeant; "I was told that Montcalm had filled all the woods around Lake George with the cursed tribes of that race."

"One of them is carrying something," replied the sergeant, as he shored away by his Lochaber axe a magnificent azalea, the flowers and foliage of which obscured his view.

"It is a child—a poor little child," exclaimed Mary, piteously. "Listen to its cry of despair!"

"The child of a white man, by Heaven!" added MacGillivray. "Come hither you that are the best shots, and bring yonder rascals down; but fire one at a time, lest we needlessly alarm the fort, or,

what is worse, bring all the tribes of the Iroquois upon us."

Both these savages were nearly nude. Their skins had the deep and tawny red of their race, but were streaked with war paint. One was daubed over red and blue, and the other who bore the child was striped with white lines, and these glaring upon a background so sombre, gave him the horrible aspect of a walking skeleton. Their heads were closely shaved, or by some other process divested of all hair, save the scalp-lock, in which was tied a tuft of eagles' feathers. Each had the terrible tomahawk and scalping-knife glittering at his gay wampum girdle, and each bore a French musket ornamented with brass rings. One wore over his shoulder the fur of a wild animal; the other had nothing across his bare, brawny chest but the buff belt of a cartridge-box. By their weapons they were at once known to be allies of the Marquis de Montcalm, who with a policy, alike dangerous and ungenerous, had armed the six nations of the Iroquois against the British.

On finding themselves perceived, the savages uttered a wild laugh of derision, and the skeleton—he who bore the child, a poor little boy of some three or four years—waved him thrice round his head, as if with the intention of dashing out his brains against a tree; then, suddenly seeming to change his mind, he deliberately deposited him on the ground, and grasping a handful of the boy's golden hair in his brown fingers, drew his scalping-knife from the tail-piece of a musk-rat, the skin of which formed his hunting-pouch: but now a wild cry of entreaty from Mary MacGillivray made him pause.

"Ewen Chisholm—Alaster, shoot—shoot, at all hazards!" exclaimed her husband.

Ewen knelt down, took a deliberate aim, and then paused, for the Iroquois was also on his knees, and had artfully interposed the child between his person and the soldiers.

"Fire, Ewen, I command you ; fire at all hazards !" reiterated MacGillivray, impetuously ; "'tis better for the poor child to die by a bullet than by an Indian's knife—a poisoned one, perhaps."

The Iroquois raised his arm for the purpose of giving the knife one vigorous sweep round the scalp of the child, who was frozen with fear ; but at that moment Ewen fired. The ball pierced the red skin near the shoulder ; with a yell of rage he dropped his weapon, and plunging into the woods disappeared. A shot from the musket of Alaster MacGregor brought down his companion, who though one of his legs was broken, endeavoured to crawl away, but was overtaken by the soldiers, and roughly dragged up the slope to the forest path. The rescued child clung to his preservers, and to the neck of Mary MacGillivray, who placed him on her saddle-bow, and with that motherly tenderness and those caresses which come so naturally from a kind and amiable woman, endeavoured to calm the terrors his late adventure had excited.

With a sudden glare of defiance, the wounded Iroquois surveyed those captors at whose hands he expected immediate immolation.

Several bayonets were directed against him, and more than one musket was clubbed butt-end uppermost to close his career, when Mary interposed and begged that his life might be spared, on which the Highlanders drew back. The glittering eyes of the

Iroquois were fixed upon her, and though he knew not the language in which she spoke, he was aware that to her intercession he owed his life, and smiled ; for, Indian like, he despised the manhood of men who could be swayed by a woman. Thus he evinced neither surprise nor gratitude, nor even pain, though his wounded limb bled freely, and must have occasioned him exquisite torment. By Mary's desire the limb was bound up, and in a few minutes the astonished savage found himself placed across four muskets, and borne towards the fort, which was now little more than a quarter of a mile distant. From time to time he glanced keenly and sharply into the adjacent thickets, as if expecting a rescue, but none appeared ; and on finding himself clear of the forest he doubtless gave himself up for lost.

"We are close to the gates," said MacGillivray to the piper ; "play up, Alisdair Bane."

"Bodoich n' m briogois?" suggested the piper, assuming his drones.

The officer assented, and soon the far-stretching dingles of American forest were ringing to the stirring notes of Lord Breadalbane's march, while the tones of the instrument seemed to astonish and excite the terror of the Indian, in front of whom the piper was strutting with that lofty port peculiar to his profession. Considering this to be probably a prelude to his being scalped and slain, the Iroquois smiled disdainfully, remembered that he was a warrior, and relapsed into his previous state of apathetic indifference, resolved that in the death of torment for which he doubted not he was reserved, to perish with the phlegmatic coolness and iron resolution of his race.

These Iroquois were a confederation of tribes, who supported each other in battle in a manner not unlike

the sixteen confederated clans known in Scotland as the Clan Chattan. The chief of the Iroquois were the Mohawks, who resided on the Mohawk River and the banks of those lakes which still bear their name, and from thence they extended their conquests beyond the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, subduing the Eries, the Hurons, the Ottawas and five other tribes, till they became the terror of their enemies by their ferocity and valour; but even these were forced to yield at last to British rule.*

The report of the musket-shots had reached the fort, where the main guard and a strong inlying piquet were under arms when the Highlanders marched in. They were received by their countryman Colonel Munro, who, to his astonishment and joy, discovered in the little fellow who nestled in the arms of the mounted lady, his own son and only child Eachin (or Hector), who had been abstracted—but how, none could tell—from the gate of the fort by some of the lurking Indians.

The colonel was a brave and veteran officer, who had recently been deprived, by death, of a young wife. She had left him this little boy, and the heart of the soldier was filled with lively gratitude for the rescue of one whom he prized more than life. After pouring out his thanks to MacGillivray, he turned sternly towards the Iroquois. A sudden glow of anger for the narrow escape of the child made him unsheath his sword, with the intention of passing it through the heart of the Indian, to destroy him, as

* In the Army List of the 15th September, 1816, will be found among *officers* having the local rank of *Major* in Canada, "John Norton, *alias* Teyoninhakawaren, Captain and leader of the Indians of the Five Nations."

one might slay a reptile or wild animal ; but again Mary interposed, saying,—

“ For my sake, spare him, Colonel Munro.”

“ I cannot refuse you anything, madam,” replied the old soldier, courteously, lowering the point of his sword ; “ and I would that you had something of greater value to ask of me than the life of a wretched Iroquois ; but it shall be spared—ay, and his wound shall be dressed, if such is your wish.”

“ Thanks, dear colonel.”

“ But, bear in mind, madam,” continued Munro, pressing his little boy close to his breast, “ that were the case reversed and we at the mercy of the Iroquois, even as this tawny villain is at ours, we should be stripped, bound to trees, and put to death by such torments as devils alone could devise. And now, MacGillivray, though doubtless weary with your long march, ere you refresh, tell me (for here amid the wilds of the Horican, we hear nothing but the whoop of the wild Iroquois, the yells of the Mohawks, and, now and then, a rattle of musketry) what news of the war ?”

“ The Earl of Loudon has marched to besiege Louisbourg !”

“ And delayed his attack upon Crown Point ?”

“ Yes.”

“ I expected so much. Since the capture of Oswego, the French have remained masters of the lakes, and collecting the Indians, force or lure them, like the Iroquois, to serve King Louis, and thus all our settlements on the Mohawk River and the German Flats have been destroyed and the land laid as waste and desolate as—”

“ The Braes of Lochaber after Culloden,” said Mac Gillivray, with a louring eye.

"While here with red coats on us, let us think no more of Culloden," replied Munro in a low voice. "But what news of Montcalm? Our scouts assert he is moving up this way to besiege me."

"At Abercrombie's head-quarters, all say that, elated by recent advantages, Louis de St. Veran, and his second in command, the Baron de Beauchatel, are desirous of attempting something great."

"And that something—"

"Will be the destruction of Fort William Henry, as it covers the frontiers and commands Lake George."

"But does the commander-in-chief expect that I, with only three thousand regulars, will be able to withstand the whole French army?" asked Munro, with a stern and anxious whisper.

"No—General Webb—"

"Old Dan Webb of the 48th?"

"With a column of infantry, was to leave headquarters a day or two after us to succour you, and Fort Edward is to be the base of his operations. Meanwhile, I with my fifty Highland marksmen, pushed on as a species of *avant-garde*."

"Then both Webb and Montcalm are *en route* for this locality?"

"'Tis a race, and he who wins may win Fort William Henry."

"In three days a great game shall have been played here, perhaps," said Munro, thoughtfully; "but to God and our own valour we must commit the event; and now, madam, a hundred pardons for leaving you here so long," he added, bowing to Mary, and with that old air of Scoto-French gallantry which Scott has so well portrayed in his "Baron of Brad-

wardine," he drew the glove from his right hand, and raised his little triangular hat ; " permit me to lead you to my quarters until your own are prepared, and we shall have a cheerful evening's chat about poor old Scotland, and the homes we may never see again. When I first heard the sound of your pipe rising up from the dingles of yonder forest, and saw the tartans waving as your Highlanders marched up the gate, I cannot describe the emotions that filled my heart. The thoughts of home and other times came thronging thick and fast upon my memory—kinsmen and friends, father, mother, and wife—voices and faces of years long passed away, of the loved, the lost, and the dead, were there with the memory of *all* that the voice of the war-pipe rouses in the heart of an exiled Scotsman ; but enough of this ! And now, to you, madam, and to you, MacGillivray, as we say in the land of hills and eagles, a hundred thousand welcomes to Fort William Henry ! "

The wounded Iroquois was consigned to the temporary hospital of the fort ; the newly arrived Highlanders were " told off " (as the phrase is) to their quarters, and in one hour after, when the last roll of the drum at the tattoo had died away, and when the rising moon shone over the wooded mountains on the clear glassy water and green islets of Lake George, all was still in Fort William Henry, and nothing seemed moving but the bayonets flashing back the rays of silver on their tips, as the muffled sentinels trod to and fro upon the palisadoed ramparts.

The fatigue of her journey northwards from Albany to Lake George had proved too much for the delicate wife of MacGillivray, as at this time she was on the eve of adding a little stranger to the number of the

garrison, and thus the solicitude of her husband for her health and safety, in a crowded fort, prepared for a desperate siege, and situated in a wild district, now swarming with hostile Indians, became at times alike deep and painful. The issue of the coming strife, none could foretell, and Roderick knew that if aught fatal happened to him, Mary and her babe—the babe he might not be spared to see—would be alone, in this far world of the west, exposed to penury, to perils and horrors, which his mind could neither contemplate nor conceive.

The first and second day after their arrival passed without any alarm.

On the third, Mary visited the wounded Indian, and gave him some little comforts prepared by her own hands. His limb had been simply fractured, and the wound, which was not so severe as had been at first supposed, was now healing rapidly. He received her with a bright smile of recognition—perhaps of gratitude, for he remembered that she had twice saved his life—first from the bayonets of the Highlanders, and secondly from the sword of Colonel Munro. His features were rather regular and handsome, and save for their deep tawny tint and strong lines, not unlike those of many Europeans. He received her presents, and then relapsed into moody and sullen silence; but Mary, whose tender nature felt pity for the poor Indian who was deemed and treated little better than a dog by those around him, had learned some of the native language from an old Ottawa woman who had acted as her servant in Albany; and now she made an effort to address the savage in that singular mixture of Canadian-French, English, and Indian, which formed the usual medium of communication with the natives. She asked his name.

"Orono," he replied in a husky voice, while his eyes brightened, and a red deeper even than the war-paint and the glass beads he wore, spread under his tawny skin.

"And he who accompanied you?"

"Ossong, a Mohawk warrior, and a brave one! Before the door of his wigwam a hundred scalps of the Yengees are drying in the wind."

Mary uttered a faint exclamation of horror, but the savage smiled, and said—

"Are no men ever killed in your country?"

"And what meant you to do with the child?"

The stealthy and cunning eyes of Orono lowered for a moment; then, as a gleam of unutterable ferocity spread over his striped visage, he answered—

"To have kept him till we could get the grey scalp of the white chief his father."

"And then——"

"We would have given him to an old pawaw, as a son, to replace one slain by the white chief two moons ago; but I will pardon him all wrong for the sake of you, the pale-face who have been so kind to me."

As he said this the Indian took the tiny white hand of Mary in his strong brown muscular fingers, and attempted to place it on his bare head near the scalp-lock, in token of amity and future service; but she shrank back in terror and with a repugnance which she could not repress, and once more the malevolent gleam which always filled her with dread, shone in the glittering eyes of the Red Indian.

"Have you a wife, Orono?" she asked, to conciliate him.

"Orono *had* a wife," replied the Indian, sadly; "a girl of the Oneidas, and he had two little children for whom she boiled the rice and maize, and wove bright

belts of wampum. Orono had a mother too, who shared his wigwam by the sunny bank of the Hori-can ; but three moons ago the red warriors came, his wigwam was burned, his cattle taken, the trees were cut down, and the mother, the squaw, and the children of Orono were all destroyed, as we would destroy the big snakes in the reeds or the otter in the swamps. And they slew his father—an aged warrior, a man of many moons, and many, many days, who remembered when first the great fire-spouting canoes of the Yengees, with their huge white sails, came over the salt lake from beyond the rising sun ; but they slew him also—all, all ! Father, mother, squaw, and papoose—cattle and dog ; nothing was left but a little heap of cinders to mark where the wigwam stood : all were gone, like the flowers of last summer—gone to the happy hunting grounds of the Iroquois,” he added, pointing westward.

“And poor Orono is left quite alone !” said Mary, patting his shoulder kindly, for the story of the Indian impressed her by its resemblance to the fate of her own family in Glencoe, and to many an episode of murder and outrage after Cullo-den ; “alone,” she added, “in this great selfish world !”

“To revenge them ; and for this I have trod on the pipe of peace and dug up the war-hatchet !” he replied in a voice like the hiss of a snake, while his eyes glared like two red carbuncles in the dusk of the evening, as Mary retired in dismay.

Ere the night was finally set in her tender sympathies for her new friend received a severe shock. To her husband, who had just returned from a reconnoitring expedition, she was relating her interview with Orono, when the sharp report of two muskets echoed among

the logwood edifices which formed the barracks of the fort. Mary grew deadly pale, and clung to Roderick.

"The French!" was his first thought, as he broke away, snatched his claymore, and hurried to the barrack-square, where he heard that a soldier of the Royal American Regiment had been assassinated.

Orono the Indian had abstracted a knife from the basket of his late unsuspecting visitor, and springing unseen upon the sentinel at the hospital door had slain him, swept the blade once round his head above the ears, and torn away his scalp. Then though weak and wounded, with his knife in one hand, and the ghastly trophy reeking in the other, he had bounded over the palisades like an evil spirit, glided through the wet ditch like an eel, and, escaping the musket-shots of two sentinels on the summit of the glacis, reached the darkening forest, where all trace of him was instantly lost in the thickness of the foliage and the gloom of a moonless evening.

"And so, dear Mary, with this terrible episode closes your little romance," said MacGillivray, with a kind smile, as he put an arm round her.

"I devoutly hope so," said she, shuddering, and feeling, she knew not why, a horrible impression that she would yet see more of this Indian, whose lithe but herculean form, sternly sombre face, glittering eyes, and scalp-lock were ever before her.

"The black traitor, to reward our kindness thus! 'Tis a thousand pities, dearest, you saved him from our men on the march, and from old Munro's sword in the fort; for these wretches are no better than wild beasts. Thus it matters little whether we kill them now or a month hence."

"Oh, Roderick !" exclaimed Mary, with her hazel eyes full of tears ; " how can *you* talk thus ?"

" Why ?"

" For so said King William's warrant to massacre my people in Glencoe ; and so said that order which was written on the night before Culloden."

" True, true ; the poor Indian only fights for the land God gave his fathers, even as ours, Mary, was given to the children of the Gael," replied Roderick, as the usual current of his bitter thoughts returned ; " and a time there was Mary (God keep thee from harm !) when I little thought to find myself so far from my father's grave, wearing the black cockade of the Hanoverian in my bonnet, and the red uniform of those men who trampled on the white rose at Culloden, and murdered the aged men, the women, and the little ones of your race, under cloud of night, at the behest of a bloodthirsty Dutchman !"

" Still speaking of Glencoe and Culloden !" said Colonel Munro, joining them, as they sat on the bastion, at the base of which rippled the waters of Lake George, then flushed red with the last light of sunset.

" Yes, Munro ; I am thinking of the time when the kilt alone was seen upon the Highland mountains, and when the breeches of the Lowlander—the *brat-galla* (i.e. foreigner's rag)—were unknown among us."

" Let us have no more of these sour memories, and if my fair friend will favour me with that song which she sang to my little boy last evening, it may lighten the tedium of a time which to me, after being caged up here for six months, seems insufferably weary."

Mary coloured, and glanced round timidly, for

several officers of the garrison who had been lounging on the parapets drew near, and she knew few songs save those of her native hills, and consequently they were in a language totally unintelligible to the gentlemen of the Royal Americans and Parker's Foot ; but on being pressed by the colonel and his little one, who nestled at her feet, she sang the only English song with which she was acquainted. It was a paraphrase of one of the psalms,* and was then a favourite with the Jacobites, who sang it to a beautiful and plaintive old Highland air.

On Gallia's shore we sat and wept,
When Scotland we thought on,
Robbed of her bravest sons, and all
Her ancient spirit gone !

"Revenge !" the sons of Gallia said,
"Revenge your wasted land ;
Already your insulting foes
Crowd the Batavian strand !

"How shall the sons of Freedom e'er
For foreign conquest fight ?
For power how wield the sword, deprived
Of liberty and right ?

"If thee, O Scotland ! we forget,
Even to our latest breath,
May foul dishonour stain our name,
And bring a coward's death.

"May sad remorse for fancied guilt
Our future days employ,
If all thy sacred rights are not
Above our chiefest joy.

* Psalm cxxxvii.

“ And thou, proud Gaul, O faithless friend,
Thy ruin is not far;
May God, on thy devoted head,
Pour all the woes of war !

“ When thou, thy slaughtered little ones,
And outraged dames shalt see;
Such help, such pity mayest thou have,
As Scotland had from thee !”

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As Mary sang, many loiterers of the Black Watch had joined the little group around her, and listened as if turned to stone. The veteran colonel of the Royal Americans, who had been long, long from the land of his birth, felt his grave iron nature melted. He sat on the parapet of the gun-battery, with his chin placed in his right hand, and his left nervously grasping the hilt of his sword. His keen grey eyes, which roved uneasily from one object to another, began at last to moisten and fill, and then tears ran down the furrows of his cheeks—old dry channels worn by war and time, but all unused to such visitors.

The *air* rather than the words moved MacGillivray and his soldiers who listened. Their heads were bowed and their eyes were sad, for their hearts and souls, their memory and their love, were far away—away to the land where, at that hour, the silver moon was casting the shadows of the heath-clad mountains on the grassy glens below ; away to the Braes of Lochaber, the shores of Lochiel, and the deep blue lochs that form a chain of watery links in the great glen of Caledonia ; away to the land of the clans, the soil from whence their fathers sprang, and where their graves lay under the old sepulchral yew, or by

the Druid clachan of ages past and gone ; away from the lone woods and mighty wilds of that Far West, which in the next century was to become the home of their children, where the expatriated men of Sutherland, Barra, and Breadalbane were to find a refuge from the avaricious dukes, the canting marquises, and grinding factors of the Western Highlands, and from their infamous system of modern oppression, tyranny, and misrule, which has decreed that the poor have no right to the soil of their native country.

All were hushed and still in the group as the Highland girl sang—for, though a wedded wife, and on the eve of being a mother, Mary was but a girl yet—when hark ! the report of a musket on the outer bastion broke the stillness of the evening hour, and an officer of the main-guard rushed, sword in hand, towards the startled listeners.

“Munro,” he exclaimed ; “Colonel Munro—a column of French are in sight, and already within range of cannon-shot.”

“So close, Captain Dacres ?”

“And in great strength,” added the officer.

“And the Indians—those diabolical Iroquois ?”

“Fill the woods on every side—they are already at the foot of the glacis. Hark !” continued Captain Dacres, as a confused volley was heard, “the main-guard are opening a fire on their advanced files.”

The colonel kissed his child, and with an impressive glance consigned it to the care of Mary.

“Fall in, Sixtieth !” he exclaimed, rushing into the barracks, where the alarm was now general. “Mac-Gillivray, get your lads of the Black Watch under arms, and let them pick me off those brown devils as fast as they can load and fire again. Gentlemen, to your companies ; we shall have grim work to do

before another sun sets on the waters of the Horican."

In ten minutes the troops in the little garrison were all under arms, for the men came rushing, cross-belted, to their colours, while the log huts echoed again and again to the long roll of the alarm drum—that peculiar roll, which, when heard in camp or garrison, makes the blood of all quicken, as it is the well-known warning "to arms;" and now the pipes of Alisdair Bane (a pupil of Murrich Dhu, or Black Murdoch MacInnon, the old piper of Glenarow) lent their pibroch to swell the warlike din, while the troops loaded, and fresh casks of ball-cartridge were staved and distributed by the sergeants in rear of each company.

The artillerymen stood by their guns, with rammer, sponge, and lighted matches; the battalions of the Royal Americans and of the unfortunate Colonel Parker, a corps of Provincials, and the fifty Celts of the Black Watch, soon manned the ramparts, from whence, in the dim twilight of eve, the white uniforms of the regiments of Bearn, Guienne, and Languedoc, who formed the flower of Montcalm's army, and the bronze-like figures of the gliding Iroquois, who formed the scourge of ours, were seen at times between the green masses of foliage that fringed the calm, deep waters of Lake George, which lay motionless as a vast mirror of polished steel.

"Away to the bomb-proofs, Mary; this is no scene for you," said MacGillivray, giving his weeping and terrified wife a tender embrace; "the vaults are your only place of safety. Would to God," he added, giving her a farewell kiss, "that you were safe at home, laoghe mo chri, even with the humblest of our cottars in Glenarow. The thought of you alone

causes my heart to fail, and makes a coward of me, Mary. Alaster MacGregor, conduct her to the bomb-proofs, and join us again."

The soldier led her to the vaults in which the whole of the women and children of the garrison were enclosed for safety from shot and shell, and where they nestled together in fear and trembling, preparing lint and bandages for the wounded; and scarcely had Alaster rejoined his commander, when a red flash and a stream of white smoke came from the darkening wood, and the first cannon of the French sent a sixteen-pound shot crashing through the log barracks and slew a captain of the Royal Americans.

Then a hearty hurrah of defiance rose from the garrison of Munro, and the fiendish yells and war-whooping of the Iroquois were heard in the echoing woods.

MacGillivray envied the lightness of heart possessed at this crisis by his unmarried comrades, who had neither wife nor child to excite their anxiety, compassion, or fear—men who, careless and soldier like, seemed to live for the present, without regret for the past or dread of the future; but such is the life of a soldier, while as we have it in "Don Juan"—

"Nought so bothers
The hearts of the heroic in a charge,
As leaving a small family at large."

At the head of all the forces he could collect, ten thousand regular infantry of France, and hordes of the wild Iroquois, Louis de St. Veran, Marquis of Montcalm, and his second in command, the Baron de Beauchatel, Chevalier of St. Louis, now invested Fort William Henry, and pushed the siege with a vigour

that was all the greater because General Webb, with four thousand British troops, was posted at some distance, for the purpose of protecting Munro's garrison, a duty about which he did not give himself the smallest concern whatever.

Before daybreak next morning, the French artillery opened heavily on the turf ramparts, the wooden palisades and log huts of the fort; while a fire of musketry was maintained upon it from every available point, and the Indian marksmen, from behind every tree, rock, and bush, or tuft of sedge-grass that afforded an opportunity for concealing their dingy forms, shot with deadly precision at the officers, and all who in any way exposed or signalized themselves. Munro and his soldiers fought with ardour, and defended themselves with confidence, never doubting that General Webb would soon advance to their support, and by a brisk attack in the rear, compel the marquis to abandon the siege. From their gun-batteries and stockades, they maintained an unceasing fire, and thus the slaughter on both sides became desperate and severe.

In the gloomy vault to which the humanity and prudence of Colonel Munro had consigned the women and children of his garrison, the timid wife of Mac Gillivray could hear the roar of musketry, with the incessant booming of the heavy artillery on every side, and ever and anon the hiss or crash of the exploding shells. These and other dreadful sounds paralysed her; for she had but one thought—the safety of her husband; and appalled by the united horrors of the siege, she almost forgot to pray, and sat with her arms round the child of Munro, pale, sad, and silent—awed and bewildered.

Meanwhile Roderick, with his party of the Black

Watch, proved invaluable to Munro. As the dispatch of the latter has it, "Being all expert marksmen and deadly shots, they manned a line of loopholed stockades, which faced a wood full of the Iroquois, of whom they slew an incredible number ; for if the foot or hand, or even the scalp lock of a warrior became visible for a moment to these quicksighted deerstalkers from the Highland hills, it revealed where the rest of his body could be covered by their levelled barrels ; thus there were soon more dead than living warriors in the bush where the braves of the Five Nations had posted themselves, and the yells and screams of rage uttered by the survivors in their anticipations of vengeance, were like nothing one could imagine but the cries of the damned."

Among the savages who swarmed thick as bees upon the skirts of the forest, MacGillivray repeatedly recognised the ghastly warrior Ossong, who was painted over with white stripes ; and his comrade Orono, who had so recently made an escape from the fort, and who was conspicuous alike by his bravery and the tuft of eagle's feathers in his scalp-lock.

MacGillivray relinquished his claymore for a musket, and, as Munro said, "Knocked over more Red Indians in an hour, than he could have done red deer in a week, at home."

On the second day, just as the firing was about to re-commence, a French officer, bearing a flag of truce, and accompanied by a drummer beating a parley, appeared before the gates, and was received by Mac Gillivray, who conducted him, blindfolded by a handkerchief, to the presence of Munro. He was a tall and handsome man, about forty years of age, and wore the white uniform of the Grenadiers of Guienne,

with the order of St. Louis, and had a white flowing peruke, *à la Louis XV.*

"Your name, monsieur?" said Munro, bowing low.

"The Sieur Fontbrune, Baron of Beauchatel," replied he, bowing to the diamond buckles at his knees, and then presenting his box of rappee.

"Indeed—the second in command to the Marquis of Montcalm!"

"The same, and Colonel of the Regiment of Guienne."

"We are greatly honoured."

"Nay," responded the courteous French noble, "the honour is mine in having the privilege of conferring with an officer of such valour as M. le Colonel Munro."

"And your purpose?" asked the latter, drily.

"The delivery of this letter."

In presence of the senior officers of his garrison, Munro opened and read this communication from the French marquis, in which the latter wrote, that he deemed himself obliged by the common dictates of humanity to request that M. le Colonel Munro would surrender the fort, and cease, by a futile resistance, to provoke the savage Iroquois, who accompanied the French army in such vast and unmanageable hordes.

"A detachment of your garrison, under Colonel Parker, has lately (he continued) experienced their cruelty. I have it yet in my power to restrain and oblige them to observe a capitulation, as comparatively few of them have been hitherto killed. Your persisting in the defence of your fort can only retard its fate a few days, and must of necessity expose an unfortunate

garrison, who cannot possibly receive relief, when we consider the *precautions* taken to prevent it. I demand a decisive answer; and for this purpose have sent the Sieur de Fontbrune, one of my staff. You may implicitly credit all that he tells you.

“MONTCALM.”

“I will never surrender while we have a shot left,” exclaimed Munro, furiously. “What say you, gentlemen?”

“That we and our soldiers will stand by you, Colonel, to the last gasp!” replied Captain Dacres.

“This, then, is your decision, messieurs?” said M. Beauchatel, playing with the ringlets of his peruke.

“It is—it is,” was the answer on all hands.

“A most unwise one, permit me to say,” urged the baron.

“To yield when General Webb is within less than one day’s march of us, would be a treason to the King and a disgrace to ourselves.”

The French baron smiled with provoking coolness, and said,

“General Webb beholds our preparations and approaches with an apparent indifference that originates either in infamous cowardice or miserable infatuation. In short, M. le Colonel, he has abandoned you.”

“M. le Baron,” replied Munro, with some heat, “General Webb is a British officer, and I have no doubt will fully maintain his reputation. If he has not already advanced to raise the siege, he must deem it better for the King’s service to remain in position

where he is ; but, ere long, you will hear his cannon opening on your rear."

"Pardieu, you delude yourself."

"I do not, M. le Baron, and you may inform the Marquis de Montcalm, that he had better have continued to amuse himself with mounting guard at Versailles and Marli, than by beating up our quarters here on the Canadian lakes."

"Oh, he and I have mounted guard at Mons and Tournay, at Lisle and Fontenoy, Colonel, where men don't play at soldiers, as here in America," replied the Frenchman, smiling ; "but adieu, mon ami—adieu."

"Farewell—MacGillivray, conduct M. le Baron beyond the gates."

So ended this parley, and in less than five minutes the din of cannon and musketry, with the warwhoop of the Indians, again rang along the echoing shores of the Horican, and once more the white smoke shrouded alike the defences and defenders of Fort William Henry.

The Baron de Beauchatel led the Regiment of Guienne close up to the stockades, which were lined by the fifty Highlanders of the Black Watch, and though exposed to a withering fire, he bravely and furiously strove to destroy the barrier by axes and sledge hammers. MacGillivray thrice covered the Baron with his deadly aim ; but, inspired by some mysterious emotion, the origin of which at that time he could not fathom, he spared him and levelled his weapon at others. Filled with rage by the resistance they experienced, the soldiers of the Regiment of Guienne encouraged each other by shouts of

"Vive le Roi ! Tue—tue les sauvages d'Ecosse ! à la baionette ! à la baionette !"

They soon fell into confusion; but the brave Beauchatel continued to brandish his sword and shout the *mot de ralliement* of his corps, for it was then usual in the French service to have a war-cry or regimental rallying-word.

"Notre Dame! Notre Dame de frappemort!" (Our holy Lady, who strikes home!) he was heard crying again and again; for the Virgin was the patroness of the Grenadiers of Guienne; but neither the spell of her name nor the fiery spirit of Beauchatel enabled the soldiers to withstand the fire of the Highlanders, whose position was impregnable; and on Captain Dacres' company of the 60th opening a flank fusilade upon them, they were swept back into the forest, leaving a mound of white-coated killed and wounded before the stockades they had so valiantly attempted to destroy.

Alaster MacGregor received a wound from a French soldier, who, on finding himself dying, crawled on his hands and knees close up to the stockade, and, with the last effort of expiring nature, fired his musket through a loophole and fell back dead.

"A brave fellow!" exclaimed MacGillivray.

"Yes," added Alaster, as the blood dripped from his left cheek: "but I wish he had departed this life five minutes sooner."

A third and fourth day of conflict passed away, and the loss by killed and wounded became severe in Fort William Henry; five hundred dead men were already lying within the narrow compass of its batteries; but still there was no sign of Webb's brigade advancing to the rescue. Munro began to have serious doubts of the issue, with secret regrets that he had not accepted the first offers of the Marquis de Montcalm, for the blood of the Iroquois was now at boiling heat,

in their longing to revenge the fall of so many of their braves, who, notwithstanding all their caution and cunning, had perished under the deadly aim of the Highland marksmen, and lay in dusky piles among the long wavy sedge grass and luxuriant foliage of the forest; but though he confined these thoughts to his own breast, his garrison began to have the same misgivings.

One day, telescope in hand, he was eagerly sweeping the distant landscape in the direction where it was known that General Webb was posted, when Dacres, of his own regiment, approached him. Not a bayonet or musket-barrel were seen to glitter, or a standard to wave in the hazy distance in token of coming aid, and he sharply closed the glass with a sigh and turned away; so Dacres addressed him.

"When smoking a pipe in the bomb-proofs this morning—by the bye, my dear colonel, I am always thoughtful during that operation—it occurred to me that General Webb——"

"Well, sir—well," said Munro, irritably.

"Remains very long in position without advancing to our relief."

"I am too well aware of that, sir."

"But what does such conduct mean?"

"God and himself alone know," replied Munro, while his keen grey eye flashed with passion; "he would seem to be in league with the enemy against us; ay, in league with Montcalm, and the words of Beauchatel seemed to infer some previous knowledge of his intentions, and hence perhaps the friendly warning about the Indians; but we have cast the die with them. If in the course of one day more Webb comes not to our aid——"

"By Heaven, I will pistol him with my own hand;

that is, if I survive this affair!" exclaimed MacGillivray, who joined them.

"Nay, sir," replied the colonel, "I shall claim that task, if task it be; but hark! there is a salvo."

A tremendous shock now shook the fort, as a camarade battery of ten 32-pounders commenced a discharge against it, and showers of destructive bombelles from small mortars were poured into the heart of the place. Many of these little engines of destruction bounded from the shingle roofs of the barracks and burst in the waters of the lake; others were exploding in all directions, with a sound like the roar of artillery, forcing the soldiers, who crept and cowered in rear of the parapets and palisades, to lie close, while the heavy *hum* of the round shot, with that peculiar sound which terminates its course by piercing the ground, or crashing through a building, and the sharper *whish* of the musket-balls, filled up all the intervals by noises fraught with alarm. The barracks and storehouses were soon unroofed and ruined, for the camarade battery proved very destructive; the stockades were soon swept away in showers of white splinters before its discharges, which resembled nothing but a whirlwind of shot and shell, while vast masses of the earthen works were also torn down, leaving the defenders exposed to the deadly rifles of the lurking Indians. The cannon of Munro were alike defective and dangerous to his soldiers; for two 18-pounders, two 32-pounders, and two 9-pounders burst in succession, destroying all who were near them, and at last the colonel received intimation that only seventeen bombs remained in the magazine.

On the *sixth* day, there was still no appearance of General Daniel Webb (who was Colonel of the 48th, or Northamptonshire Foot), though his column was

within hearing of the firing, being at Fort Edward, which was only six miles distant; and now the spirit of the garrison began to sink; but in that dejected band there was no heart more heavy than MacGillivray's, for the condition of his wife at such a terrible crisis filled him with the deepest anxiety and the most tender solicitude.

At last Munro, finding the futility of further resisting forces so overwhelming, and that all hope of succour from Webb was hopeless, on the 9th day of August, 1757, lowered his standard, and sent forth MacGillivray to the French camp, bearer of a flag of truce, to confer on the terms of a surrender.

Immediately on leaving the gates, he was received by the Baron de Beauchatel and a party of the Grenadiers of Guienne, who surrounded him with fixed bayonets, as a protection from the infuriated Iroquois, who crowded near in naked hordes, leaping, dancing, screaming like incarnate fiends, and brandishing their tomahawks, seeking only an opening in the close files of the French escort to slay, scalp, and hew him to pieces. Thus he was conducted to the tent of Louis Marquis de Montcalm de St. Veran, Maréchal du Camp, and Lieutenant-General of the Armies of His Most Christian Majesty in America. Before the tent were posted the colours of the Regiments of Bearn and Languedoc, and around it were a guard of grenadiers in white coats, with the long periwigs and smart little triangular hats of the French line. These received the flag of truce with presented arms, while the drums beat a march.

Montcalm, then in his forty-fifth year, came forth, and, presenting his hand to MacGillivray, conducted him within. Then followed several officers of the

staff whom, with M. de Beauchatel, he had invited to the conference.

"You perceive, now," said the baron, "that I proved a true prophet!"

"In what manner, monsieur?" asked MacGillivray.

"When I affirmed that M. le Général Webb would leave Munro to his own resources. Ma foi! but he is a brave fellow, Munro."

"M. le Marquis," said MacGillivray, with an air of hauteur, "I am here to stipulate that our garrison shall be permitted to march out with their arms——"

"Unloaded——"

"Be it so; but as Christian men you cannot refuse us arms in a land so wild as this; the officers to have their baggage, and the men their kits; that a detachment of French troops shall escort us to within two miles of the gates of Fort Edward, and that your interpreter attached to the savages will make this treaty known to the Iroquois."

"I gladly agree to these conditions," replied Montcalm, "though I fear the *latter portion* will be achieved with difficulty; for the comprehension of these Red Iroquois is not very clear, and they will despise me for burying the war-hatchet and smoking the pipe of peace, for permitting you to depart with your scalps on, and so forth; but they must be forced to understand and observe our treaty. For the space of eighteen months every officer and soldier now in Fort William Henry must not bear arms against the Most Christian King. M. le Colonel Munro must give me hostages for the safe return of my troops who are to form your escort; and say to him, that in testimony of my esteem for his valour and spirit as a soldier, I shall present him with one cannon, a

6-pounder, to be delivered at the moment the grenadiers of my own regiment receive the gates of the fort, and his troops are ready to depart."

"Our wounded and sick, of whom we have many——"

"I shall send under guard to General Webb at Fort Edward."

"Thanks, marquis."

The terms were soon drawn up and signed by the staff officers of both forces ; by Munro in the name of the British Commander-in-Chief, and by Montcalm in the name of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor-General, and Lieutenant-General of New France ; and after ably concluding this negotiation, so important for his comrades, MacGillivray returned to the fort just as the red round moon began to rise like a bloody targe above the eastern skirts of the forest, and to tinge with its quivering rays the placid waters of Lake George.

The first who received him at the gate was his "dear wee Mary," as he called her, trembling and in tears for his safety. During the whole time of his visit to the camp of Montcalm, the yelling and whooping of the Indians had filled the fort and the woods with horrid sounds.

The next day passed before Munro had all prepared to leave the shattered ramparts he had defended so well.

It was on a gorgeous August evening when his war-worn and weary garrison paraded, prior to their final departure. The western clouds, as they floated across the sky, were tinged with violet and saffron hues. The forest and the grass wore their most brilliant green, and Lake George its deepest blue. The large golden butter-cups that spotted all the verdant glacia

of the ramparts, within which so many brave men were lying stark and stiffened in their blood, and the bright-coloured wildflowers that grew amid the waters of the fosse and by the margin of the lake which filled it, were unclosing their petals to catch the coming dew, and wore their gayest tints.

The whole aspect of the scenery, and of the soft balmy evening, were little in accordance with the horrors that were passed, and those which were soon to ensue!

Already the grenadiers of Montcalm, with all the formality of friends, had received the gates and various posts from the guards of the Royal Americans; the white banner of France, under a royal salute, had replaced the Union Jack, and at that moment sharply beat the drums, as the garrison began to march out, with their *unloaded* muskets slung and their colours cased—the Royal Americans, Parker's Foot, and the little band of our old friends, the Black Watch (now less by sixteen men than on the day of their arrival), with the piper and MacGillivray at their head, defiling from the fort in close column of subdivisions, while the French escort was under arms to receive them in line by a general salute, with drummers beating on the flanks.

A faint cheer was heard within the fort. It came from the log huts where the wounded lay. They, poor fellows! were left to the care of the enemy, together with the unburied bodies of those who would never hear a sound again until the last trumpet shakes the earth with its peal.

The veteran Colonel Munro, tall and erect, with his quaint Kevenhuller hat and old-fashioned wig of the days of Malplacquet, marched at the head of his crest-fallen column; he was on foot, with his sword drawn,

and led by the hand the child, his son, as being the only object he cared about preserving in that hour of bitterness and defeat.

Seated on the tumbril of the 6-pounder, with two other ladies (one of whom had lost her husband in the siege), was the wife of MacGillivray, awe-stricken and all unused to such stern and stirring scenes as she had daily witnessed in Fort William Henry. Her *marriage brooch*, almost the only ornament she possessed, she had concealed in the folds or tresses of her long black hair, lest it should excite the cupidity of any French soldier or Indian, for she had an equal dread, and nearly an equal repugnance for them both.

A slender escort of French soldiers with their bayonets fixed protected Munro's garrison on both flanks; but as they proceeded into the forest, the savages continued to assemble in dark hordes, till their numbers, their gestures, and yells of rage became seriously alarming. They were animated by the blindest frenzy on finding themselves deluded of their plunder and the blood—the red reeking scalps of the hated Yengees—by a treaty which they could not and cared not to understand. They were rehearsing to each other the bravery and worth, the names and number of their warriors who had perished, and all continued to scream and shout, but none cared to begin the work of destruction while so near the tents of the pale faces of France.

"Push on—push on, for God's sake, gentlemen and comrades!"

"Forward, my friends—let us lose no time in reaching Fort Edward."

"Step out, comrades—step out, you fellows in front."

"Throw off your knapsacks—let these greedy hounds have them."

"Better lose an old kit than a young life."

"On, on—push on, boys!"

Such were the cries that were heard along the column as the rear urged on the front, and the dark yelling hordes of the infernal Iroquois blackened all the woods and grew denser and closer, until at last they insolently jostled and crushed the French guard among the impeded ranks of those they were escorting.

"This is intolerable—let us attack those dogs," said MacGillivray.

"Beware—beware!" exclaimed Munro; "if once blood be shed or the warwhoop raised, all will be over with us."

The leader of this hostile display was the savage whom we have already introduced as Ossong. A Lenni Lennape, he was almost the last of his ferocious tribe, which, with the Miami, had been conquered and exterminated by the Iroquois, with whom he had now completely identified himself. His aspect was frightful! His forehead was low; with a short nose of great breadth; his ears were huge, and set high upon his head; his mouth was large, with teeth sharp and serrated like those of some voracious fish. His mantle of woven grass was trimmed with scores of human scalp-locks salted and dried, while rows of human teeth intermingled with glass beads and gilt regimental buttons and British coins (the relics of Colonel Parker's force) covered all his brown expansive chest. On his brawny shoulders hung the skin of a black bear; in front, he wore the fur of a racoon; his girdle, moccasins, and arms were ornamented with brilliant wampum beads, which rattled as he walked,

and he brandished alternately a rifle, a tomahawk, and scalping-knife.

Two or three soldiers had already been dragged out of the ranks and slain to increase the general alarm ; but as yet the *warwhoop* had not been raised.

Perceiving a savage near him, who was placing his hands to his mouth and puffing out his cheeks, previous to raising that dreadful signal for a general onslaught, MacGillivray, unable longer to restrain the fury which boiled within him, drew the Highland *tack* (i.e. steel pistol) from his belt and shot him dead.

"Rash man," exclaimed Munro, "we are lost!"

"Fix your bayonets, my lads, and bear back this naked rabble!" said MacGillivray, drawing his sword. "Remember, colonel, you are a kinsman of the House of Foulis ; in an hour like this belie not your name!"

A thousand throats now uttered the horrible whoop of the Iroquois, and from a myriad echoes the vast forest encircling the shores of the Horican replied.

It was the death-knell of the *Yengees* ; and now ensued that frightful episode of the war known in American history as the Massacre of Fort William Henry.

"In the name of God and the King, keep together, 60th—shoulder to shoulder, Royal Americans!" cried Munro ; but his soldiers, crushed and impeded by the pressure, strove in vain to free their muskets and bear back the human tide that closed upon them. In the confusion poor old Munro lost his child, and with him all his soldierly coolness and self-possession. He became a prey to grief and distraction.

"Lochmoy ! Lochmoy ! stand by MacGillivray !" were the shouts of the Black Watch, as they flung aside their muskets, knapsacks, and cantines, and,

unsheathing their dirks and claymores, closed hand-to-hand with the Iroquois, and hewed them down like children on every side.

"Dhia ! O Dhia ! my wife !" was the first thought of MacGillivray ; and when last he saw Mary she was standing erect on the tumbril, the horses of which had been shot, wringing her hands in an attitude of despair, as the brown tide of the Iroquois swept round her like a living sea ; and the last she saw of her husband was his form towering above all others, when combating bravely and making frantic efforts, with Alaster MacGregor, Ewen Chisholm, Bane the piper, and other Celtic swordsmen, to reach her ; but by a horde of savages they were driven into the forest, and she saw them no more.

The French guard offered but a feeble resistance, and fled ; then ensued a thousand episodes replete with horror ! On all hands the unfortunate survivors of the siege were hewn down, slashed, stabbed, tomahawked, and scalped. Shrieks, groans, screams, prayers, and wild entreaties for mercy, with the occasional explosions of musketry, rang through the forest ; but above all other sounds, on earth or in the sky of heaven, rose the appalling whoop of the unglutted Iroquois.

One of Mary's companions—the widow—was literally hewn to pieces in a moment, while her children were whirled round by the feet, and had their brains dashed out against the trees ; her other friend, the wife of Captain Dacres, a fair-haired and pretty young Englishwoman, was torn from her side. The glittering hatchet of one Indian cleft her head to the nose, while another caught her body as it was falling, and by a single sweep of his knife shred off her scalp, and waved the silken curls as a trophy above his head.

Mary was to be their next victim ; but ere they could drag her down she flung herself at the feet of Ossong, and, clasping his moccassined legs, said in his own language—

“I will pray the Great Spirit that he pardon you my death ; but do not torture me ; do not make me suffer—I am a weak woman, and about to become a mother.”

Ossong grinned hideously, and grasping her by the hair raised his scalping-knife ; but at that moment his hand was grasped from behind. He turned furiously, and was confronted by Orono.

“Spare her !” said the latter, in his guttural tones.

“For what ? My ears are not as the ears of an ass, therefore I hear not follies ; nor of a fox, therefore I hear no lies !” responded the fierce savage ; “spare her for what ?”

“The wigwam of Orono.”

Ossong laughed scornfully, and turned away in search of other victims, which he found but too readily.

Mary clung to her preserver. She gave a wild and haggard glance over that forest scene, in the recesses of which the shrieks of the destroyer and destroyed were already dying away—over that wilderness of red-coated dead, of mothers and their children, gashed, hewn and dismembered, scalped and mutilated—over the debris of scattered muskets, torn standards, and broken drums, rifled baggage, open knapsacks, hats, and powdered wigs—everywhere blood, death, and disorder ! Then the light seemed to go out of her eyes ; she became senseless, and remembered no more.

Saved by the French, Colonels Munro and Young

with three hundred fugitives reached Albany; and General Webb, when all was over, sent out five hundred men from Fort Edward to glean up survivors and bury the dead. Our soldiers perished in the forest in scores under every species of torture, wounds, thirst and fatigue; many were flayed and roasted alive by the Iroquois; others were stripped nude, scalped, and made a mark for bullets or tomahawks till death relieved them of their misery.

"Thus," says Smollett, "ended (with the fall of Fort William Henry) the third campaign in America, where, with an evident superiority over the enemy, an army of twenty thousand regular troops, a great number of provincial forces, and a prodigious naval power—not less than twenty ships of the line—we abandoned our allies, exposed our people, suffered them to be cruelly massacred in sight of our troops, and relinquished a large and valuable tract of country, to the eternal disgrace and reproach of the British name!"

Three of the Black Watch alone escaped this massacre—viz., Ewen Chisholm, with Alaster MacGregor—whose adventures were somewhat remarkable—and another, of whom hereafter.

Duncan MacGregor, a soldier from Glengyle, and as some averred a son of the venerable *Glhun Dhu*, who was captain of Doune Castle under Prince Charles, fell mortally wounded by a bullet from the rifle of an Indian in the woods. On finding himself dying, he begged his clansman Alaster to convey his little all—a few pounds of back pay and prize-money—to his aged and widowed mother. Faithful to the trust reposed in him by his expiring friend, this poor fellow bore the money about with him, untouched, throughout the most arduous struggles of the American cam-

paign, during a long captivity in France, and amid the urgent necessities of nearly ten years of privation, until he reached Glengyle, and then he handed to the mother of his comrade the money, still wrapped in the moccassin of a Pawnee, whom he had slain at Fort William Henry.

Ewen Chisholm, one of the eight faithful men of the Coire-gaath in Glenmorriston, survived the war in America, but was slain when the Black Watch was at Guadaloupe, in 1759; and his death is thus recorded in the *Edinburgh Chronicle* for that year, which contains a letter from Ensign Grant—known as Alaster the One-handed—detailing the circumstance:—

“When the troops were to embark, the outposts were called in. This soldier (Chisholm) had been placed as a single sentinel by his captain. When summoned to come off, he refused, unless his captain who had appointed him his post would personally give him orders. He was told that his captain and most of the troops were embarked, and that unless he came off he would be taken prisoner; he still refused, and said he would keep his station. When the troops were all on board the ships, they saw a party of forty or fifty men coming towards him; he retired a little, and setting his back to a tree, fired his gun at them, then, throwing it aside, he drew his sword, rushed amongst them, and after making considerable havoc was cut to pieces.”

Such was the end of Ewen Chisholm; but to resume:—

The noon of the next day—the 11th August—was passed before Mary became fully alive to the desolate nature of her position—to all that she had lost and suffered—and to the circumstance that in her delirium she had become the mother of a little daughter.

She was lying on a bed of soft furs of various kinds, within a hut formed by branches and matting tied to poles, and covered with broad pieces of bark. Upon these poles hung various Indian weapons, at the sight of which she closed her swimming eyes as the memory of her husband and the horrors of yesterday rushed upon her. An old Indian woman, hideous as a tawny skin full of wrinkles and streaked with paint could make her, sat near, squatted on the ground like a Burmese idol; but this ancient squaw was nursing the new-born infant tenderly, and with care placed it in the bosom of Mary, who wept and moaned with sorrow and joy as she pressed it in her arms, and the new emotions of a mother woke within her; but again the light seemed to pass from her eyes, and a faintness came over her. Then starting, she sought to shake it off that she might look upon her child, and strive to trace the features of Roderick in her face; but the weakness she suffered was too great—she sank back upon the bed of furs, and lay still, and to all appearance asleep, though tears were oozing fast from her long black lashes.

Close by, behind a matting, crouched an Indian warrior. This person was Orono concealing himself, for the honest creature felt instinctively, that at such a critical time his presence or his aspect might very naturally excite the terror of the desolate patient. Two terrible questions were ever on the tongue and in the heart of the latter.

“Was Roderick safe?”

If so, how were she and her babe to join him?

At last she remembered Orono, who had preserved her, and on the third day, though weak, and though she knew it not—dying—she inquired of the squaw where he was.

"Here," replied the watchful Indian, stepping forward, while his eyes beamed with pleasure, on finding that he was not forgotten.

"My husband, Orono—know you aught of my husband?"

The Indian shook his head.

"When did you last see him?" she asked, imploringly.

"Fighting against a hundred braves in the forest, where the pawaws of the French have put up two trees, *thus*," said he, crossing his fingers to indicate a cross made by the Jesuits near the Horican.

"Alas! my mother taught me that the way of the cross was the way to heaven. Oh, my husband!—and that at the foot of that cross I should give up my whole heart. God, who bringeth good out of evil, will order all things for the best; but can this be, if my husband, my friend, my protector, the father of my babe, be slain? May he not have been preserved for himself and this little one? Oh, yes—God is kind. His will is adorable," continued the poor girl, kissing her babe in a wild rapture of resignation and despair.

She recalled with sorrow and horror the many whom she had seen so barbarously destroyed, and others whom she believed to have perished; the brave soldiers, the kind old colonel, and the poor little boy, his son, to whom she had been almost a mother, during the terrors of the recent siege. Their voices lingered in her ear; their faces hovered before her.

Orono visited the place where he had last seen the "white chief," as he not inaptly named MacGillivray; but could discover no trace of him. Many of the dead had already been interred by the soldiers of

Montcalm, who now possessed the shattered remains of Fort William Henry ; others had been devoured by wild animals. No body answering the description of Roderick had been found or seen among the slain by the Iroquois. He was known to have a gold bracelet of Mary's, rivetted round his sword arm ; but that might have been cut off, or buried with him, undiscovered.

Mary felt a great repugnance for the old squaw ; yet the poor Indian was kind and attentive in her own barbarous fashion ; and the patient, while her heart was swollen almost to bursting, conversed with her, in the hope of obtaining surer protection for her little one, and discovering some traces of its father.

"What would it avail you, were he found ?" asked the squaw.

"Why ?"

"The Red warriors would immediately take his scalp, for the oracles of the pawaws have driven them mad. After three days of conjuration, they have told us—"

"They—are the pawaws a tribe of the Iroquois ?"

"They are our wise men—our oracles."

"And they told—what ?"

"That the devils would not hinder the pale faces from being masters of our country. We have fought bravely ; but the brandy, the gold and silver of the Yengees are more powerful than the prophecies of the lying pawaws or the knives of our warriors."

"Every Red man in the land has dug up the war-hatchet," said a strange guttural voice ; "the print of the white moccassins will soon be effaced on the prairies and in the woods—their graves alone will remain—their scalps and their bones."

The old squaw started nimbly forward, and poor Mary pressed her little naked babe closer to her breast, on seeing the towering form of Ossong, streaked with his ghastly war paint, appear between her and the door of the wretched wigwam in which she lay so helplessly at his mercy.

"What seek *you* in the dwelling of Orono?" demanded the Indian woman with some asperity.

"Neither the squaw nor the papoose of the white man," replied Ossong, scornfully.

"It is well. You are in your native land, and can find the bones of your fathers; but here the poor squaw of the white chief is a stranger."

"And Orono will protect her," added the other savage, who bore that name, stepping proudly forward.

"The pawaws say our fathers come from the rising sun, and that we must go towards the place of its setting—that *there* is the future home of the Red man," said Ossong, as a savage glare lit up his eyes and he played with his scalping-knife; "shall even one pale face be permitted to live, if such things are said? Go—Orono has become a woman!"

With this taunt, the most bitter that can be made to an Indian, Ossong waved his hand, and strode away with a sombre air of fury and disdain.

As he left the hut, a glittering ornament which hung at his neck caught the eye of Mary. She uttered a faint cry, for she was weak and feeble, and while clutching her babe in one arm, strove to raise her attenuated form with the other. She endeavoured to call back Ossong; but her voice failed, and she sank despairingly on her bed of skins. Among the gewgaws which covered the broad breast of Ossong, to her horror, she had discovered the gilt

regimental gorget of her husband, which she knew too well, by its silver thistle, as there had been no other officer of Highlanders but he in Fort William Henry.

The eyes of Orono gleamed brightly ; he, too, had detected the cause of her agitation, and he said,

"It is an ornament of the pale chief, worn by Ossong."

"It was my husband's ! Oh, Orono, ask him—for pity, ask him, where, when, how he obtained possession of it."

"Ossong is fierce as a Pequot," said the Iroquois, sadly.

"Ask him, lest I die !" exclaimed Mary, passionately.

"Ossong is a strong and fierce warrior," replied the savage, gently ; "I will steal it for you, if I can. Ossong is cruel. Listen ; he found a pale face on the shore of the Horican ; he was wounded and feeble, so Ossong stripped and bound him to a gum-tree, where he roasted him with sedge-grass, and, before death, forced him to eat his own ears, which were cut off by a scalping-knife."

"Oh, my husband !" exclaimed Mary, in despair ; "and a fiend such as this has had his hands on you !"

"I fear me," said Orono, shaking his head, "that he you weep for has gone to where the sun hides itself at night."

"What mean you, Orono ?"

"Away beyond the great prairies of the buffaloes—to the place of sleep—the wigwam of grass, where the Indian sleeps sounder than even the fire-water of the white man can make him."

"Alas ! you mean the grave ?"

The Iroquois nodded his head, and relapsed into silence, while with a low moan at a suggestion which seemed to fulfil her own fears, and seemed only too probable, Mary fell back and became, to all appearance, insensible.

Several days passed, during which she hovered between time and eternity; but nothing, even in civilized life, could surpass the watchful kindness and attention of the poor but grateful savage on whose mercy she found herself thrown. *How* Ossong became possessed of the regimental gorget—whether he had found it in the wood, or torn it from her husband's neck when dead, Orono could never discover, as his tawny compatriot was animated in no measured degree by the worst attributes of the American Indian—craft, timidity, fickleness, ferocity, revenge, and quickness of apprehension. Hence there were no means of wresting the important—perhaps dreadful—secret from him. He was soon after shot in a skirmish by the soldiers of Fort Edward, and the story of the gilded badge perished with him.

"Oh, never to see my dear, dear husband again—never, in this dreary world ! It is a terrible blow—a dreadful and soul-crushing conviction !" Mary continued to exclaim, "God has required many sacrifices of me ; but that Roderick should never see the wee pet-lamb I have brought into this vale of woe is the bitterest thought of all ; and to what a fate shall I leave it ! My heart is like a stone—my brain a chaos."

"Remain and be the squaw of Orono ; he is good and gentle, and will love the lonely pale face, and will teach her to hoe rice," said the enterprising pro-

prietor of the wigwam, who also possessed a valuable property in wampum and scalp-locks.

"Remain here! a month, yea, a week of this will kill me, Orono. Remain here, and so far away from my country—from the deep glens where the heather blooms so sweetly! I cannot stay, Orono," continued the poor girl, wildly. "I have been taught to love my native land by the voices of my father, who fell in battle, of my mother, who died of sorrow, and of my brave husband, who perished in this hated wilderness!"

"Orono understands," said the Indian, quietly; "he, too, loves the hunting-grounds of the Iroquois; but he will protect the poor pale face and her child."

Seeing her weep bitterly, after a pause, during which he regarded her attentively—

"Orono," said he, "is but a poor Indian warrior and knows not the God of the pale faces; but may he speak?"

"Say on."

"Turn to the Great Spirit of the Iroquois, who dwells far away beyond the lakes and the prairies; be resigned to his will. The lightning is not swifter than his wrath; the hunting-grounds are not greater than his goodness. This Great Spirit knows every leaf in the woods—every ripple on the waters; and doubtless he has removed the white chief from evils more terrible than yonder battle by the Horican; for sudden death is good."

"How think you so?"

"I know not; but the pawaws say so."

Here was a subject for one who could reflect; but the heart of Mary seemed to have died within her.

"Oh yes," continued the Indian, patting her white shoulder gently with his strong brown hand, and pointing south; "he is gone to the abode of the Great Spirit, to the happy hunting-grounds, where the souls of all brave warriors go, and where they seem to live again."

"Oh that I were with him."

"Orono has no squaw now; but the Oneida girl who slept on his breast is there."

"Orono," said the widow, touched by his tone, and gathering hope from his protection, "is a good warrior."

"He is a brave one!" replied the Iroquois, proudly.

"It is better to be good than brave; and you *are* good."

"Orono is grateful to the squaw of the white chief, and has given his promise to protect her; so the strongest and tallest braves of the Iroquois must respect that promise. My brothers say, Let the pale face die——"

"She will not trouble you long," said Mary, weeping over her child, for which she had neither proper nurture nor little garments, nor even the rites of baptism.

"Are we to perish, they cry, that pale faces may gather, and dig, and sow, on the sacred banks of the Horican? Are they sent here to inherit the home of the Indian, the hunting-ground of his fathers, and the great solemn barrows where their bones lie by the Oswego and the Mississippi, as if the Great Spirit loved them better than his children the Iroquois."

From this day fever of mind and body—an illness for which she had neither nurse, physician, nor comforts around her—prostrated the faculties of the poor widow, for such she deemed herself. As each link in

the chain of life is broken by death, we are united more closely to those which remain ; but to poor Mary all seemed a hopeless blank. The *last link* was a child, whose feeble life and doubtful future filled her with dismay.

Now that Roderick was gone, her heart seemed to follow him. She clung with fonder affection to the world that was to come, and where she was to meet him ; but her babe, could she selfishly forsake it ? Her heart was sorely lacerated. Eternity seemed close—terribly close to her ; and her husband being there, instituted to her a more endearing tie between this world and that mysterious “bourne from whence no traveller returns.” She had no terror of this journey, for he whom she loved with all the strength of her soul had gone before and awaited her there. At times she fancied that he chid her delay ; she felt drawn towards that spirit-world by a chord of affection which made her now yearn for it, as before she had wept and yearned for her Highland home.

But her babe—so innocent and so deserted—could she die and leave it among the Iroquois ?

How did Roderick die—where ? Peacefully or in torture ? Was he buried, or lying still unentombed ?

These dreadful questions and thoughts were ever before her in the intervals of waking from her fits of delirium, which often lasted for hours ; and her snatches of sleep were filled by horrible dreams.

In these intervals a new hope dawned in her heart. Her husband might have escaped and gained Fort Edward or the army of Montcalm, and she might yet reach him with her child if protected by Orono. This idea gave a new and exciting impulse to her already overwrought frame ; but it came, alas ! too late, for, a few days after the birth of her little one,

she too surely felt herself dying—dying there with none to hear her story, or to whom she could bequeath her helpless babe—a thought sufficient alone to kill her. With the last effort of her strength she took from her now matted hair the Celtic marriage brooch (the old palladium of her husband's family) which she had kept there concealed since the day of their departure from Fort William Henry, and fixing it to a fragment of her own dress, which she had wrapped round the infant, pointed to it, that Orono might deem it an amulet or talisman—"a great medicine"—and expired!

* * * *

It was about the time of sunset, and before interring the body in a deep grave which he had scooped at the foot of a gum-tree, and lined with soft furs, Orono sat silent and watching in his wigwam. Near the dead mother her unconscious child slept peacefully. The poor Indian was perhaps praying, and feeling thankful in his heart that he had discharged a debt of gratitude, and would yet do more by conveying the little orphan to the nearest white settlement, and there leaving her to her fate.

The evening was beautiful, like those which preceded the siege and the massacre. A mellow sunset was deepening on the hills that overlook the waters of Lake George, and the setting beams played with a wavering radiance on the green foliage that was tossed like verdant plumage by the evening wind, and on the ripples that ran before it over the bosom of that lovely lake. All was still within the Indian hut where the dead woman lay, with her long black lashes resting on the pallid cheek from which they never more would rise; and with her pure, pale profile, sharply defined against the coarse grass matting that screened

her wretched couch. Crouching on one side was the old squaw, appalled by the marble hue of the strange corpse ; on the other sat Orono, divested of his plume and all his ornaments in token of grief, with his deep glittering eyes fixed on the rocky bluffs which seemed to start forward from the copse-covered slopes, and were then tinted with a deep purple by the sinking sun.

As the last rays died away from the volcanic peaks, the Indian started up and prepared to inter the remains of poor Mary, when the glittering epaulettes and appointments of a French officer, who was leading his horse by the bridle, appeared at the door of the wigwam.

He was the Baron de Beauchatel, with the gold cross of St. Louis dangling on the lapelle of the gay white uniform of the Grenadiers of Guienne. Having lost his way in the forest, he now sought a guide to the camp of Montcalm ; but the dead mother caught his eye at the moment he peered into the obscurity of the hut.

"Mon Dieu ! what have we here ?" he asked, with surprise.

"The squaw and papoose of a pale chief," replied the apparently unmoved Indian.

"Dead—a lady, too !" exclaimed the French officer, stooping over her with a commiseration that was greatly increased when he discovered that she was young and beautiful. He gently pressed her thin white hand, and lifted her soft black hair. "And this is her child ?"

Orono nodded.

"Almost newly born—how calmly it sleeps ! The poor infant—alone in this wilderness—Tête Dieu ! it is frightful ! Tell me all about this, Iroquois, and I will reward you handsomely with a new English clasp-

knife, a bottle of eau de vie, a blanket, or whatever else your refined taste teaches you to prize most."

In his own language, by turns soft and guttural, Orono related to the baron all that he knew of the white woman; that she had twice saved his life, and that he, in gratitude, had protected her from the Iroquois; but he had no power over the Great Spirit.

The baron was a humane and gallant French officer of the old days of the monarchy. He had been a gay fellow some few years before, and had been sent to America (according to Parisian gossip) because he had been too favourably noticed by Madame de Pompadour; but he had a good and tender heart; thus, the story of the poor mother, and the helplessness of her orphan, stirred him deeply. By the whole aspect of the dead, and the remains of her attire, he suspected that her rank and position in life had been good—a lady at least. A ring upon the fourth finger of her left hand, bearing the name of her husband in Gaelic, he gently removed; he then cut off some of her fine black hair, and, after making a few memoranda descriptive of her person, he bargained with the Indian that he should give up the child for a few francs. This the Iroquois at once agreed to do, and, with the assistance of the baron, Mary was wrapped in furs and buried under a tree on the sequestered shore of the Horican.

To Beauchatel it seemed strange and repugnant that a Christian woman should be laid there without a prayer or a blessing, on the rough mould that covered her pale attenuated form, her pains and her sorrows; but it was long since *he* had prayed; yet, with an impulse of piety, he cut on the bark of the tree, which covered the place where she lay, a large cross, and raising his hat retired.

The act was in itself a prayer!

"Can I now do aught for you?" he asked of Orono. The Indian mournfully shook his head, and then said,

"Give me a new musket, for the time is coming—the time that has been foretold."

"By whom?"

"The sachems, the pawaws, and the old men of the Iroquois."

"And what shall happen, *mon camarade*?"

"The warriors of the Six Nations will break the pipe of peace and dig up the great war-hatchet."

"Against whom?"

"All who come from the land of the rising sun."

"Be it so," said the baron, shrugging his shoulders, and looking with some anxiety towards the long shadows, that darkened in the forest vistas; "you shall have your musket; but give me the child, *mon ami*; and now for the camp of Louis de St. Veran!"

* * * *

Let us change the scene.

It is 1778, exactly twenty-one years after the events recorded as having happened at Fort William Henry. We are now in France, in the sunny province of Guienne, and near the gay city of Bordeaux.

A lady, young and beautiful, is seated at one of the lofty open windows of the turreted Chateau de Fontbrune, which crowns the summit of a wooded eminence on the right bank of the Garonne. Her eyes and hair are dark; her complexion soft and brilliant. Her attire, as she is in the country, partakes of the picturesque fashion of the last days of Louis XV. She reclines on a velvet fauteuil, and forcibly reminds us of a languid little beauty in

one of Watteau's pictures waiting for some one to make love to her. As a poet of the time has it, her attire

"Was whimsically traversed o'er,
Here a knot and there a flower ;
Like her little heart that dances,
Full of maggots—full of fancies ;
Flowing loosely down her back,
Fell with art the graceful sacque ;
Ornamented well with gimping,
Flounces, furbelows, and crimping,
While her ruffles, many a row,
Guard her elbows, white as snow,
Knots below and points above,
Emblem of the ties of love."

Her cheek rested on her hand, and heedless of the too familiar splendour of the apartment in which she was seated, she impatiently drew back the blue satin hangings, which were festooned by cords and tassels of silver, and setting her round dimpled chin into the white palm of her pretty little hand, gazed languidly upon the beautiful landscape that spread, as it were, at her feet.

The vine-covered district of the Bordelais, through which wound the Garonne ; Bourdeaux, clustering on its left bank in the form of a crescent, with its old walls and towers of the Middle Ages ; its nineteen gates, through which the tide of human life was ebbing and flowing ; its long rows of trees casting their lengthening shadows to the eastward ; the huge grey ramparts of the venerable Chateau de Trompette ; the palace of the Dukes of Guienne ; the church of St. Michel and the cathedral of St. André, with its two tall and splendid spires, which pierced the saffron-tinted sky like stone needles ; and then the majestic river sweeping past towards the sea, all

bathed in the broad light of a glorious June sunset. But Therese had seen all this a thousand times before, and it ceased to interest her now.

In the lap of this noble lady reposed a pretty, but saucy and snubnosed Bologna spaniel, with the long ears and black silky hair of which the white fingers of one hand played involuntarily. Statues, bronzes, buhl tables, vases of flowers, and a hundred beautiful trifles, decorated this little room, which was her boudoir—her own peculiar sanctum sanctorum—and the windows of which overlooked a bastion, whereon were sixteen antique brass cannon; for the Chateau de Fontbrune, in which we have now the honour of finding ourselves, was an old baronial house, which, after being fortified by Louis de Foix, had given shelter to Charles VII., and been beleaguered by the Maréchal de Matignon.

The productions of the popular men of the day strewed the apartment. The poems of Bernis, the comedies of the Abbé Boissy, the music of Lulli, with drawings and pictures without end, lay near, while a vaudeville by Panard was open upon the piano. Mademoiselle had evidently been sorely puzzled in her efforts to get through the long hours of this day of June, 1778.

“Oh, Nanon!” she exclaimed to her attendant, a pretty girl of eighteen, who sat near her on a tabourette, sewing; “I am so ennuyé—for in this dreary old chateau, which I am not permitted to leave, and to which no one comes but prosy old colonels and stupid magistrates, such as M. le Maire, or M. le Maître du Palais, or still worse, those horrid counsellors of the Court of Admiralty, there is so little to rouse one from sad thoughts and drowsy lethargy.”

"Try another chapter of that new romance by M. de Marivaux."

"Ah, *merci* ! he is a most tiresome fellow, Nanon, and odious, too,"

"Odious?"

"Yes."

"How, Mademoiselle Therese?"

"I judge from his memoir of himself."

"Explain, mademoiselle."

"He was once in love with a young lady—"

"Once, only—then he is no true romance writer."

"She had black hair, hazel eyes and long lashes, divine little hands and feet—in fact, the counterpart of myself, as the old Abbé de Boissy told me—and was on the point of paying his most solemn and magnificent addresses to her ; when, happening to enter her boudoir one day unexpectedly, he found—"

"Not a lover?" exclaimed Nanon, becoming suddenly interested ; "not a student or mousquetaire, I hope?"

"*Ma foi* ! no—nothing half so pleasant."

"What, then?"

"Mademoiselle studying smiles and postures before her mirror."

"And this—"

"So shocked the staid and proper M. de Marivaux, that his passion passed away in a moment, and he took to novel writing."

"It was no passion whatever, mademoiselle," replied Nanon, disgusted to find that a lady should lose a lover by the same arts which she practised daily to win one ; and now ensued another long pause.

This young lady—so beautiful, so tenderly nurtured, so accomplished, and so splendidly jewelled—was the richest heiress in Bordeaux, a ward of the young King Louis XVI., *fiancée* of the Comte

d'Arcot, a high military noble, who had covered himself with distinction in India, and was now on his way home with a fabulous sum in livres, and, of course, with the liver complaint. But this noble demoiselle, successor of M. le Baron Beauchatel, Seigneur de Fontbrune and of St. Emilion, Seneschal of Bourdeaux, and Commandant of the Chateau de Trompette, was the foundling of the Iroquois wigwam, the orphan child of Roderick MacGillivray and of that lonely and despairing mother who found her grave, uncoffined, in the savage solitude on the southern shore of the Horican.

And now to solve this mystery.

Beauchatel had conveyed the infant girl to Fort William Henry, and consigned her to the care of the baroness, a lady of gentle and amiable disposition. In pity for the helplessness of the child, she undertook its care, at first as a mere duty of humanity, but as months passed on, her regard became a strong love for this lonely little waif—a love all the stronger that she was herself without children, and had long ceased to hope that she would ever be a mother; so it seemed as if Heaven had sent this infant to fill up the void in her heart. She named her *Therese*, after herself; for she had been Mademoiselle Therese de St. Veran, a sister of the Marquis de Montcalm, and consequently was a lady of Nismes. Soon after her return to France with Beauchatel she died, and her last request was, that he would continue to protect the orphan which fate had so strangely committed to his care. The good and faithful soldier had learned to love the little girl as if she had been his own, and being without kinsmen or heirs to his title and estates, he obtained from the young King Louis XVI., then in the fourth year of his unhappy reign, as a reward

for his services and those of his ancestors, permission to adopt her in legal form. The necessary documents were accordingly drawn up, sealed, signed, and registered ; and thus the poor foundling of the Canadian forest, the child of Roderick MacGillivray of the Black Watch, became the heiress of the Chateau de Fontbrune and of the Seigneurie of Saint Emilion.

On returning from America, the baron had served five years under M. Law de Lauriston in the East, upholding the interests of the French India Company against the Nabob of Bengal and the British, under Lord Clive. There he had met and become acquainted with Count d'Arcot, for whom he had conceived a sudden and vehement friendship—so much so, that, after his return to France, he resolved that, *bongré malgré*, his young ward should marry this soldier of fortune ; for such he was, having been created Count d'Arcot and Knight of St. Louis for his bravery at the recapture of that city of Hindostan, the capital of the Carnatic.

Poor Therese had been told the sad story of the mother she had never known, and of whom no relics remained but some silky black hair, a ring, and that singular brooch—an ornament so unlike anything she had ever seen, and which was graven with a legend in a language to her so strange and barbarous ; and her heart yearned for a further knowledge of whom she was, and whence she came, and for that mother's kiss, of which, though it had been planted a thousand times upon her little lips, she had no memory ; and at times she mourned for that father she had never seen. Then it seemed so odd, so strange, so grievous that she could have any other father than the dear, kind old baron, for whom she had a love and reverence so filial and so strong.

But to resume.

"The evening lags, as if the sun would never set," yawned the petulant little beauty. "What shall we do with ourselves—speak, you provoking Nanon?"

"Play," was the pithy reply.

"I have played everything that came last from Paris, and my piano is now frightfully out of tune—the chords are fallen."

"Read."

"I have read MM. Marivaux, Bernis, and Jean Jacques de Rousseau till I am sick of them."

"Draw."

"It makes my head ache, and the Abbé Boissy says it will spoil my eyes, in which he seems to take a poetical interest."

"Sing."

"Nanon, you bore me!"

"Suppose we pray, then?"

"Ma foi!—that would not be very amusing when one is dull and dreary."

"Order out the grey pads and ride."

"M. Beauchatel never allows that, as you know well, Nanon, save when he is with me; and we shall have enough of our horses, I have no doubt, when this odious old count, whom I am to marry, and whom I already hate, and whom I am resolved to tease to death, arrives here."

"I shall retire, mademoiselle."

"You shall not!"

"I fear you find me poor company," urged Nanon, demurely.

"Poor or bad company are better than none——"

"Here in this huge chateau, perhaps; but one would not think so in the midst of a wood."

"Here I am left all day with no thoughts to rouse me but of that horrible old Comte d'Arcot, who is certainly coming from India, and to whom I am to be given like a box of rupees or a bale of sugar."

"It is a long way to India," said Nanon; "away round the end of the world at Cape Finisterre, and perhaps—perhaps——"

"Say on, Nanon."

"He may be drowned by the way."

"Ah! don't say so, Nanon!"

"Storms may arise, as they frequently do, and then ships are wrecked. There was M. la Perouse, who sailed away out into the wide ocean in the days of the late King Louis XV., and has never been heard of since. If stout young sailors drown, surely an old soldier like Comte d'Arcot may."

"I am almost wicked enough to wish it."

"I think I see something that will amuse you, mademoiselle."

"Mon Dieu! I am glad of that—what is it?"

"A party of soldiers."

"Where?—oh, I do so love to see soldiers!"

"'Tis a guard conveying prisoners to the Chateau de Trompette, and now they are about to cross the Garonne by boats."

The lady gazed from the window, and saw a mass of armed soldiers marching quickly down the opposite slope towards the river. As they issued from under the green vine trellis which shaded the roads for miles in every direction, she could distinctly discern the scarlet coats of the prisoners contrasting with the white of the French linesmen who formed the escort, and had their bayonets fixed.

"Red uniforms—they are British prisoners of war!" exclaimed Nanon; "oh, mademoiselle, we have

gained a battle somewhere, and beaten the English, as we always do."

"Poor, poor fellows!" sighed Therese; "ah, Nanon, I feel sad when I see them, for M. le Baron says my mother was one of these people: yet it seems so strange that I should ever have had any other than Therese de St. Veran—dear Madame la Baronesse, whom the Blessed Virgin has taken to herself."

"See how they crowd into that little boat! Oh, mon Dieu! the brave reckless fellows—it will never hold them all!"

"And the stream is deep and rapid there."

See—see, O Dieu! what has happened!" shrieked Nanon.

"Overturned—the boat has overturned."

"No—'tis a man overboard!—he is in the stream, and drowning!"

"Oh, I cannot look upon this!" said Therese, shrinking back and burying her face in her hands, while loud cries of alarm ascended from the river to the windows of the chateau; but Nanon, whose nervous temperament was less delicate than that of her mistress, continued to gaze steadily.

Two men were swimming or splashing in the water. One had fallen overboard; the other had plunged in to succour or save him; but both were swept away by the stream. In short, the former was soon drowned, and the latter rescued with the utmost difficulty. When dragged on shore he was quite insensible; but the officer in command of the escort, having no time to spare, desired four of his men to form a litter with their muskets, and bear him to the Chateau de Font-brune, as the nearest place where the usual means might be adopted for the restoration of life.

The half-drowned man, who had perilled life so gallantly to save the unfortunate soldier, was an officer, and moreover, one that was sure to win favour in French eyes, being young, handsome, and an *Officier d'Ecossais*, as Nanon reported minutely to her startled mistress, who had promptly all her household in attendance on the sufferer, though she dared not peep into his room in person. At last Nanon brought the joyous intelligence that he was "recovering, and had opened a pair of *such* beautiful eyes!"—so here was a stirring episode for our young demoiselle, who, a half hour before, had been so dull and *ennuyé* that she was weary of her own charming self and all the world beside.

France and Britain were still, as we last left them twenty-one years ago, engaged in the lively and profitable occupation of fighting battles, battering fleets and burning towns in America, where the subject of taxation had occasioned hostilities between the mother country and her colonies, whose forces, led by Washington, were aided in the strife by the armies and fleets of France, Spain, and Holland.

Some days elapsed before the young officer, who was on his parole of honour, had sufficiently recovered to appear on the terrace of the chateau, where Mademoiselle Therese and the gossiping Nanon received him in due form. He was pale and thin from the effects of a wound, his long sea voyage, and the severe treatment to which prisoners of war were usually subjected in those days; but all this only served to make him the more interesting to the two girls, who were quite flattered by the presence of the chance visitor fortune had sent them to enliven the old chateau. His uniform was sorely dilapidated; the lace and epaulettes of his scarlet coat were

blackened by powder and long service, and it con-sorted oddly with a pair of French hussar pantaloons. Still, notwithstanding these disadvantages, his bearing was free, gallant, and gentlemanly; and in very good French he thanked the lady of Fontbrune for her humanity and hospitality.

"May I ask your name, monsieur?" asked Therese, timidly.

"Munro—Hector Munro."

"And your regiment?"

"The Black Watch—Ecosais."

"Oh, indeed," said Therese, with her dark eyes brightening; for to belong to a Scottish regiment in those days (and even in the *present*) was as sure a guide to French favour as if he could have answered, "The Irish Brigade."

"And you were taken prisoner——"

"In America, mademoiselle, on the Acushnet River, where my regiment was serving with the brigades of grenadiers and light infantry then ordered to destroy a number of pirates who made New Plymouth their haunt. This we achieved successfully, but not without severe loss."

"Were you not dreadfully frightened?"

"I was then under fire for the *first* time," said the young officer, smiling.

"And how did you feel—oh, pray tell me?"

"A tightening of the breast—a long-drawn breath, as the *first* shot whizzed past my ear; another as the first cannon-ball seemed to scream in the air overhead, and then I rushed on fearless, filled by a fierce and tumultuous joy. I heard only the din of the bagpipes and the cheers of my comrades. But I lost my way in the wood, and falling among a detachment of the Regiment of Languedoc, was made a prisoner.

With many others in the same predicament, I was soon shipped off for France, and so have the honour to appear before you."

"And who was the soldier for whom you risked your life?"

"A sergeant of the Regiment of Languedoc."

"A Frenchman!"

"Yes, mademoiselle; the same man who made me prisoner in America."

"Ah, mon Dieu! and you tried to save him! How noble!"

"Mademoiselle, my father, who was a brave old soldier, taught me that when the sword was in the scabbard *all men are brothers*."

"And your rank?"

"Lieutenant; and now," he added, bitterly, "I may remain a prisoner for ten years perhaps, with my hopes blighted, my promotion stopped, and my pay gone."

"It is very sad," replied Therese, casting down her fine eyes, which she feared might betray the interest she already felt in the young prisoner of war; "but when the baron comes home from Paris—he will be here in three days—we shall see what can be done for you."

Three days—poor little Therese! by that time she was irrevocably in love with young Munro, and Nanon left nothing undone or unsaid to convince her that the passion was quite mutual. Though they did not meet at meals, they were constantly together on the terraces and in the gardens of the chateau; thus it was impossible for this young man to spend his time in the society of such a girl as Therese, in the full bloom of her youth and beauty (a *fair bloom* that belonged not to France), without feeling his heart in-

fluenced; while her artless and charming manner, which by turns was playful, sad, earnest, or winning, lured him into a passion against which his better judgment strove in vain; for he knew the danger and absurdity of a subaltern—a prisoner of war—a lad without rank, home, friends, or subsistence—and more than all, in that land of tyranny, bastilles, and lettres de cachet, engaging in a love affair with a lady of rank and wealth.

"In three days," thought he, "this deuced old baron returns; but in three days I shall be well enough to be out of the sick list, to march off from here, and report myself at the Chateau de Trompette."

According to the author of *Dream Life*, "Youthful passion is a giant! It overleaps all the dreams and all the resolves of our better and quieter nature, and madly drives toward some wild issue that lives only in its own frenzy. How little account does passion take of goodness! It is not within the cycle of its revolution—it is below—it is tamer—it is older—it wears no wings."

So the evening of the *sixth* day passed into twilight, and found M. Hector Munro, of his Britannic Majesty's 42nd Highlanders, still lingering by the side of Therese in the garden of that delightful old chateau by the "silvery Garonne," when the ominous sound of horses' hoofs, and of wheels rasping on the gravel under the antique porte cochère, announced the return of the Baron de Beauchatel!

Therese grew deadly pale.

"Your father—he has arrived, and I must bid you farewell," said Munro, kissing her trembling hands with sudden emotion.

"Stay, monsieur," said Therese, in an imploring

voice. So "monsieur" stayed; to go was impossible.

"M. le Baron!" exclaimed Nanon, rushing towards them, while her round black eyes dilated with excitement; "M. le Baron, and oh, mon Dieu, M. le Comte d'Arcot is with him!"

"M. d'Arcot!" murmured poor Therese, and stood rooted to the spot, the statue of terror and grief; for, after six days such as the last, to meet an old and previously unknown *fiancé* with the cordiality requisite, was more than poor human nature could bear or achieve.

The baron, who was considerably changed in person since we last had the pleasure of seeing him, having become stout and paunchy, abrupt and irritable in manner, now approached, leading, and indeed almost pulling forward a tall, thin, and soldier-like Chevalier of St. Louis, whose form and face seemed wasted by inward thought and care, by exposure to the burning sun of India and the toils of war, rather than by lapse of time; yet he seemed quite old, though in reality not much more than fifty years of age. His hair, which he wore unpowdered, was white as snow, and was simply tied behind by a black ribbon. He wore the undress uniform of a French *Maréchal du Camp*, and leaned a little on his cane as he walked.

"Mademoiselle de Beauchatel—my daughter—M. le Comte d'Arcot," said the baron, introducing them, and kissing Therese.

"M. le Comte is most welcome to Fontbrune," said Therese, presenting her trembling hand to the tall old soldier, who kissed it respectfully; and after a few polite commonplaces, muttered hurriedly, on the calmness of the evening, the beauty of the chateau, its gardens, the scenery, &c., she drew aside to wipe away

her tears, and desire Nanon to conceal Munro or get him quietly away.

"What think you of her?" asked the baron, covertly.

"She is most lovely; but now, my dear Beauchatel, though I have come to visit you, pray forget your project of the marriage."

"Forget the object nearest my heart!" exclaimed the impetuous baron.

"To unite an old veteran, a man of a withered heart, to a blooming young girl—December to May—it is absurd, my dear baron!" replied the Maréchal du Camp, laughing.

"Absurd—parbleu! do not say so."

"I assure you it is."

"When you know her, you will be charmed."

"I do not doubt it," replied D'Arcot; "but oh! what is this that moves me? Her face seems more than familiar to me, and recalls some old friend or relative."

"Impossible, comte; you have been more than twenty years in India, and she is barely twenty-one."

Therese came forward again, and the comte began to examine her features with a fixed and earnest gaze, which filled her timid heart with inexpressible fear and confusion.

At that moment the baron's eye caught the red coat of poor Munro, who had withdrawn a little way back, and was irresolute whether to advance or retire on finding himself so suddenly *de trop* where hitherto he had been so much at home.

"Oh, *sacre bleu!*" exclaimed Beauchatel, drawing his sword in a sudden gust of fury and suspicion, as he rushed upon the stranger; "whom have we here?"

Therese uttered a cry and sprang forward ; but she was less alert than Count d'Arcot, who, at that moment, threw himself between the baron and the object of his jealous anger.

"Permit *me* to arrange this matter," said the Maréchal du Camp, unsheathing his sword ; "officer, answer me truly on your honour—on your life—how long you have been here."

"Six days, M. le Comte."

"Oh, *sang Dieu !*" swore the baron, pirouetting about in a fresh gust of fury ; "six whole days."

"How came you here?"

"On a litter, insensible—being half-drowned, in attempting to save the life of a French soldier in the Garonne."

"You are a prisoner—"

"On my parole," interrupted Munro, bowing.

"One of those who were landed at Castillon from America, and were *en route* for the Chateau de Trompette?"

"Exactly, M. le Comte."

"You are named—"

"Munro—Hector Munro, lieutenant in the 42nd Highlanders."

"The old Black Watch!" said the Maréchal du Camp, sheathing his sword, while an inexplicable expression came over his grave features ; "I once knew well an officer who bore the good old name of Munro."

"My father, perhaps," said the prisoner, anxiously ; "he was a brave soldier."

"Was—he is, then, dead?"

"He fell in action against the Spaniards!"

"Where?"

"At the storming of the Moro Castle."

"And what was his rank?"

"Colonel of his Britannic Majesty's 60th Regiment of Infantry."

"Or Royal Americans?" continued the count, with a kindling eye.

"The same, M. le Comte."

"Did he command at Fort William Henry, where the defeated troops were so shamefully abandoned by General Webb, and were afterwards massacred by the Iroquois?"

"He did. I was saved from that massacre by the wife of a French soldier. It was my second narrow escape from the Iroquois, then; for once before two Indians bore me into the forest, and my life was spared by the luckiest chance in the world."

"You must have been very young," said Beauchatel; "I too, served there, and am quite an old fellow now."

"I was a mere child, messieurs, in those days."

"Ah, they will soon be friends now!" thought Therese; "already they are comrades."

"And you were saved—" resumed D'Arcot.

"By an officer named MacGillivray, who was on his march to join that ill-fated garrison with a party of the Black Watch, the same regiment to which I have now the honour to belong. Then followed that unparalleled massacre, the memory of which seems like a horrible dream to me."

"And to me, too, boy; for I, also, was at the siege of Fort William Henry, and I was that lieutenant of the Black Watch who saved you from the Iroquois," said Count d'Arcot, taking the hand of Munro in his; "I had, then, a wife—perhaps a child," he added in a troubled voice; "but both lie buried in the forest by the shore of Lake George!"

"Your wife, M. le Comte," said Beauchatel ; "how did she die?"

"Not as the leaves die when the summer is over ; for she was torn from me by the hands of the accursed Iroquois—my beloved Mary ! After the lapse of one and twenty years, baron, her image, so noble, so gentle, and so womanly, fills up my past, as once it filled my future. I was taken prisoner, as you know, and joining the French army in sheer disgust of the British, whose conduct, under Webb, madened me, I have attained in India the rank I now bear, and which I never could have won in the armies of the House of Hanover."

"Stay—*peste !* a sudden light breaks in upon me !" exclaimed the baron, smiting his forehead ; "ah, *mon Dieu ! mon Dieu !* if it should be !"

"What?"

"Excuse me, messieurs, for one moment ; a thought has struck me !" said the impulsive Frenchman, and rushing into the house, he returned in a few moments, bearing in his hands an antique oak casquet, in which he kept his commissions, his diplomas, orders of knighthood, and other objects of value ; and, drawing therefrom the brooch which had been found upon the dress of Therese when a child, he placed it in the hands of the count.

As Roderick MacGillivray, now M. le Comte d'Arcot, Governor of Pondicherry, Maréchal du Camp, and Colonel of the Regiment du Roi, a man grown old by war and thought and time, saw the ancient and well-known heirloom of his house—the marriage-brooch of the brides of Glenarrow—the same mystic symbol which, in youth, he had bestowed upon his wife, a sudden tremor came over him, and a flush and then a pallor crossed his wrinkled face.

"*Lochmoy !*" he muttered in his native language, which he had so long unused ; "*touch not the cat without the glove.* Oh my God ! whence came this trinket, Beauchatel ?"

"I found it fastened to the dress of a newly-born babe in the forest near Lake George—a babe that lay on the breast of its dead mother, in the wigwam of an Iroquois, and on her finger was this ring, inscribed—"

"Roderick Ruadh MacGillibhreac—my own name, and my gift it was to Mary, the grand-daughter of the murdered MacIan of Glencoe," exclaimed Mac Gillivray, in an agonized voice, as his eyes filled with tears ; "and you buried her—"

"By my own hands, at the foot of a tree, which I marked with a cross—"

"God bless thee, my brave and honest Beauchatel !" exclaimed Roderick

"And there she lies in peace."

"But the babe, baron—the little babe ?"

"Therese—she stands before you."

The veteran Comte d'Arcot opened his arms, and the pale and agitated girl found herself pressed to the breast of her newly-discovered father.

* * * *

Our readers may guess the sequel.

Hector Munro of the Black Watch remained a prisoner of war in France until the autumn of 1782, when a general peace was concluded. He was on parole not to pass beyond two miles from the gates of the Chateau de Trompette. As the mansion of Therese was within that boundary, he found his limits ample enough, and long before that auspicious day when the cannon on the ramparts of Bourdeaux announced the peace of the two countries, and the

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independence of America, he had become the son-in-law of Count d'Arcot.

The latter, soon after, seeing the approaching storm of the Revolution, transferred himself and all his property to Britain, and thus escaped the fate of the loyal and gallant Beauchatel, whose noble chateau was destroyed, and whose fate is thus recorded in a despatch of the Comte d'Artois, dated Coblenz, 10th June, 1793.—

“M. Beauchatel rivalled his forefathers in glory and in faith. He died in battle, at the head of his Emigrant Regiment, and lies in the trenches of Lisle, a fitting grave for the *premier Chevalier de St. Louis*.”

V.

THE WIFE OF THE RED COMYN.

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

THE old gentleman had served in the 42nd Highlanders, or old Black Watch, in early life, and could spin to us endless yarns of the bloody affair of Ticonderoga, where the regiment had no less than six hundred and forty-seven officers and soldiers killed or wounded; the expedition to the Lakes; the surrender of Montreal; the siege of the Moro, and the scalping, flaying alive, the tomahawking, and other little pleasantries incidental to the relief of Fort Pitt in 1763; and of that devilish business with the Red Indians amid the swamps and rocks at Bushy Run, all of which were "familiar in our mouths as household words;" while, to the venerable narrator, the smell of gunpowder, the flavour of Ferintosh, or the skirl of a bagpipe were like the *elixir vitæ* of the ancients, and seemed to renew his youth, strength, and spirit for a time; and thus the fire of other years would flash up within him, like the last gleam of a sinking lamp, as we sat by our bogwood fire in the long winter nights of the North.

In the year 1768, his regiment was cantoned in Galway, where it was reviewed by Major-General Armiger, and the old gentleman was wont to boast, that except two Lowland Scots, every soldier in its ranks was from the clans that dwell northward of the

Tay, "and happily for the corps," he used to add, "these two were knocked on the head during the onfall at Long Island." The regiment, then for the *third* time in Ireland, remained there for seven years. During 1772, it was employed in suppressing tumults occasioned by the complicating interests and adverse views of the Catholic and Protestant landlords and tenants in Antrim and elsewhere; and in this delicate service their Highlanders were found particularly useful, from the knowledge of the language and their gentle bearing towards the people, whom by old tradition they believed to be sprung from the same stock as themselves. Though some of the Highland tribes have a proverb which says, *cha b'ionann O'Brién is na Gaël*—that O'Brien and the Gael are *not* alike, yet they found many sympathies in common—to wit, a love of fun and breaking heads; a jealousy of the English; an aversion to still-hunting, and a just, laudable, and commendable antipathy to all gaugers and tax-gatherers.

For the ticklish service of settling disputes in the neighbourhood of Antrim, it pleased his Majesty George III. to order that an additional company of the Black Watch should be raised among the Breadalbane Campbells; and it was soon seen, that though the slaughter of Ticonderoga had carried woe and desolation to many a lonely hearth and loving heart in the country of the clans, so far from extinguishing the military ardour of the Highland youth, it made them more than ever anxious to enrol themselves in the ranks of the *Reicudan Dhu*, for so was the regiment named, from the dark colours of its plumes and tartans, in contradistinction to the troops of the line, who wore scarlet coats, white waistcoats, pipeclayed breeches and flour-powdered wigs, with queues, poma-

tumed curls, and looped-up hats, having the true Blenheim cock and the star of Brunswick—*i.e.* the black leather cockade of the Protestant succession, which still survives on the chapeaux of the penny postman.

My grandfather was popular among the Breadalbane men, to please whom he had, at various times, hanged sundry MacNabs and MacAlpines, whose ideas of the eighth commandment were somewhat vague ; thus on being sent into “the marquis’s country” to recruit, he raised the required company in three days, and marched down from the hills of Glen Urchai with pipes playing, across the dreary Braes of Rannoch, and down by the Brig of Tay with a hundred of the handsomest men that ever became food for gunpowder, all clad in their native tartans, and well armed, each with his own sword, dirk and pistols, to which the Government added the usual arms and accoutrements of the line. From Perth, the captain was ordered to march his company to Glasgow, there to embark for Ireland ; and proceeding *en route*, after leaving Falkirk and traversing the remains of the Torwood, he found himself, with his little command, approaching the burgh of Kirkintulloch one dreary November evening, just as the dusk was closing in, while the rain fell in torrents, and the wind swept in gusts through the pastoral hollows and hurled the wet and withered leaves furiously before it. There he was compelled to halt, and oblige the authorities to procure immediate quarters for a hundred Highlanders—a race of whom the westland Whigs had harboured a holy aversion and wholesome terror, since the epoch of the Great Montrose and his daredevil Cavaliers, one hundred and twenty years before.

“ But what has all this to do with the Wife of the

- Red Comyn ?" the reader may ask. I answer, everything—for had not my grandfather halted on that wet November night in the ancient burgh of Kirkintullock, that good lady—though she made some noise in her time—had never been introduced to the reader's notice. So patience yet awhile.

The soldiers were soon distributed among the people by the town constable, and in a few minutes after seeing the last man off to his billet, my grandfather found himself standing before the gate of the Castle of Kirkintullock drenched through plaid and philabeg, while the rain dripped gracefully from his long feathers into the nape of his neck, and the water spouted from his scabbard as from a syringe when he sheathed his claymore. Draggled and weary, he knocked furiously against the gate of the huge mansion, on which, as being the most important in the town, he was billeted as commander of the forces. Being a Celt, and not blessed with overmuch patience, he thrust his billet-order almost into the mouth of the servant who opened the door, and then swaggered in with all the air of a man who had heard the forty days' cannonade at the Moro; but a couple of good drams from a jolly magnum bonum of Ferintosh, which were given to him without delay, at once restored his equanimity, and, chucking the plump housekeeper under the chin, my grandfather—or, as I shall call him in future, the captain—proceeded upstairs.

This ancient Castle of Kirkintullock, which had been stormed by Edward I. of England, but re-taken by the Scots, was a good specimen of the gloomy mansions of the Middle Ages, when every Scotsman was forced to keep watch and ward against his neighbour and, more than all, against Southern invasion;

for it was built by the Comyns, who flourished in the days of Malcolm III., and were Lords of Linton Roderick and of Badenoch, and who made a great figure during the reigns of the three Alexanders and Robert I.

In those turbulent times every Scotsman was a soldier, and a brave one, too ; every house was a fortress, every fortress a citadel, and its inmates were a garrison, while the urgent necessity for security caused the Scottish baron literally to found his dwelling on a rock.

A site alike remote and inaccessible was usually selected, on the isle of some deep lake, or the brow of a sequestered hill, and there the Scottish feudatory raised the mansion in which his race were to dwell, to be married and given in marriage, to be born and to die, "while grass grew and water ran"—the strong square peel-house, with its corbelled battlements, through the openings of which missiles could be shot securely ; its stone-flagged roof ; its irregular slits or windows, all strongly grated, though ninety or a hundred feet from the base, and girdled by a bar-bican, having an arched gate and flanking towers. Such was unvaryingly the external aspect of the dwelling of a Scottish baron, and such was the Castle of Kirkintulloch.

Above the gate, which bristled with loopholes for musketry, were the armorial bearings of Robert Comyn, who was slain at the battle of Alnwick, and the monogram of his descendant, the black Lord of Badenoch, who married the Princess Marjorie, daughter of King John Baliol, and whose son was the last of his race.

After taking a draught from the cup of ale which was filled for him, as for all other visitors, from a barrel

which stood in a recess of the entrance lobby, the captain ascended the hollow-stepped stair to the common hall of the venerable tower.

Internally the accommodation and construction were of the plainest description. A narrow turn-pike stair gave access to the various floors of the keep. The first of these being the levelled rock on which the edifice was founded, was vaulted, and contained the pit or dungeon, with cellars for the stores necessary to a crowded household during the long northern winter, and there was also a deep draw-well hewn through the living rock. The next contained the arched hall into which our wet and weary captain was ushered with much formality. Its floor was paved; the fireplace was of stone, and had ingle-seats within its arch. The windows were deeply embayed, and were secured by shutters within and iron bars without. The sun, when it shone through the half-darkened halls of those days, must have imparted to the dwelling of the Scottish baron the aspect of a prison; thus their prisons became dungeons, for the good folks of the olden time knew no medium in anything.

A gigantic fire blazed redly on the hearth, and by its light the captain could discern a number of those unfortunate wights who, as casual guests, trenchermen, or boys-of-the-belt, in that year, 1772, shared the old-fashioned hospitality of the Flemings of Kirkiuntulloch; but not being of sufficient consequence to have separate apartments, lay rolled up in their plaids on the benches, or among the stag-hounds that nestled together on the warm hearth-stone.

The reader may deem my description somewhat minute, but the events which occurred to my vene-

nable kinsman in the old stronghold of the Comyns, and a tale which he heard there, served to impress every feature of it on his memory, and thus it bore a prominent place in his narrative.

As he entered the hall, a stout and jolly-looking old man, who sat with his sturdy legs stretched out before the fire, one hand supporting a long pipe in his mouth, the other resting on a silver tankard of mulled claret, rose up at his approach and bade him welcome. The fashion of this person's dress was old—for still the Scots are always a year or two behind every innovation; his red vest was deeply flapped, his coat of brown broadcloth was square-tailed, with enormous cuffs and silver buttons; he wore a brown bob periwig with a single row of curls round the bottom thereof; square buckles on his square-toed shoes, and a hat cocked with great exactness in the form of an equilateral triangle, completed the costume of the old chamberlain or castle bailie of the Laird of Kirkintulloch.

"A cold night, bailie," said the captain; "I am sorely chilled, having marched from the Torwood amid this tempest of wind and rain."

"The more are you welcome, sir, to the Castle of Kirkintulloch," replied the bailie, placing a chair; "and if a draught from this tankard of hot mulled claret will comfort you, take it and welcome, while something better is preparing."

"A thousand thanks, good bailie," replied the captain, as he drained the silver pot which came seething from the glowing hob.

Being thoroughly drenched, he begged the bailie would have him shown to an apartment where he might change certain portions of his attire. A boy in the livery of the Flemings, with their goat-head

worked on his sleeves, appeared to conduct him, and, taking a candle, the lad, who was evidently displeased at being summoned from the warm fire of the kitchen, which in the Scoto-French fashion adjoined the hall, hurried up the staircase before the captain, leaving him to follow as he pleased.

I have already hinted that my grandfather was somewhat short-tempered, so he swore one of those hearty oaths which our army picked up so glibly in Flanders, adding, "Hollo! you young devil—do you mean to leave me here in the dark?"

Without heeding him, the lad sprang to the top of the stairs, and hastened across the landing-place into an apartment, leaving the captain to ascend by no other light than the feeble rays that fell from a candle in a tin sconce, which hung on the wall in the first turn of the spiral stair. Looking angrily up in search of his guide, the captain saw—or thought he saw—a lady cross the landing-place.

She was tall, and her white profile was stern and grave, and she was attended by the most diminutive black dwarf in the world—a little creature who appeared absolutely to perspire under the weight of her enormous train, which was of some dark rich stuff, but brilliantly brocaded with white stars. The captain paused and bowed very low, lifting up the end of his long claymore, believing that this stately dame might wish to descend; but when he raised his head again she was gone! Her disappearance was so sudden that he was confounded, and rubbed his eyes.

"Can the long march against a chill November wind have affected my vision?" thought he; "or has that brimming tankard of hot claret affected my nerves? Impossible! Tush—the dame has been scared by my dragged appearance, and has hastened

into one of these apartments ;” so the old gentleman swore another Flemish oath, and reached the top of the stairs.

The guide now reappeared, and he would certainly have had his ears pulled, but the captain’s mind was strangely agitated by thoughts of the lady, whose tall aristocratic figure, and pure, cold, and almost sublime profile seemed to be still before him in the dusk.

He was shown into a handsome bed-chamber, which was lighted by four candles in brass-mounted holders of carved oak. The walls were hung with antique leather, of a pale yellow colour, embossed with red flowers ; the bed was very ancient, and resembled the canopied tombs one occasionally sees in old churches. Over the mantelpiece was a Latin legend, informing the visitor that in this chamber the wife of the Red Comyn had died a prisoner in the year of our redemption 1310.

“ Four hundred and sixty two years ago,” quoth the captain, after airing his subtraction a little ; “ ugh ! how gloomy the place looks, compared to the cheerful hall—so gloomy, indeed, that I shall be here as little as possible before marching to-morrow.”

He flung off his belted plaid, badgerskin sporan, and sword-belt, wrung the water from his kilt and from the curls of his periwig, smoothed his queue, donned a pair of dry hose, and, after giving a casual glance to the primings and charges of his pistols, which were a pair of true steel-butted Doune pops, from the armoury of old Thomas Caddel, he turned to leave the chamber, from the ceiling of which a dried kingfisher hung by a thread ; for it is an old superstition that the bird will turn his bill to *that* point from which the wind blows.

Taking one of the candles, the captain left the

chamber, and was about to descend, when by some "glamour" he mistook the way; for being supperless, I am convinced that the hot wine had affected his head; he stumbled against a door; it flew open, and he found himself in the dressing apartment of a lady, whose face was turned towards him, and by the lights on a side-table he perceived at a glance that she was the same queenly dame who had recently crossed the landing-place. She gazed fixedly at the amazed intruder, as she stood before a mirror, with her round polished shoulders turned towards him, and her jet black hair gathered up in heavy masses on her slender fingers, for she seemed in the act of dressing it. From a faultless bust, her dark dress, brocaded with stars, hung in magnificent folds to her feet, where, crouching like a marmoset, the hideous little dwarf was sitting. Her figure was beautiful, but so motionless and still, as she gazed with eyes full of indignation and inquiry, that the words of apology hung half arrested on the lips of the bowing intruder, who, in another moment, discovered that he had before him a—picture—only a picture; but one painted in the first style of antique art.

Nothing artistic could be more beautifully executed than the upturned and polished arms, from which the lace that foreign looms must have woven, hung in loops upheld by diamonds. A necklace of precious stones encircled her neck, and a large band of the same formed a coronet round her head, and gave an imperial grace to her lofty beauty of feature and of form.

The captain gazed on it till the figure appeared to come forward and the canvas to recede, till the eyes seemed to fill with light and the proud lips to curl with a scornful smile; and then he turned away, for

the strange picture had a mysterious effect upon him, and hastily he sought the hall, where a hot and savoury supper smoked on the centre table, and where the bailie or castellan of the absent proprietor impatiently awaited him.

"Come awa, sir—come awa ; I thought you meant to bide up-stairs a' night. Here are hot collops, devilled turkey, stewed kidneys, mulled claret, port, sherry, and whisky toddy—draw in a chair, sir, and make yourself at hame."

"I have a hawk's appetite, bailie," said my kinsman, applying himself assiduously to the devil and the sherry.

"And I ditto, double — for I have ridden in from Stirling market to-day ; try the cold gibelotte pie."

"Thank you ; I'll rather stick to my old friend—a devilled bone smacks of the bivouac. Pass the sherry, bailie. Thank you."

"Try the kidneys ; they would serve a king."

"Thanks. By the bye, who is that noble lady now residing here?"

"Noble lady?" reiterated the bailie, looking up with his mouth full, and surprise in his flushed face.

"Yes ; she whom I passed, or rather who passed me, on the staircase to-night." The bailie pushed back his chair and plate.

"A lady, sir!" he stammered, while his eyes opened wider.

"She in the black dress brocaded with white stars."

"Gude hae mercy on us!—and a dwarf holding up her tail?"

"The same."

"The Lord take us a' into his holy keeping ! Ye have seen *her* ?"

"Seen who ? What the devil do you mean ?"

"*The wife of the Red Comyn !*"

"Come, that is good ; but I am too old a soldier, bailie, to believe all this."

"Keep us frae harm !" continued the old man, as his rubicund visage grew pale, and he glanced stealthily over his shoulder while lowering his voice ; "she hasna' been seen for these ten years past ; heaven send it portends nae evil to our family !"

"Our family," meant the house ; so completely were the old Scottish domestics identified with those they served.

"Lord help you, sir," he continued, draining a hot jug of toddy almost at a draught ; "you have seen a wandering spirit."

"It may have been fancy, bailie ; but I certainly saw her picture, and that is tangible enough."

"That picture was painted two hundred years and mair after her death ; and there is a devilish story connected with it too."

"'Pon my honour, bailie, you quite interest me," said the captain, brewing a jug of smoking toddy, and drawing a chair nearer to the fire ; "the atmosphere of this place becomes full of diablerie. Painted two hundred years *after* her death ! I hope the likeness is good ; but tell me all about it."

"She was the wife of the last Comyn to whom this castle belonged, and she was a woman possessing alike the pride and temper of Lucifer ; but they cost her dear, for she suffered a sore penance in the yellow bed-chamber up-stairs, and there 'tis said her spirit walks to this hour. Now it chanced that in the days of King James IV., his Master Painter, the famous Sir

Thomas Galbraith, the pupil of Quentin Matsys, of Antwerp, and the friend of Leonardo da Vinci and of Titian Vecelli, came here during the lifetime of John Lord Fleming—the same who was so barbarously assassinated by the cursed Laird o' Drummelzier, wi whose folk we have a feud outstanding yet, like an auld debt—well, the King's painter slept, or rather, perhaps, passed the night in the yellow room, and from that time he was a changed man; from being rosy-faced, he became pale and wan, hollow-eyed and ghastly; from being as full of fun and frolic as the King himself, he became sad, woful and thoughtful, and he shut himself up in the haunted-room, where he worked day and night for a whole week, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, as folks aver, until *that* awful picture was finished; and whether it was done from the memory of *one* vision of the spirit, or whether the wife of the Red Comyn came to him nightly from hell, and sat for her portrait, I cannot say; but when finished by Sir Thomas Galbraith, it was the last work he did on earth, for he was found dead, seated before it, one morning, with a pallet on his left thumb and a brush in his right hand. Terror was on his dead face, and the marks of strangulation were round his throat; so the Flemings buried him in the auld Kirk of St. Ninian, at the Oxcgang, where his grave is yet to be seen. I would fain have the picture burned, but the family set a high value upon it; yet I verily believe, if a pair presumptuous auld carle like me dare judge o' sic things, that its presence here may keep the spirit o' that awfu' woman hovering about the walls o' the auld castle she rendered accursed by her crimes!"

"Well, bailie, tell me the story and——"

"Mak' another browst o' toddy while the water is hot, sir," replied the castellan, as he stirred up the fire

with an enormous poker, and as the flames roared in the tunnel-like chimney, the red sparks flew up in pyramids.

"I am charged to the brim," said the captain; "so fire away, my friend, I am all impatience."

After a few preliminary hems, coughs, and flourishes with sips of toddy between, the bailie told the captain the following strange story, which I give in my own words, being vain enough to prefer them to his.

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, the Castle of Kirkintulloch was the principal residence of John Comyn Lord of Badenoch, who, as nephew of King John Baliol, was a competitor with Bruce for the crown of Scotland, and he was called the *Red* Comyn to distinguish him from his father, the *Black* Comyn, who was so named from his swarthy complexion.

In those days the country around this castle was covered by forests of oak and pine, through the secluded hollows of which the Kelvin and the Logie crept with that slow and sluggish current which gives them more the aspect of Flemish canals than streams that roll from Scottish mountains. The rising burgh was then roofed with stone, or thatched; the Roman fort on the Barhill was nearly entire, as when a thousand years before the soldiers of the Cæsars had relinquished it before the furious Scots; and the now ruined tower of Sir Robert Boyd, Baron of Kilmarnock, Hartshaw, Ardneil and Dalry, was still the stronghold of his family, who were the sworn enemies of the Baliols and all their adherents. So deep, indeed, was their hatred, that they would not bury

their dead in the same church ; thus, while the Boyds were laid in the Chapel of St. Mary (which is now the parish kirk), the Comyns were interred in the Church of St. Ninian.

The Red Comyn was powerful, cunning, and dissembling ; being ambitious, and though he fought under Wallace at Falkirk, intensely selfish, he feared to lose his estates after that disastrous battle was lost ; and as usual with Scottish nobles, considering his own interest before the common weal or the national honour, he joined the English ranks, and fought against his own country in the army of the traitor-king, John Baliol.

He was a woful tyrant to the burgh of Kirkintullock ; for, in defiance of the old laws of the land, he enforced the bludewit, the stingisdynt, the marchet, the herezeld, and other exactions now unknown within the ports of a Scottish town ; and as all pleas between burgesses and travelling merchants must be settled before the third flowing and ebbing of the tide, he usually decided them by whipping the burgess and confiscating the goods of the stranger. Moreover, although it had been ordained by the kings of old, that on any burgess departing on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land or other sacred place, his goods and family should be protected "vntill God brought him hame againe," the wives of the absent were often seized by Comyn, and their goods by his lady.

At his mills he exacted exorbitant mulctures, and he hung all who dared to complain ; if any ventured to grind wheat, mashloch, or rye with hand querns, they were also hanged ; and though it was statute and ordained that he who stole a halfpenny-worth of bread should be scourged, that he who stole a pair of

shoes should be pilloried, or eightpence worth should have *one leg* cut off, the tyrant hanged them all. Thus his Dule-tree was never without a man hanging from it, with the black gleds flying round him ; for Comyn ground alike to the dust the burgesses within the walls and the gudemen of the Newland Mailings without ; so that it was generally said in Dumbartonshire, that the devil himself would be a gentler overord than he ; and he was so hated that men remembered the dreadful fate of his father in Badenoch, and it came to be whispered about that there was a prophecy made by a weird woman, that he too should *die a violent death !*

His wife, Lady Gwendoleyne, was esteemed one of the most beautiful women in Scotland, and none had outshone her at the Court of Queen Yolande, the consort of Alexander III. Lovely beyond all comparison, tall, stately and magnificent in form, with pale commanding features and dark eyes, indicative rather of pride of birth and loftiness of mind than of gentleness, she made the people—even those whom her beauty dazzled, and her slightest smile would have won for ever—shrink and quail before her, as beneath the eye of some mysterious spirit ; for the keen black eye of that imperious lady is said to have been as dangerous in its beauty as it was terrible in its expression.

She had been wedded early to the Red Lord of Badenoch ; they had three daughters, the youngest of whom (according to Andrew Wyntoun) was married to the traitorous MacDougal of Lorn. They had also one son, who at the time this history opens, A.D. 1306, was in his eighteenth year, and was said to be a handsome, gallant, and high-spirited youth ; but, unfortunately, devoted to the false Baliol, at

whose mock Court in the Castle of Perth he resided, and there he had been educated.

Notwithstanding her own unparalleled beauty, her husband's rank, power, and overweening authority, Lady Gwendoleyne was far from being happy! A thorn sharper than a poisoned arrow rankled in her heart, in the form of a restless jealousy of her husband, to whom she was passionately devoted, and whom she loved with all the ardour of her impulsive nature. And though he seemed to be, in manner, all that befitted a faithful and attached spouse, he was yet an object of suspicion to Gwendoleyne; for some artful minion had skilfully sown the seeds of mistrust between them, and several of Comyn's unguarded actions and interferences with the wives of pilgrim-burgesses had given her every reason to deem her fears were just and true; hence her fiery heart became a prey to furious passions and to bitter thoughts, and she looked about her, longing for some fitting object on which to vent her wrath.

Her husband's kinsman and her own dear friend, old Sir Alexander Baliol of Cavers, Great Chamberlain of Scotland, to whom she often hinted her complaints against Comyn and her suspicions of his infidelity, endeavoured to laugh away her fears.

"Madam," said he, on one occasion, "jealousy is the soul of a love which will brook no rival even for a moment. I mean not to hint that you love Red Comyn too much, but without this jealousy your love for him perhaps would die."

"You are too subtle a casuist for a woman, Sir Alexander of Cavers," replied the lady, cresting up her beautiful head; "but you must be aware that the disposition and manners of Comyn, your kinsman, are at least but too well calculated to excite my suspicion

and distrust. To wit: his passionate and unconcealed admiration for female beauty; this is known over the whole country, and thrice, on vague suspicion, I have had to discard certain ladies of my household, and thus make their families deadly enemies of ours. And say, my good Lord Chamberlain, are these wandering sallies not shameful, when perpetrated by one who has a son now in his eighteenth year, and tall and handsome as himself?"

Sir Alexander thought of Comyn's gigantic red beard, and smiled when remembering the handsome youth, who had all his mother's beauty, without his father's ferocity of aspect and bearing.

"You smile, Sir Alexander!" said the fiery dame. "You smile—'tis very well, sir! You know more of the Red Comyn and his secrets than you care to tell me, and that courtier's smile assures me that I am an injured wife——"

"I beg to assure you, Lady of Badenoch——"

"Assure me of nothing, Lord of Cavers, if you cannot assure me of your kinsman's faith and purity."

"Madam," said the old Lord Chamberlain, testily, "there are two kinds of jealousy—a pure fear by which the young and restless lover is animated—and a grovelling suspicion, which is jealousy in the worst sense of the term. Your suspicion wounds your self-esteem—it piques your honour—and is but a new phase of selfishness, for you suspect yourself an injured woman."

"And justly too, for Comyn's coldness to me during the last month cannot be accounted for but by some new fancy."

"Your husband is never jealous of *you*, madam."

"That only proves his indifference. 'Tis shamel, false, and unknightly; and I only trust that the pre-

sence of our boy, the young Sir John, whom the King has just knighted, will in some degree recal my wandering husband to a sense of his own honour and the honour of his wife and daughters."

"Madam, how often shall I assure you that the husband of one so beautiful as you could never prove false—I am an old man, your father's friend, and may well say this."

"True, you are an old man, and were my father's friend," resumed the lady, whose black eyes flashed with dusky fire through their tears; "thus it is the more culpable in you to be in my husband's wicked secrets, and endeavouring thus to blind and to deceive a loving and devoted wife. But woe to Comyn and to you in that hour when I prove the falsehood of you both!"

And gathering up her long silk kirtle, which was worn without sleeves, but was so long in the skirt as constantly to require upholding by one hand, she swept away with the air of an offended queen, and with her long and magnificent hair floating over her shoulders from under a band of burnished gold.

"Alas!" thought the old chamberlain, shrugging his shoulders, "how true it is, that love being jealous, maketh a good eye look asquint."

In those days maidens of good family were received into the houses of ladies of high rank to be delicately nurtured and well educated; for which, strange as it may now seem, a befitting fee or pension was paid. Now, among the ladies of the *tabourette*, or *dames d'honneur* of the Lady of Badenoch, were the daughters of many noble houses of the Baliol faction, and who were consequently false to their country. Thus she had Margaret, daughter of that Lord Abernethy who basely accepted from the English King a com-

mission as Captain-General of the Scottish rebels; Muriel, daughter of Sir Gilbert de Umphreville, the forfeited Earl of Angus; Isabel, daughter of David Lord Brechin, who was accused of a design to betray Berwick to the English; Rosamond and Alice, the daughters of John Comyn, Earl of Buchan, and Lord High Constable of Scotland, another prime traitor of the Baliol faction; and Yolande, daughter of William de Gifford, Lord of Yester, in East Lothian. All these were beautiful girls, and, save the last, were proud, haughty, and reserved; for their manners and bearing were all modelled exactly after those of Lady Comyn. Yolande de Gifford, whose father, though a lord, had, strange to say, been true to Scotland, was an orphan, and had been taken into the Castle of Kirkintulloch at the request of Bernard, Abbot of Arbroath, the Lord Chancellor, and almost in pity, as all her father's lands in the shire of Haddington had been seized by John Baliol. She was the most beautiful of Gwendoleyne's attendants, and perhaps the most reserved and gentle, for she felt herself friendless and alone among the selfish courtiers of the Scottish King. Blue eyed, golden haired, and softly skinned, Yolande, who had been so named after her godmother, the late queen (Yolande, Countess de Dreux), was, indeed, the most gentle and loveable of all gentle creatures, and she shrank under the bold black eyes of Lady Gwendoleyne, as a sensitive plant might shrink beneath a hot sun, or before the keen north wind.

Yolande, when the tresses of her rich hair were gathered in the golden crespnette then worn by ladies of the Scottish Court, to show the contour of the neck and shoulders; when her blue kirtle, with its tight sleeves, displayed her beautiful form, over which

floated her surquayne or velvet mantle, tied with tassels at each shoulder, looked only second in beauty to Lady Comyn herself, for they were nearly of a height; and her pretty white fingers were the most expert of all the ladies there at the weaving of those endless waves of tapestry at which all noble demoiselles then worked daily for the comfort and decoration of their dwellings and churches. Such was then the industrious custom; and we are told that Matilda, Queen of William the Conqueror of England, sewed with her own fair hands sixty-seven yards representing the history of the Conquest of South Britain, beginning with Harold's embassy to the Norman Court, and ending with his death at Hastings.

After a long absence at King Edward's Court in London, Red Comyn returned to Scotland, which was then groaning under the yoke of the infamous King John Baliol, the tool of the English, and a faction of traitorous Scottish nobles. On arriving at his home, he gave presents to all the ladies of his household—to one a necklace, to another a bracelet, a crespINETTE, a brooch, and so forth; but to Yolande de Gifford he gave a golden ring.

A ring!

The restless suspicions of his lady had now discovered a clue to something real and tangible; and now she had an object on which her vague jealousies could settle with security. Yolande de Gifford, the playmate of her absent son—the viper whom she had taken into her bosom at the entreaty of the cunning Abbot Bernard, was doubtless involved with her husband in one of those intrigues which had embittered her whole life, although she had never been able to detect them or discover solid proofs.

"Let me be wary and watch well," said she to

herself ; " should it be so, by the cross that stood on Calvary, my Lord of Badenoch shall pay dear for his fair-haired toy !"

Iago's words have been quoted a thousand times, and none are more true ; for

"Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste,
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur."

Lady Comyn suddenly discovered that the timid Yolande had been abstracted and thoughtful, neglectful of her apportioned duties, and inattentive alike to the conversation of her companions and the commands of her mistress. Was not this a sign of love and of secret thoughts ? She frequently and bitterly reprimanded her, till even the gentle Yolande could not forget that she was the Lord Yester's only daughter, and replied with honest pride and proper spirit, asserting her own position and rank.

"This insolence and hauteur are alike unbecoming," said Lady Gwendoleyne ; "and you shall be banished, minion, from my hall and bower, though the poorest convent in Scotland be your portionless home !"

And assuredly this harsh threat would have been put in execution, but for the determined intervention of the Red Comyn, whose kindness to the orphan increased with his haughty wife's displeasure ; and so she set her little black dwarf, who was dumb, to watch Yolande constantly. This dwarf was a present from Sir Thomas of Charteris, the famous Red Rover and pirate, who afterwards became Lord of Kinfouns, and

was conquered on the high seas by William Wallace.

About the time that great preparations were making for the return of her son, the young Sir John Comyn, whom—whether the youth was so disposed or not—she meant to wed to his cousin, Alicia Comyn, daughter of the Lord High Constable, she was again imparting her griefs to Sir Alexander of Cavers.

“Comyn goeth from bad to worse; he braves me now, and dares to keep his minion here, whether I will it or no. By God’s teeth, sir, could I but discover aught to prove my suspicions right, I’d slay that pale-faced Yolande with Red Comyn’s own dagger!”

“I beseech you, lady, to compose yourself, and to be assured that your suspicions are alike unjust and cruel; for they malign your husband and crush this friendless maiden to the dust.”

“I tell you that I hate her!” responded the imperious dame, grinding her beautiful teeth, while her magnificent eyes flashed fire.

“Then get her married,” said the Chamberlain of Scotland, pithily.

“Who in these selfish times will be mad enough to wed the penniless daughter of a forfeited house? Who would ask her love?”

“I for one, were I young as herself; but let her seek a husband according to the ancient law.”

“Sir Alexander, you mock me again.”

“Heaven forbid, fair kinswoman; I do but remind you of an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of the late Queen Margaret.”

“Pshaw—the Maid of Norway—well?”

“Anent spinsters, like this Yolande.”

"Well—well," continued Gwendoleyne, stamping her pretty foot.

"In 1288, it was statute and ordained, 'that during the reign of her Most Blessed Majesty, *ilk maiden ladye of baith high and lowe estate shall have libertie to bespeak ye man she likes* : albeit, if he refuses to take her to be his wyf, he shall be mulctit of ye sum of one hundred pounds or less, as his estate may be, except and alwais, if he can make it appear that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, when he shall be free."

"Yolande is proud as myself, for she comes of a race that would not stoop their crests to kings ; and this is but mockery, my Lord Chamberlain, so—but what is this now ?"

At that moment the little black dwarf crept close to her side, pulled her skirt, and pointed towards the chamber of Yolande Gifford. The yellow glossy eyes of the stunted negro gleamed with malevolent light, as, snatching up her train, the lady swept out of the hall ; and the Chamberlain shrugged his shoulders and blessed his stars that he was still a bachelor, while he whistled merrily, and resumed his employment of teaching a hawk to shake its little bells and coquette with its wings.

With all her pride and spirit, her furious will and temper, so completely had the demon of jealousy taken possession of her soul, that Gwendoleyne stooped to the humility of eavesdropping ; and on hearing the murmur of voices whispering in the chamber of Yolande, she crept close to the thick arras that covered the door, and listened with all her soul in her ears.

"Go, I implore you," she heard Yolande say, in a stifled voice ; "alas ! if you are discovered here, what will my tyrannical mistress say ?"

"Just what she pleases," replied a voice, and then there was a sound—a *kiss*—which set the listener's blood on fire.

"I am watched by that hateful imp her dwarf, and live in daily terror of her discovering all," continued the sobbing Yolande; "and you know what her views are concerning yourself. Go—go—John Comyn, for the love of God and Saint Mary, go!"

"*John Comyn!*" muttered Lady Gwendoleyne; "oh, wretch! that I had a dagger here to avenge this double perfidy!"

A pause ensued.

"To-morrow evening be it, then—at the Roman Peel," said a low voice.

"When the moon is over Campsie Fells."

"You will not forget, beloved Yolande."

"Oh, no—no; and let that meeting be our last, for another day will change the face of everything," wept Yolande.

Unable longer to restrain her fury, the white hand of Lady Comyn tore aside the arras, and she rushed into the apartment with all the aspect of an enraged Pythoness, while at the same moment the figure of a man vanished from the open window, and his steps were heard crashing through the bushes and trees without, as he retired hastily and in the dusk; but Gwendoleyne saw—or thought she saw—enough to be convinced that the fugitive was no other than her husband!

"Alas! madam," cried Yolande, sinking on her knees in an agony of terror, "you have discovered us."

"At last—yes, at last!" exclaimed the fierce, exulting woman, in hoarse accents, as she savagely wreathed her slender fingers, which rage had endued

with triple strength, in the golden hair of Yolande, and proceeded to drag her several times across the oak floor; "beggar! viper! outcast!—ha, ha, ha! thou shalt die now!" and she laughed as she tore out those beautiful tresses in handfuls, till the poor girl's shrieks died away, and she sank senseless at her feet. Then Gwendoleyne locked her up, and after tying the key of the chamber to her silver girdle, retired to her own apartment to still the fierce tumult that swelled her fiery heart, and to lay her plans of deeper and surer vengeance. Alas! they were but too soon formed and matured for pity or remorse to arrest them.

The night passed away, and though she had alternate fits of tenderness and tears, with gusts of jealous rage and passion, the morning found her cold, calm, inexorable, and resolved to have a terrible retribution on the Red Comyn for this attempt to deceive her; and the arrival of a hasty message from him, stating that he was compelled to depart with a slender train on public business to the town of Dumfries, only made her smile the more bitterly, as she thought she saw the game her truant husband meant to play; but she resolved to checkmate him.

"Dumfries, my Lord Chamberlain!" she said, with a scornful smile upon her lovely lip; "now what fool's errand takes him there?"

"To hold a conference with Sir Robert Bruce, the young Earl of Annandale," replied the other, in a low voice; "the Bruces have some bold project now in hand."

"A project."

"Ay, to root the English faction and all Baliol's people out of Scotland. Comyn hath known of this project long, and duly gives King John and King

Edward notice of its progress ; thus Bruce ere long must perish amid his own plots and follies."

"And without waiting for our boy's arrival from Perth, without even bidding me adieu, Comyn has gone to confer with him ? 'Tis well—I wish him speed on his journey. But there is a *prophecy concerning him* ; so let him beware lest he perish by a violent death like his kinsman who died at Craigie, and who had no other grave than his own girdle."

"Now, grace me guide, lady, talk not thus," replied Sir Alexander, growing pale at her words, which referred to a terrible tale ; for it came to pass in the days of King Alexander III., that it was foretold by Thomas the Rhymer, that Comyn Earl of Buchan, who was ranger of the royal hunting forests of Plater, would die by a violent death ; so he mocked the seer, saying—

"Thou art Sir Thomas the Liar, rather than the Rhymer."

But the aged chief replied solemnly in verse, as was his wont when inspired by his mysterious power—

"Though *Thomas the Liar* thou callest me,
The sooth, Lord Earl, I tell to thee !
By Aikeyside,
Thy horse shall ride ;
He shall stumple and thou shalt fa',
Thy neckbane shall be broken in twa,
And the hunting dogs thy bones shall gnaw !
There, maugre all thy kin and thee,
Thine own belt thy bier shall be !"

And so it came to pass soon after, for when the earl was hunting in the gloomy Den of Howie, as he galloped over the green hill of Arkeybrae, his horse became dazzled by the setting sun, and threw him with such violence that his brains were dashed out

by some blocks of grey stone, which to this day are named Comyn's Craigie, and there his bones were found after his hounds had gnawed and torn them asunder.

"So, for God's love, dear lady," resumed the Lord of Cavers with a shudder, "refer no more to these dark and terrible predictions."

The white lips of the haughty lady smiled, but a wild expression of rage and sorrow filled her eyes, and the glance she gave her kinsman was to him inexplicable, as she had not a doubt that this sudden journey was all a device of her husband to meet, or perhaps to elope, with Yolande. Dark and terrible were the silent thoughts of Gwendoleyne as the evening drew on. The old prophecy that like the Black Comyn, the Red one would *die by a violent death*, seemed ever before her in letters of fire; and she thought that now the time had come.

"How was I ever weak enough to expect that a fair-haired man could be true to me?" she muttered; "in all old Scripture tapestries are not Cain and Judas represented with large yellow beards, or red ones, like that of my husband Comyn! Oh, woe is me! and cursed be the hour I forsook Sir John the Grahame to become the wife of his home and the mother of his children!"

All that day she kept Yolande carefully under lock and key, and without food or drink, while the black dwarf watched the window and the corridor. The sunset faded on the green ridges of the Campsie Fells, evening darkened into sombre night, and the pale light of the moon, long before her rising, was spread across the blue and starry sky behind the hills of Lanarkshire. The woolly-leaved birches that fringed the banks of the Logie and Kelvin, diffused a rich

fragrance as the dew of eve fell on them; and the lonely heron sent up its mournful cry at times, as it waded in the pools that gleamed below the castle walls.

Attired as Yolande, in a dress of *dark velvet starred with silver*, with her black locks gathered in a golden crespinette, a veil spread over her head and shoulders, and with her little white hand grasping the hilt of a jewelled dagger that was concealed in her bosom, the wife of the Red Comyn left the Castle of Kirkintulloch unseen by all, and by a little postern on the south, and, skirting the houses of the town, reached the trysting-place, the Caer-pen-tulloch, or old Roman fort at the west end of the hill. The fallen ramparts of the tower were eighty feet square, and the yellow broom, the green whin, the purple foxglove, and the sweet wallflower, all flourished together on the masses of fallen masonry which were covered by long grass that waved mournfully to and fro between the pale Gwendoleyne and the white starlight. The place seemed very silent, lonely, and desolate. All was intensely still, save the fierce beating of her heart, which teemed with passion, as her eyes did with tears she scorned to weep. Time stole away. The moments seemed like hours.

No one came! Could she have mistaken the place—the time?

Now the yellow moon began to peep above the distant hills, and its lustre glinted on the green mounds and shattered masonry of the ancient peel.

Up, up it came, and now its whole disc was gleaming above the dark mountain-ridge, and tipping each rock and peak with fire.

Gwendoleyne prayed in her heart that no one might

come—that she might have been deceived—that Comyn, the father of her four children—but, hark! the hoofs of a horse rang hollowly on the green turf, and through the archway of the ruined enclosure rode an armed man, who sang merrily the same march to which, eight years after, Bruce marched his victorious host to Bannockburn.

“Hark to the tramp, from yonder camp,
Whence the Scottish spearmen come!
When they hear the bagpipe sounding,
Tuttie taittie to the drum!”

“’Tis the Red Comyn’s favourite song!” said she, shrinking aside; “now mayest thou be accursed from the bearing cloth in which thou wert baptized to that shroud of blood in which thou shalt lie! Now by the soul of him who loved me well, the Grahame who fell at Falkirk, and by the life of my son—my dearest hope—I shall have a terrible vengeance!”

The knight, on whose head was a plumed chapel-de-fer, with a mail coif that concealed the lower part of his face, wore over his armour an embroidered cointise, with the cognisance of the Comyns, two ostriches, with the motto “Courage.” He dismounted, and after looking about him for a moment, discovered Gwendoleyne, to whom he hastened with an exclamation of joy, and she recognised on the breast of the surcoat some embroidery, on which she had but too surely and too lately seen the white hands of Yolande Gifford plying the needle! What other proof of perfidy was necessary?

An arm was thrown around her, and passionately and joyously she was pressed to the breast of the new comer. But while trembling with ungovernable fury to find herself exposed to embraces intended for

Yolande, she drove her poniard in the heart of the lover twice, exclaiming,

“Die, villain and deceiver—die in your adultery—die!”

“*Mother—oh, mother!*” cried a voice, which froze the marrow in her bones; and the frantic and wretched Gwendoleyne discovered that she had slain—not the Red Comyn—but their beloved and only son.

The plumed *chapel-de-fer* rang as the wearer sank to the earth.

A gurgling sound was all that followed; the ruined tower swam round that miserable woman, and, multiplied by a thousand times, the horse of the murdered knight seemed to career around her; till borne down by misery, by a revulsion of feeling, by over-tension of the heart, and by horror of what she had done, Gwendoleyne sank senseless on the body of her son.

The young Sir John Comyn had loved the orphan Yolande, and on his return had secretly wished to meet—perhaps, for all that we can learn now—to espouse her; but this terrible catastrophe ended his life and intentions together.

Meanwhile, like a true Scottish baron bent on selfish schemes of family ambition and degrading aggrandizement, Red Comyn had ridden fast to meet Robert Bruce, the younger, at Dumfries, and to concert with him a pretended plan to free Scotland from the English and from John Baliol; but of this scheme the red-headed traitor had duly informed King Edward from time to time. On Comyn’s arrival in Nithsdale, the gallant Robert, afterwards King of Scotland, had fled in safety northward, by reversing his horse’s hoofs, as the ground was covered with snow; and being furnished with clear proofs of his com-

patriot's villainy, he pursued him to the church of the Minorites at Dumfries, whither he had fled for sanctuary, being full of conscious guilt; but neither the house of God nor its high altar could protect this perfidious wretch, who was false to Scotland and her people; and the prophecy that "Red Comyn should die by a violent death" was terribly fulfilled; for there Bruce, Lindsay, and Kirkpatrick buried their daggers in his heart upon St. William's day, the 10th of February, 1306.

So perish all who are false to their country!

He was the last Comyn of the house of Badenoch, and was, moreover, the last of his race—a race which Scotland well could spare.

Lady Gwendoleyne never spoke after she was borne into the castle with the dead body of her son. She lived for five years a close captive in that yellow chamber, and during those terrible five years a word, even of prayer, never passed her lips; but a period was put to her sufferings, for this proud and resentful beauty died on the 10th day of February, 1310, at the hour of three in the afternoon, the anniversary of the very moment in which her husband died under the three daggers in the Minorite Church of Dumfries.

She was buried before the Shrine of St. Ninian, with all the grandeur of a princess and all the splendour of the Roman ritual; her son slept by her side, and Sir Alexander of Cavers reared a stately monument above them; but that fierce woman's restless spirit is still said to haunt the Castle of Kirkintullock and the Roman ruins at the west end of the town; for it is supposed that she will never find repose or peace until the day of doom.

Such was the story told to the captain by the castellan of the old fortress of Kirkintulloch, scarcely one stone of which now stands upon another, as it was removed about the beginning of the present century.

"And Yolande Gifford—what of her?" asked the captain.

"She did not die of love or grief either, but lived to be a very old woman, and passed away in about her eightieth year, when Robert III. was King, a prioress of the Bernardine nuns of St. Mary—a convent of which you may still see the ruins on the north bank of the Avon, about a mile above Linlithgow Bridge."

"A melancholy story!" said the captain; "what a devil of a wife that Gwendoleyne must have been—but no better than such an infamous traitor as Comyn deserved!"

"Beware ye, sir," said the castle bailie, lowering his voice, and looking furtively round him; "she is said to walk about—ay, at this very hour, and may pay you a visit that you may never get the better of."

"I'll be hanged, bailie, if I go up-stairs to-night—or this morning, rather," said my grandfather, laughing; "I would rather face the Dons at the Moro again, than meet that dame in black velvet with her devil of a dwarf—so make a fresh browst and stir up the fire."

The clock struck four.

"Four!" said the soldier; "four already; and we march in an hour!"

The bailie, who was a jolly old fellow, brewed a fresh jorum of hot toddy—by this time they had under their girdles ten jugs each; and my grandfather now began to spin *his* yarns, and detailed the slaughter

of Ticonderoga, the scalping and flaying at Fort Pitt, the storming of the Moro, where British musket-butts and the pates of the Dons tested the hardness of each other; he proceeded on the expedition up the Lakes, and had just opened the trenches before Montreal, when he found himself at the bottom of his tenth jug, the fire out, the bailie asleep in his easy-chair, and heard the warning drum beater in the streets of Kirkintulloch—the warning for the march, while the grey dawn stole through the ancient windows.

It was daylight now, and fearless alike of Dame Gwendoleyne and her dwarf, my grandfather sallied down-stairs, and propping himself between his claymore and the walls of the houses, or an occasional pump-well as he passed it, reached the muster-place, and holding himself very erect, gave, with great emphasis, the command to “march.” His detachment marched accordingly, and—here ends our story for the present.

VI.

STORY OF THE GREY MOUSQUETAIRE.

A FRAGMENT OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

AMONG the captains of "Ours" who had the honour of serving in the Seven Years' War was one named Allan Robertson, a gentleman of the clan Donnoquhy, and a cadet of the loyal house of Struan, who bore the singular soubriquet of the *Mousquetaire Gris*, and whose adventures during the early part of his military career were very remarkable.

In his latter years, when leading a quiet "half-pay life" in the Scottish capital, Allan was known to all the military loungers about "Poole's Coffee-house," at the east end of Prince's Street, then the great rendezvous of the military idler, as a warlike octogenarian—a silver-haired remnant of other days—and as a brave and warm-hearted old Highlander, who was so devoted to the memory of the 42nd, that he never saw those two numerical figures, even on a street door, without lifting his hat, and saying, "God bless the old number!" for his heart swelled at everything that reminded him of the venerable Black Watch.

The manner in which Allan joined the regiment was in itself romantic and singular.

Among the French army at the famous battle of Minden, in the year 1759, when the Household troops were led by Prince Xavier of Saxony, brother of the French Queen, no cavalry distinguished themselves more by the fury and valour of their reiterated charges than the *Compagnie Franche*, or "Free Company" of the Chevalier Jules de Cœurdefer, and two other bands entirely composed of gentlemen of the highest rank and of irreproachable character, who were named from the colour of their uniforms *Les Mousquetaires Gris et Rouges*, led by the Vicomte de Chateaunoir.

In the fury of their last attack, the gallant Prince Xavier was slain by the 51st Regiment, and the leader of the grey troop (for all these noblesse served on horseback) was left behind bleeding on the ground, though a desperate rally was *thrice* made by the energy of one Grey Mousquetaire to rescue and carry off the colonel. These noble rallies were made in vain; for, after a third attempt, the Mousquetaires were swept from the plain of Minden by the terrible charge of the Scots Grey Dragoons, led by old Colonel Preston, the *last* soldier who wore a buff coat in the British service, and who had risen to command from being a kettle-drummer in the old Flanders War.

The faithful Mousquetaire fell in this flight, being pierced by a musket-shot from one of Lord George Sackville's Dragoons, and he lay all night on that sanguinary field, near the leader he had striven so valiantly and in vain to rescue.

A distinguished Highland officer, whose memoirs have been published, mentions that on the 2nd of August, the day after the battle, he rode over the plain, accompanied by Major Pringle of Edgefield.

"On one part of the field we saw a French officer,

who had been wounded in the knee, sitting on the ground, with his back supported by a dead horse. We accosted him, and offered any assistance in our power. He proved to be the commanding officer of *Les Mousquetaires Gris*, and was distinguished by several orders, which, with a handsome snuff-box, had probably excited the cupidity of some of the wretches who are never found wanting in the train of an army. We left him in high spirits, having undertaken to bring a cart or tumbril to carry him from the field; but with the hasty imprudence of young officers, we rode off together on this duty, instead of one of us remaining with the wounded man. It could not be more than ten or twelve minutes when we returned with the cart, and found—to our unspeakable concern—the murdered body of the poor French colonel (the Vicomte de Chateau noir) lying naked on the ground.”

Another officer adds, that near the corpse of the unfortunate colonel, which had been so ruthlessly stripped by the German marauders and death-hunters, lay, pistol in hand, the Mousquetaire, who had made such vigorous efforts to save him in the last charge of yesterday. He was still breathing, and after having his wound hurriedly dressed by a surgeon of the 51st, he was conveyed to the rear, in care of Major Pringle, who was a son of Lord Edgefield, a distinguished senator of the Scottish College of Justice. At the place where they found him, the adverse artillery had furrowed up the plain like a ploughed field by their shot, which lay so thick and half sunk in the turf, that they resembled an iron pavement, strewn with all the destruction and débris of battle.

The Grey Mousquetaire was a tall and handsome

man, bronzed by the weather and scarred by battle. On the breast of his grey uniform glittered those decorations which few of the corps were without—the golden crosses of St. Louis and St. Lazare.

Pringle conveyed him to his own tent, for he knew well that the Mousquetaires were all men of no ordinary rank, and there he supplied him with wine and other comforts. As yet, he had not spoken; but as he gathered strength, he began to mutter and talk to himself in a strange language.

"Assuredly this man is not a Frenchman!" said Pringle, kneeling down to listen.

The Mousquetaire Gris was praying in the Erse tongue!

"What—are you a Scotchman?" exclaimed the astonished major.

"A Highlander," sighed the other.

"I recognised your Gaëlic at once."

"Likely enough," responded the other, in a low voice; "the Gaëlic was the first language I heard, and, please God, it shall be my *last*! I spoke but the tongue I learned at my mother's breast!"

"And you are a Mousquetaire Gris?"

"Yes—that grey uniform is all the inheritance which the dark day of Culloden has left me."

"Poor fellow!" said Major Pringle, with commiseration; "and you are—"

"Allan Robertson, of the house of Struan, who, thirteen years ago, was a captain in the Athole Regiment under his Royal Highness Prince Charles, whom God long preserve!"

"Hush—hush!" said Pringle, hurriedly; "remember that you are in the British camp."

"I care not," replied the other, with flashing eyes; "I have shouted his name at Preston. Falkirk and

Culloden, and why should I shrink from naming him here ?”

Major Pringle kept the Jacobite officer in his quarters, and in a few days he was able to sit up in a camp bed, and converse with ease and coherence ; and many Scottish gentlemen of the army whose political sympathies were with the exiled race, frequented the tent, and supplied him with whatever he required and their own necessities could spare. He asked particularly about the wounds on the breast of his dead colonel, the Vicomte de Chateau noir, and on being informed that they must have been done with a dagger, he became dreadfully excited, and exclaimed,

“ Jules de Cœurdefer has murdered him !”

“ Who ?” exclaimed Major Pringle and several officers who were present.

“ A wretch most justly named Cœurdefer, who serves in the French army, to its disgrace ; a noble and an outlaw—a soldier and a robber ! a ribaud, with whom the Mousquetaires Gris et Rouges have had more than one sword-in-hand encounter.”

Among the mass of papers and regimental memoranda, from which these legends are gleaned and prepared, I find this Chevalier Jules de Cœurdefer frequently mentioned as a prominent character during the early part of the Seven Years’ War ; and some of Robertson’s adventures with him during his service in the Grey Mousquetaires were very remarkable. His narrative was as follows.

“ We, the Red and Grey Mousquetaires, by forced marches from Paris, quitted the gay Court of Louis XV., and joined the army of M. de Contades about the

end of May, crossed the Rhine with him at Cologne, and on the same day the Free Band of the Chevalier de Cœurdefer joined us, to the great annoyance of the whole army; for our hitherto quiet and well-ordered camp became a scene of incessant disquiet, by drunken brawls, duels, and severe military punishments; for as this *Franche Compagnie*, like the wild Pandoors of Baron Trenck, subsist only by gambling and secret robbery in camp, and by open plunder and ruthless bloodshed in the field, you may imagine our repugnance to co-operate with them; and our astonishment that leaders so strict as M. de Contades or Prince Xavier of Saxony would tolerate their presence among us for a moment. Their ranks were filled by men of all nations—runaway students, spend-thrifts, cashiered officers, deserters, fugitive malefactors—in short, by men ready for any desperate work, and being deemed the cheapest food for gunpowder, they had enough of it.

“Their captain, the Chevalier Cœurdefer, is the representative of an ancient but decayed family in Lorraine, who spent his patrimony among the gambling-houses, the cabarets and bordels of Paris. Dismissed summarily from the French line when a captain in the Regiment du Roi for barbarously slaying a brother officer, after severely wounding him in a duel about a courtesan, he has now joined our army against the Prussians, in the hope of winning himself a new name by reckless bravery, cruelty, and outrage. He is handsome and young, but without fear of God or man; without religion, and without honour. Even their chaplain—”

“What! they have a chaplain?” exclaimed Pringle, laughing.

“Yes, a canon of Notre Dame, who was unfrocked

by the Archbishop of Paris for having an affair with a citizen's wife in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He is a burlesque on the clerical character, and fights—as I was about to say—more duels than even the chevalier his leader. One of this choice band plundered a church at Cologne, and as sacrilege could not be tolerated, Prince Xavier made a great hubbub about it. The thief had been seen ; he wore the tattered uniform of the *Franche Compagnie*, and had huge *red whiskers*. The chevalier paraded his men next day for inspection. Bearing a piece of the true cross, the holy fathers came along the line in solemn procession to discover the culprit ; but lo ! every man was shaven to the eyes, and not a vestige of whisker was to be seen in the whole band of the Chevalier Jules.

“ On the 2nd June, 1759, with the force of M. de Contades, we joined the Maréchal Duc de Broglie near Giessen, and left M. d'Armentieres with twenty thousand men to oppose Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, in the neighbourhood of the Wesel ; and on this important day we had an open rupture with the Free Company of Cœurdefer, for when detailed together to form the advanced guard of horse, the gentlemen of the Mousquetaires Gris et Rouges flatly refused to share a post of honour with a corps of outlaws. Then the chevalier, flaming with irrepressible fury, flung his glove in the face of our colonel, Henri the Vicomte de Chateaufort, with whom he had an old unfinished feud, and a duel to the death was only prevented by the determination of the maréchal duc, who bound them both down by solemn promises to keep the peace towards each other, at least until the close of the campaign ; but the villain Cœurdefer made a vow of vengeance, swearing to ‘ lay the vicomte at his feet, where he had laid many a better man ;’ and you

see how he has kept that vow, for by him or by his men our wounded leader was murdered on the field on the morning after Minden !”

“I do not understand,” said Major Pringle, in whose tent this conversation took place one evening. when, with a few droppers-in, he and the now-convalescent Mousquetaire lingered over a few bottles of Rhenish wine ; “in fact, it seems to me a marvel how a gallant soldier such as the late Prince Xavier of Saxony could tolerate the presence of such a ruffian and bully as this Captain Cœurdefer.”

“For various reasons ; he is brave——”

“Bravery is no strange quality in the French or Imperial armies, I think,” said one of the 51st.

“Moreover, he is an expert forager, skilful in war, useful in council, and leader of two hundred troopers, who have only one virtue—their devotion to him. Besides, the brutal qualities he displays are not singular in the history of wars in Germany. We have had many such examples as he among the mixed races which make up the armies of France and Austria.

“In the last century there was the terrible Count Merode, a colonel of musketeers, whose name has become a proverb for all that is vile ; and there was the ferocious Jehan de Wart, a colonel of horse, who in Bavaria spared neither man, woman, nor child, when the lust of blood glowed in his fiery heart.”

“Thank Heaven ! we have no such fellows among us,” said the officer of the 51st, complacently.

“Sir,” said Allan Robertson, with a cloudy brow, “you forget the nine of diamonds—the exterminating order of Cumberland, written on the night before we fought you at Culloden.”

“But the assassination of your poor colonel,”

began Pringle, hastily, to change the turn the conversation was taking.

"Ah! that was a frightful episode in this new war; and yet believe me, my dear major, Cœurdefer has committed many such acts, and has always contrived to elude the hand of justice. Witness his vow to lay our colonel at his feet, where better men had lain. Liar that he is! Chateaunoir was the first gentleman in France! But true it is that, of the many who have lain at the feet of Jules, few have fallen in battle or fair combat."

"You seem to have serious cause for disliking him," said Pringle.

"Disliking!" reiterated Robertson, while his eyes sparkled and his pale face glowed with anger—"say abhorring him!"

"You had your sword," said the officer of the 51st.

"But it is the sword of a Mousquetaire," replied Robertson, sternly; "the chevalier ranks with a field officer."

"True," said Pringle; "you must pardon my friend, who forgets surely what discipline inculcates. And the cause of this animosity?"

"Is a dark and painful story," sighed Robertson, as he drained his green glass of Rhenish, and tossed it on the turf floor of the tent.

"Let us hear it."

"Before the rising of the clans in 1745," began Robertson, "I was a student at the Scottish College of Pontamousson, where I learned Latin and the classics under the tuition of old Father Innes. I had then a dear friend named Louis d'Herblay, a native of Remiremont, at the foot of Mount Vosge in Lorraine. Louis was handsome, brave, and courteous; an expert maker of verses; a tolerable player on the guitar,

and a smart handler of his sword, which he had seldom occasion to use, for he was beloved by every one ; a successful love affair with Mademoiselle Annette, a pretty and sprightly girl, had put him in the best of humours with all mankind. Annette was the only daughter of the old Marquis de Chateaunoir, father of the vicomte of that title, Great Maréchal of Lorraine and Bar-le-Duc.

"Jules Cœurdefer, the spendthrift, gambler, and roué, was then, to our great regret, at college with us too, and having not yet come to his estates, his finances being far below his ambition and expenditure, to keep these equal he had betaken him to cards, dice, successful bets, to bullying some and cajoling others—and to every means his wild and wayward course of life permitted—a course which was the scandal of the good fathers of Pontamousson, and soon procured him the only favour he wished at their hands—expulsion.

"Between him and Louis d'Herblay there grew an aversion—a hatred that waxed stronger daily ; an antagonism on his side, but on the part of Louis a cold and haughty bearing ; for he despised the life and habits of Cœurdefer, whom he had thrice fought and thrice disarmed, when involved with him in tavern brawls beyond the college gates ; for *within* these barriers no sword or other weapon was ever worn. But in the very spirit of a Venetian bravo, Jules was known, or suspected, to bear about his person a small *crystal poniard*, the most savage of all weapons for inflicting a wound ; as the blade, when broken off at the hilt, remained like a deadly sting in the body of the victim. It was a weapon which could be used but *once* only, and then with terrible effect.

"I have mentioned that my friend D'Herblay had

a successful love affair. As a trophy of it, he wore at his breast an antique cameo of great size, set round with diamonds, and within it was the hair of Annette concealed by a secret spring. He was not rich, but was sufficiently wealthy and well born to render him an acceptable suitor even to the most wary of fathers ; thus it had been arranged that, as soon as he left college, his marriage would be celebrated. Father Innes, our old preceptor, was to perform the ceremony ; all the students congratulated Louis, and looked forward to his nuptials as to a *fête*—at least, all save Cœurdefer, who kept ever aloof from him, and smiled with the quiet covert smile of malice and hate, when D'Herblay or his affairs were mentioned in his presence.

“At last came the time appointed for Louis to leave the college, and I was to accompany him to Remiremont. He bade adieu to all the old Scottish priests of Pontamousson, and severally shook hands with all his brother students—all till he came to where Cœurdefer was lounging outside the gates smoking a huge German pipe ; and D'Herblay, in the happy fulness of his honest heart, being unwilling to leave a foe behind him, approached and held out his hand, saying—

“‘Farewell, M. le Chevalier, though we have not always been the best of friends, I hope we do not part as enemies. Here is my hand to you—my hand, in token of friendship and future amity.’

“Despite the honest frankness that beamed in the blue eyes of D'Herblay and the confiding generosity of his speech, the coarse Jules Cœurdefer gave him a sullen frown, and while rudely emitting a volume of smoke full in his face, with a sullen gesture of contempt, strode away.

"All the students muttered 'Shame!' and for a moment a cloud hovered on the usually smooth brow of D'Herblay.

"Bah!" said he, turning to me, 'one who is so happy as I, can well afford to pity the wrath of one so poor in spirit and in Christian charity. Farewell Jules,' he added, as we leaped on our horses; 'when next we meet, we shall part less sullenly.'

"Yes—when *next* we meet, our parting *shall* be different,' replied Cœurdefer, looking over his left shoulder, with a black frown in his face, as we trotted from the college gates.

"He means me mischief—pooh! let the fool do his worst,' said Louis. We soon dismissed him from our thoughts, and laughing and chatting gaily, waving our hats to the old people, and kissing our hands to the young girls, we rode through the old familiar streets of Pontamousson, and took the road that led direct to D'Herblay's home, which lay more than twenty leagues distant. And now, gentlemen, observe that *within one hour* after we left the college gates, Jules de Cœurdefer, alone and unattended, also departed on horseback, ostensibly to return to his father's house on the French side of the Rhine.

"We cantered along the road to Nancy, between the yellow cornfields, feeling happy as boys in our new freedom, and singing together a song which Louis had composed in honour of Annette de Chateau noir, and thus we pushed on without halting at the capital of the duchy, save for a few minutes at a jeweller's, where my friend bought a diamond bracelet for his future bride. Blaziers and Neufchateau were soon passed, and then we reached Epinal, which, in 1466 was bestowed upon the once independent princes of

Lorraine ; and their castle, now a ruin, crowns an eminence above it.

"Epinal is within ten miles of Remiremont, and there we were compelled by the state of our horses to halt, notwithstanding the impatience of my friend, to whom a night spent so near the residence of Annette seemed an age, and the ten miles that intervened a thousand leagues ; but we called for supper and made ourselves comfortable at an auberge. Louis assumed his guitar, and we sought to while away the time ; and the hours flew quickly, for we had a thousand plans to form and things to talk of.

"Alas ! how little did we dream that Jules de Cœurdefer, like a bloodhound, was tracking us swiftly and surely, by Nancy, Blaziers, and Neufchateau, and had actually lodged himself in an auberge opposite ours, at Epinal.

"After sitting up late, we retired. Overcome by an excessive lassitude, induced by the long and arduous journey of the past day, I fell into a deep and profound sleep—so deep indeed, that the noon of the next day had rung from the church bells ere I awoke, and inquired for my companion. Thus, you may see, sirs, the difference between one who is a lover and one who is *not*.

"Louis had been up with the lark, as the aubergiste informed me, and full of impatience to visit his mistress, had mounted a fresh horse, and set forth alone, leaving a message for me to follow him to the mansion of the marquis, near Remiremont ; adding, as an apology for his abrupt departure, that he was loth to rouse me from a slumber so comfortable and profound.

"I ordered my horse, paid my bill, and departed at leisure, for I had no hope of overtaking him. An

easy trot of ten miles brought me to Remiremont, which is a pretty little town on the left bank of the Moselle, and without difficulty I reached Chateaunoir, the fosse of which was filled by the river. The edifice was ancient, surmounted by heavy turrets and all built of *black* stone (hence its name), and it stood embosomed among fine old trees.

"I sent up my name, and inquired for M. d'Herblay.

" 'How—is he not with you, M. Allan?' asked the old marquis, with astonishment in his tone and manner.

" 'No,' said I; 'he quitted Epinal at least four hours before me, leaving a message for me to follow him hither.'

" 'Four hours before you, and he has not arrived yet!'

" 'This is most perplexing, M. le Marquis!' said I.

" 'Oh, mon Dieu! what can have happened?' exclaimed mademoiselle, whom I now saw for the first time, and who was a fair blonde, with a beautiful skin and long dark eyelashes, which lent a softness and inexpressible charm to her face.

"I could not reply. My heart misgave me; for knowing D'Herblay as I did, I feared that something most unusual must have occurred to prevent his appearance at the chateau.

"Noon passed; the sun verged westward, and still he did not appear. I became seriously alarmed; the old marquis was perplexed and irritated; while Annette wept in silence.

"Horses were ordered at last, and with Chateaunoir, his son the Vicomte Henri, afterwards Colonel of the Grey Mousquetaires, and all his servants, I set forth to search the roads and inquire for my friend.

For some time we prosecuted this object in vain ; but after much labour and anxiety, judge of our horror, when in a secluded orangery, about two miles from Epinal, the young vicomte found a man lying on the grass wounded, bleeding and dying, surrounded by a group of pitying and terrified vine-dressers.

“The damps of death were on the brow of this unfortunate, who proved to be my friend, poor Louis d’Herblay.

“He was frightfully pale, having received several wounds—one of these in the bosom occasioned him the most exquisite agony. From this wound he had bled for some hours undiscovered, and now he was beyond all hope of recovery. Revived partially by our presence, by a cordial poured between his lips, and by the stoppage of the crimson tide which had soaked the soil whereon he lay, in broken accents and at long intervals, he related what had befallen him ; and every word he uttered there, so slowly, painfully, and laboriously, sank deeply in our hearts, for they were too surely the last words of the dying.

“Loth to arouse me untimeously at Epinal, my kind friend had arisen, and softly descended the wooden stair, saddled his horse, and left the auberge by dawn. He departed from Epinal at a canter, and in the overflowing happiness of his heart was singing merrily, when at a solitary part of the road, he heard the hoofs of a galloping horse, and a voice impetuously calling upon him to stop. Believing this follower was I, who had discovered his secret and hasty departure, he turned to find himself confronted by a tall stranger, whose face was concealed by a black velvet mask, and whom he believed to be a brigand or assassin.

“ ‘Monsieur,’ said the strange horseman, in a voice which, by its varying tones, was too evidently disguised as his face, ‘you are abroad betimes.’

“ ‘As you also are,’ replied Louis; ‘but was it you, monsieur, who called upon me to stop?’

“ ‘It was.’

“ ‘For what purpose?’

“ ‘That you shall shortly see.’

“ ‘Shortly—nay, as soon as you please, for I am in haste.’

“ ‘Indeed!’ said the other scornfully and slowly.

“ ‘What is your wish, sir?’

“ ‘Simply, that you measure swords with me in this meadow.’

“ ‘Why?’ asked Louis, with astonishment.

“ ‘I intended to have pistolled you through the back, *sans cérémonie*, at first; but my heart relented; thus, I mean to afford you a chance of saving your miserable life—though I must have your purse and valuables.’

“ ‘You are, then, a robber.’

“ ‘If one whose funds are down to zero, and who is desperate, be a robber, then I *am* one,’ replied the mask, still in his feigned voice.

“ ‘I am no poltroon, yet I will gladly save your soul the commission of a double crime,’ said poor D’Herblay, who was the very mirror of generosity; ‘here is my purse, good fellow—pray accept it and be gone, for I have no time to trifle with you.’

The unknown coolly put the purse in his pocket and drew his sword, saying, with an ironical laugh—

“ ‘I thank you, though I would have had it, at all events; but still,’ he added, grinding his teeth, ‘you must fight with me!’

“ ‘Leave me until to-morrow,’ said Louis; ‘there

is one awaiting me at Remiremont—one expecting me to-day—whom I would not disappoint—a lady who loves me, monsieur.’

“The stranger laughed scornfully.

“‘Let me see her but once again, and I shall meet you with joy.’

“The stranger laughed louder, and said bitterly—

“‘Why not meet me now?’

“‘I know not,’ urged poor D’Herblay, who was anxious to ride on; ‘but your presence chills my heart—I have a dark and solemn presentiment.’

“For a third time the other laughed ferociously, while his eyes sparkled through the holes in his mask, and he menaced D’Herblay with his sword, saying—

“‘Fight—fight!’

“‘To-morrow—I tell you, to-morrow.’

“‘Never—be it now or never!’

“‘I am too full of happiness to fight.’

“‘Happiness!’

“‘She whom I love—she whom I am to wed, expects me at Remiremont.’

“‘She whom you love, and whom you hope to wed, shall never see you, but as a breathless corpse, fool!’

“‘If I am slain, who will bear my last words to Annette?’

“‘The spirits of the air or the demons of hell—I care not which,’ was the fierce response.

“‘Fool that I was to leave the auberge without my friend. Moreover, I decline to fight with a rascally *ferrailleur*!’

“This epithet, which is used in France to distinguish a person who, without provocation, delights in quar-

relling and forcing others to fight, made this highway brawler tremble with rage.

“ ‘Coward!’ he thundered out.

“ ‘Hah!’ exclaimed Louis, leaping from his horse, and in his passion forgetting all but vengeance.

“ ‘Coward, come on!’ reiterated his assailant.

“ Louis pressed to his lips the cameo locket which contained the hair of Annette, and with a prayer to Heaven that he might be spared to see her, rushed upon his furious antagonist. A desperate duel began, and so ably were the voice and costume of the masker disguised, that never once did a thought of Jules de Cœurdefer cross the mind of D’Herblay. They had withdrawn from the roadway into an orangery, and taken off their coats and vests to afford them greater freedom. A perfect fencer, Louis stood erect, with his head upright, his body forward on a longe, all the weight on his left haunch—feet, hands, body, arm and sword *in a line*, and completely covered by his weapon.

“ Their swords clashed and gleamed in the bright morning sun; both were expert combatants, and most of their passes were skilfully made and as skilfully parried. The masker made a feint to the left, but changing the attack, suddenly ran his weapon through the sword-arm of Louis, fairly wedging the blade between the bones below the elbow, and covering his shirt with blood in a moment. Paralysed by this, his future defence was feeble. He received repeated wounds, and was at last laid prostrate on the earth, bleeding and senseless.

“ ‘Lie there, thou moonstruck fool!’ exclaimed his ruthless conqueror, giving him a final stroke in the breast. Tearing away the cameo locket, he left the unhappy D’Herblay a dying man, for he expired in

our arms as we were conveying him to Remiremont.

"On examining the wound in his breast, we found that it had been made by the blade of a *small crystal poniard*, which was purposely broken off from the hilt and left rankling in the orifice to insure by a mortal stroke the death of the victim !

"My first thought was of Cœurdefer, whom I knew to be the possessor of such weapons, which he had brought from Venice, where they are commonly used by the bravoës ; but the proofs I could adduce were too slight for me, a stranger and a foreigner, to accuse the son of a powerful baronial family ; thus the terrible suspicion remained locked in my own breast—a suspicion that grew less, however, when I remembered that the victor, like a common foot-pad, had taken the purse and locket of my poor friend.

"The grief of a kind, warm-hearted, and affectionate girl like Annette may be imagined. She wept little, but her sorrow was the deeper that it was unrelieved by any external manifestations. She was long inconsolable.

"Now came the war consequent to the League formed at Vienna, in 1757, to strip the King of Prussia of his dominions, and an alliance was formed by France, Austria, Russia, and Sweden, when Britain declared war against the former, and all Europe seemed to 'go by the ears' at once.

"The old Marquis de Chateaunoir marched as Colonel of Horse under the Maréchal d'Estrées, and fell at the passage of the Rhine. His son, the Vicomte Henri, became a soldier, too, and soon obtained the command of the Mousquetaires Gris, into which I, then a fugitive from the Scottish Highlands, was admitted by

his request ; but long before all this poor little Annette had become a canoness of Remiremont.

“This ecclesiastical establishment, by the peculiarity of its constitution, is one of the most singular in the church. It was founded by St. Romerick, a famous abbot, who lived in the days of Clotaire II., and who built his first convent on what was then a bare and desolate place, at the foot of Mount Vosge. All the ladies in it, the abbess excepted, take certain vows, reserving to themselves the right of quitting the convent and marrying if they please ; and all must prove their nobility by four descents before admission. The abbess had both spiritual and temporal power under the Pope and Dukes of Lorraine.

“Annette was a canoness for three years, and lived in peace, viewing the world only as a place wherein to practise those little acts of kindness and Christian charity which the ladies of St. Romerick practised so freely as to make their establishment a boon and a blessing to that sequestered little city among the mountains. There her virtues, her attention to the sick, and her charity to the poor, excited the admiration of all, as her sorrowful story, and sad, grave manner won their sympathy. So three years glided away, until in an evil hour Jules de Cœurdefer came to visit his sister, who was the superior of this remarkable establishment.

“He saw Annette unveiled in the garden ; her pale beauty, her exceeding gentleness, and her loneliness raised a passion in his breast. Impetuous in all things, he at once besought his sister to intercede for him with Annette ; and after many objections to engage in a task so unsuited to the nature of her office, the abbess, inspired by a natural regard for her only brother, and a desire to obtain for him the object

of his choice, whom she justly deemed a pearl among women, and one whom she loved dearly and highly esteemed, left nothing unsaid to urge his suit. M. Jules became a regular visitor at the convent parlour, and daily saw Annette in the presence of the abbess, who, believing that his conversation and gaiety (for he was fresh from Paris, and the camp of Maréchal d'Estrées) might amuse and interest the lonely girl, foresaw that in a second love affair she might gradually be drawn from the terrible memory of the first and of its fatal end.

"They soon became intimate, and all Remiremont rang with gossip; the old condemned the lax discipline of the abbess, and the young rejoiced that the pretty canoness Annette de Chateau noir was to become the wife of the handsome chevalier.

"In submission to the stronger will of the lady superior, and to the energetic mind of Jules, and perhaps dazzled a little by the brilliance, the splendid uniform, handsome figure, and gay conversation of that redoubtable personage, she passively admitted his addresses. - But this new lover's deep dark eye seemed to exercise some mysterious and magnetic influence over her; for, as the poor girl afterwards told me, there were times when his glance seemed full of a terrible fascination, and when she alternately loved and felt a strange coldness—almost an involuntary repugnance for him.

"She strove to conquer this emotion, the origin of which she failed to fathom, and anxious, perhaps, to forget the terrible sequel to her first love among the gaiety proffered by the second, she consented to receive the chevalier as her husband; and lest she might retract, the ceremony was hurried on with a haste on his part which the good-natured gossips of

Remiremont averred to be somewhat indelicate at least.

"His sister perceived the strange waverings and misgivings that agitated the mind of poor Annette, and on the marriage morning she embraced and kissed her tenderly.

" 'Beware what you do, dearest Annette,' said she, 'lest you repent the hour you leave us. In marriage the love of the mind and character must be blended with and united to the love of the person, or there can never be any duration of tenderness or of mutual confidence. Oh, I pray Heaven, I may not have acted wrong in this affair!'

"The misgivings of the good abbess came too late.

"Full of hope, the gentle Annette smiled through her tears; full of love and triumph, the exulting chevalier led her away, and they were married. Before leaving the convent, Jules placed in her hand a case containing a complete set of brilliants—a tiara for her head, a necklace, bracelets, and rings. Among these jewels was a *cameo locket*, studded with the purest diamonds.

"On perceiving this well-known trinket, Annette grew pale, and tottered to a chair. It seemed to come like a signal from the grave of Louis d'Herblay to reproach her! Her features became convulsed and her voice tremulous, for in a moment she recognised her own gift to Louis, previous to his last departure for Pontamousson, and there occurred to her a strange, but just and dreadful suspicion, that for a moment paralysed her and rendered her totally incapable of repelling the chevalier, who held her in his arms, and perceived at once, and with no little confusion, the misfortune or discovery which was impending.

“‘Cursed fatality!’ he exclaimed, through his clenched teeth.

“‘Whence came this trinket, Jules? How came it into your possession? Speak!’ she exclaimed, in accents of terror, and with the gestures of passion.

“‘I do not understand you, dear Annette,’ said he, finding that nothing but perfect confidence and a bold falsehood would carry him through this *malheur*. ‘I had that locket made for me by a jeweller of the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, many years ago, as a gift for my mother.’”

“‘It is false all this; for, four years ago, I had it made here in Remiremont.’”

“‘Annette!’

“‘Has it any secret spring or clasp?’ she asked.

“‘No—none, I am assured,’ he answered, boldly.

“‘You are sure of this, Jules?’

“‘I swear to you Annette,’ he urged, becoming frightfully agitated, while the perspiration rolled like beads down his brow.

“‘Swear not—you have lied enough already,’ she exclaimed wildly. ‘See, monsieur,’ she added, pressing a spring and opening the locket by a secret hitherto unknown to Cœurdefer, ‘it contains my miniature and a braid of my hair—mine, given in a happy, happy hour to Louis d’Herblay! O, Louis! look down on me from heaven, and see how fate has avenged thee! Away, chevalier—away; come not near me, and touch me not! If other proof were wanting that you were his murderer, it is here.’

“These words were rashly spoken, yet they stung Jules to the soul. She tore her bridal chaplet and veil from her brow, trampled on them with gestures of frenzy, and was borne away insensible in the arms of the canonesses.

"In one hour after that *dénouement* the exasperated chevalier had left Remiremont for the French camp—left it to return no more."

"And what of Annette?" asked some one.

"She took the black veil, and is now nun of the convent of St. Nicole, seven miles from Nancy. With that day's discovery began and ended the wedded life of Cœurdefer; and since then he has led a wild and reckless career, committing innumerable acts of daring, which by some strange fatality have passed as yet unpunished; but the assassination of D'Herblay—for that he *did* assassinate him, I have not the slightest doubt—is the blackest of his acts; unless, indeed, that other episode at Minden be a deeper and a darker one.

"The marriage prevented the Vicomte Henri alike from prosecuting him at common law as a felon, and from challenging him to a solemn duel, and so time passed on; but he hated my colonel—the handsome young Mousquetaire—with the hate of a tiger; hence I doubt not that by his hand, or the hands of some of his lawless troop at his behest, my leader perished on the field of Minden!

"France has not in all her army a more splendid soldier than that Mousquetaire Gris!

"After the junction of the French army under M. de Contades and M. de Broglio, as I have related, on their approach Prince Ferdinand retreated, first to Lippstadt, and afterwards to Ham, where he mustered all the forces in the Bishopric of Munster, and was joined by the soldiers of Imhoff, while we advanced and took possession of Cassel, Minden, and Beverungen.

"While we lay at Cassel, engaged in repairing and strengthening the fortifications, the vicomte, our

leader, was engaged in two pieces of service, which savoured of the romance of the Middle Ages in Germany.

"There came to the colonel of the Mousquetaires, from the Lower Saxon side of the Weser, a certain old knight named Otto of Burgsteinfort, who though an adherent of the enemy, implored him as a soldier and a gentleman to attempt the rescue of his daughter, an only child, who had been carried off by a party of savage Uzkokes or Hungarian infantry, who had been subsidized by the King of Prussia, and formed a portion of the column commanded by Prince Ferdinand, but were more immediately under the orders of Count Hatzfeld in Munden, twelve miles distant on the Weser ; and these wretches, he added, had borne her into a forest in the Bishopric of Paderborn, where he dared not follow them, alone at least. Pitying the distress of the old man, Chateau noir left Cassel on this errand of mercy with forty gentlemen of the Mousquetaires Gris. Of these forty I had the honour to be one.

"Will not Count Hatzfeld do this service for you, baron ?" I asked.

"No—though on my knees I prayed him ; I who never have bent my knee before to aught but a minister of God."

"Why ?"

"Because our families are and have been long at feud."

"Good—I can understand that, for in my country we are not without hereditary hatreds. Yet in this instance his conduct has been alike ungenerous and wicked."

"True ; thus I, a German, appeal to French chivalry."

“‘In a happy moment, baron,’ said Chateau noir ‘and your appeal shall not be made in vain. This abduction——’

“‘Occurred three days ago.’

“‘Peste ! then we have no time to lose !’

“We crossed a range of mountains in the night, and entered the Bishopric of Paderborn, pushed on towards the forest, riding with such speed, that, to prevent our horses being knocked up, at a village near Borcholz, we refreshed them in the old Reiter fashion, by bathing their nostrils with vinegar, giving them water and wine to drink, and folding round their bits a piece of raw flesh sliced from a stray cow, which we shot, and cut up for the purpose.

“Otto, the knight or baron (for we named him both), acted as our guide, and such was the deadly treachery so frequently practised by those Germans, that we were not without fear that the whole story of the abduction might be a snare to lure away into ambush those who were considered by the King of Prussia as the right arm of the French general ; and thus our colonel gave me express orders to keep by the old man’s side, and on the first indication of treachery, or attempted flight, to pistol him without mercy !

“The harvest moon was shining full and yellow in her placid beauty high above the steep green mountains that look down on Liebenau ; but now it was on the wane, for the east was marked by the coming day, as in silence and circumspection we approached the fortress of the lawless Uzkokes. Every leaf was still, the sky was of the purest blue, and spread like a starry curtain behind the dark mountain peaks, and the sombre forest scenery was reflected like inverted trees of bronze in the calm lakes and tarns which we passed

in our progress through this wild region of solitude and old romance.

"An old servant of the baron, who had been lurking about the forest in ~~the~~ vague hope of succouring his young mistress, now joined us, and threw himself at the feet of his master. For two nights and days this faithful fellow had been lurking in the vicinity of these terrible depredators, and now he acted most efficiently as our guide. His appearance, his tears, and enthusiasm dissipated our fears of a snare, and made me feel somewhat ashamed of having encouraged them.

"The Uzkokes, about twenty in number, were deserters from Count Hatzfeld's garrison in Munden, and had possessed themselves of an old and deserted hunting lodge of the Electoral Bishops, built at the foot of a rock; from thence they had been issuing from time to time, to plunder the peasantry, to rob wayfarers and to shoot deer.

"The sound of guttural voices in loud altercation, mingled with savage laughter, informed us that we were in the immediate vicinity of those enterprising worthies who had abducted the baron's daughter. Then we saw the gleam of a red wavering light between the stems and branches of the trees. This came from a huge fire around which they were all bivouacked, drinking, sleeping, or making merry, and being apparently without any proper watch or scout, as we were enabled to approach them by a forest path unchallenged and unseen. The reason of this seeming confidence was soon explained, when we found one of their number lying across the narrow way stretched upon his musket, either sottishly drunk or in profound slumber; but *which* we never had time to discover, for, quick as thought, the servant of the baron, a

bloodthirsty Westphalian boor, dispatched him by one slash of his short and sharp *couteau de chasse*.

"The father was by my side as we advanced. Bare-headed, he was praying with his clenched hands pressed upon his breast. The poor old man was full of agony and terror.

"'They are twenty in number, you say?' asked Chateauoir.

"'Exactly twenty, mein herr,' replied the old servant, wiping his hunting-knife on the grass with grim care before he sheathed it.

"'Then ten of *us* are enough for them,' replied our heroic young colonel; 'let the ten gentlemen next me dismount and take their pistols with them. You are sure, my friend, that your young mistress is still among them?'

"'Sure as I live, mein herr,' replied the boor.

The baron groaned.

"'See!' exclaimed a Mousquetaire, 'there is a white dress amid their circle.

"'Christi kreutz! it is my young lady!' whispered the servant, in a breathless voice.

"I placed my gloved hand on the baron's mouth lest he might utter a cry, and spoil all.

"'Where—where?' asked Chateauoir.

"'At the foot of that elm-tree, and, *mein Gott!* she is tied to it with a cord.'

"Creeping forward after Chateauoir (for he would allow no man to precede him) I saw a very remarkable scene.

"Around a huge fire of dried branches that crackled, sputtered, and blazed, casting a red and lurid glow on the gnarled trunks of the old oak-trees and on the leafy canopy formed by their twisted and entwined foliage overhead, were the twenty Uzkokes, all fierce-

looking little men, of powerful, active, and athletic figures, with hooked noses, keen eyes, and wild in gesture. They were bearded to the cheekbones, and wore round fur caps and brown pelisses, or short jackets, and wide red breeches, ending in brodequins, or half-boots. They had each a short musket, slung across his body, with a crooked sabre, which was worn in front, so that the hilt came readily to the right hand. A few were asleep, snorting off the fumes of the midnight debauch, as they sprawled among staved barrels, broiled bones and broken dishes. The rest were engaged in a vehement dispute, while near them drooped the poor object of their contention, a pale-cheeked and slender young girl, secured to a tree by two broad buff waist-belts and a cord; her dress was disordered; her flaxen hair dishevelled and unpowdered; her face bowed down in her hands, which rested on her knees.

"This was the daughter of Otto of Burgsteinfort.

"Once she looked wildly up to heaven, and then bowed down her face again in hopeless misery. She was ghastly pale, and had a hopeless glare in her blue eyes. Beauty, if she really possessed it, seemed to have been quite scared from her.

"*'Morbleu !* how pale she is — 'tis quite a little spectre !' muttered the mousquetaires.

"*'Hush, gentlemen,'* said the vicomte, cocking a pistol and drawing his sword; 'we have come at a critical time. These wretches are all insanelly drunk, and, if I understand their barbarous jargon aright, are now in vehement dispute as to whose property their fair prisoner shall be.'

"All seemed inflamed by the desire of possessing the prize by the strong hand; hence sabres were drawn, and a brawl, which might have saved us all

further trouble, was about to ensue, when a corporal, who was leader of the gang, and evinced more brutality even than his comrades, swore 'that none should have her but the wolves,' and unslinging his musket, levelled it full at her head ; but at that moment a shot pierced his chest and he fell dead upon his face, with arms outspread upon the earth. Death had come to him from the ready pistol of Chateau noir, who now led us on, and taking them by surprise, we cut down almost the whole party without resistance. Four who were asleep and dead drunk we hanged at our leisure, before mounting to return.

" We then, without loss of time, retraced our steps, lest we might be discovered and cut off by troops of Count Hatzfeld or Prince Ferdinand, and rode on the spur towards the Weser.

"To the grateful Baron Otto and his daughter we bade adieu within a few miles of Hatzfeld's headquarters, and sent the count an ironical message, complimenting him on his chivalry and gallantry to the fair sex. After this we reached our quarters in Cassel next evening, without the loss of a man, and so ended our adventure in the forest at Paderborn.

"The next affair to which I referred, is as follows :—

" We remained quietly in our new quarters for a few days until the Duc de Broglie devised an attack upon Munden, the fortifications of which were increasing under the eye of Count Hatzfeld. The Mousquetaires Gris et Rouges marched on this service, and early that morning, long before our trumpets sounded, I was roused by the din of the chopping blocks, of which every French troop has one, to cut straw for the horses before marching.

"With the dragoons of Brissac we formed the advanced guard of this expedition, which included the Regiments of Picardie and Normandie; and here I may mention that our mounted comrades were not named from Brissac in Alsace, but from a little town of the same name in Anjou, which belonged to the ancient family of Cosse, one of whom, Charles de Cosse, was made a peer by Louis XIII., with the title of Maréchal Duc de Brissac.

"*En route* to the scene of our operations, the guide, a wild-looking denizen of the neighbouring forests, clad almost entirely in wolf's fur, and having a shock head of flaxen hair, which he seemed to comb on an average once in a year, left us in a wooded gorge to shift for ourselves, as he knew full well that the rocks and thickets on both sides were manned by his Prussian friends. We were thus caught in an ambush of infantry led by Count Hatzfeld in person! From both sides of the path there suddenly opened a destructive fire upon us. Night was just closing, and an immediate confusion ensued. After a short and feeble resistance the Dragoons de Brissac, believing themselves to be, as the French say, *écharpe*, or cut to pieces, fell back in a panic on our infantry, who were about a mile in the rear, and we, finding ourselves alike bewildered and unsupported, retired, leaving several of our comrades shot or unhorsed. Among these, unnoticed and unseen, was our Colonel, the Vicomte de Chateauboir, whose horse had been killed by a musket-shot. The animal, after plunging thrice, fell heavily, and severely bruised the rider's right leg, which was crushed by its weight in his jack-boot, though the latter was lined by ribs of tempered iron. Thus he lay helpless and unable either to rise or extricate himself. Close by him lay a chevalier of the

Golden Fleece, gorgeously attired, with silver aiguillettes on his shoulders. The blood was oozing from a wound in his breast. Chateau noir strove to staunch it, and ultimately succeeded.

“‘Leave me, monsieur,’ said the sufferer, who was in great agony; ‘leave me that I may die, and go to that God who for you and me suffered more than I this night endure!’

“With these pious words he became insensible, and this chevalier, so daring and devout, was poor Prince Xavier of Saxony, who was afterwards slain on the field of Minden.

“The moon rose above the mountains to light the scene of this misfortune, and while stretched on the ground, enduring great pain and thirst, Vicomte Chateau noir had the horror of beholding many of his wounded companions butchered (even as he, perhaps, was butchered at Minden!) by the sabres of some prowling Jagers in search of plunder; and though he lay still, feigning death, such would too probably have been his own fate, had not a sudden torrent of rain mercifully driven them into an adjacent wood for shelter.

“Believing himself to be now altogether lost—for if not rescued by his French comrades, he was certain when day dawned to be slain by the Jagers or the Westphalian peasantry—he lay bruised, sore, and helpless under the drenching rain, and was on the point of becoming insensible from exhaustion and suffering, when the tremulous light of a lantern gleamed along the wet grass, and glinted on the scattered weapons, the shot-riven soil, and the pale faces of the dead. Two dark figures approached noiselessly, and then he heard a female crying—

“‘Hatzfeld—Count Hatzfeld;’ and near him

there passed a young woman of great beauty, muffled to her chin in a mantle of furs, and attended by an old man bearing a lantern, the light of which, (while shuddering at the terrors it revealed), they turned from side to side on the faces of the dead and wounded among whom they threaded their way.

“‘If you seek Count Hatzfeld, madame, you seek in vain,’ said the vicomte, faintly.

“‘Who spoke?’ said the lady, pausing in terror.

“‘I—a wounded Frenchman!’

“‘And wherefore say you so, monsieur?’ asked the lady, while her large dark eyes seemed to dilate with alarm; ‘is he wounded—slain?’

“‘Nay, I hope not, as *you* are interested in his safety; but he has simply fallen back with his victorious infantry towards the town of Munden.’

“‘Thanks—thanks,’ said she, turning away; and then, seeing by the light of her lantern that the speaker was a young and very handsome man, she added—‘Pardon my selfish anxiety, for Count Hatzfeld is my husband; but you—who are you?’

“‘To-night I am your humble servant, madame; this morning I was colonel of the brave Mousquetaires Gris, under Louis XV.

“‘Your name——’

“‘Henri, Vicomte de Chateaufort.’

“‘Who was the first to cross the Rhine at Cologne?’

“‘I had that honour, madame.’

“‘Oh, monsieur, I have heard of you very often.’

“‘Then I would pray you, madame, a Prussian though you be, to give me but a cup of water; for even under this falling rain I am dying of thirst.’

“The Countess of Hatzfeld hastened to give him

some wine from a flask borne by her attendant, and she even proposed to remain beside him.

“ ‘I would rather perish of cold and exhaustion, or die by the knives and sabres of those rascally Jagers or Uskokes, than have you remain here in such a pitiless night as this, lady,’ replied Chateau noir. ‘I am a Mousquetaire Gris. I thank you, Madame la Comtesse; but leave me to my fate. I have done my duty to God and his Most Christian Majesty, and am quite willing to leave the event to chance.’

“ But this dame with the gentle eyes and black tresses was one of the Douglasses, of Esthonia,* and was resolved to leave the event in the hands of one quite as fickle as fate, to wit, herself, and she protested that she would not and could not quit the vicomte; but with the assistance of her old valet, whose silence and fidelity could evidently be relied on, she succeeded in extricating him from his fallen charger; she bound up the bruises of his limb, and, supported partly by the hard paw of the old German valet on one side, and by her soft arm on the other, he was conveyed to an adjacent mansion, of which the Prussians had taken possession. It stood about a mile from the field; and there the lady laid him on a couch, and attended him with every care, while her attendant a cunning old fellow—kept watch, to announce when the count, a young and fiery soldier who had vowed extermination to the enemies of the Great Frederick, should return.

“ When Chateau noir found himself in a luxurious bed, within a handsome apartment, hung with green silk festooned by golden cords and massive tassels,

* Where the ruins of their castle are still to be seen on the Douglasberg. They were descended from a Scottish Douglas who served the Teutonic knights.

and having buhl toilet-tables, covered with Mechlin lace festooned with white and silver; large oval mirrors, lighted by rose-coloured candles in girandoles of glittering crystal, and vases of flowers between, he believed himself to be in a dream, the more so, as with half-closed eyes he saw a beautiful woman, with remarkably white hands, long tremulous eyelashes, and fine eyes, gliding noiselessly about his couch, and from time to time watching over his slumbers and recovery. So he thought,

“ ‘Tis a spirit-woman, and this is some enchanted castle on the Rhine, or *under* it, perhaps. In Paris, I have often heard tales of such adventures in this land of diablerie, and seen them, too, in the theatres.’

“ But the hands and arms of this ‘spirit woman,’ when they touched the vicomte were remarkably unlike those of a spectre or spirit; moreover, she had a bright roguish eye, and, by her manner, seemed not at all reluctant to receive compliments, or to indulge in a little innocent coquetry, being, as most pretty women are, charmed by the admiration she excited. She had resided long at Berlin, and as our young colonel was almost fresh from the King’s antechamber at Versailles, she was charmed to find a chevalier so gallant in that sequestered district which lay between the Weser and the (then) wild forests of Paderborn.

“ Three days slipped pleasantly away at that quiet old German chateau.

“ On the evening of the 3rd, the galloping of horses was heard in the avenue, and Count Hatzfeld, still flushed by the success of his ambuscade, which, for a time, had completely delayed the advance of the Maréchal Duc de Broglie towards Munden, accompanied by a squadron of Blue Prussian Hussars,

arrived at the mansion, and, without removing his soiled and blood-stained uniform, hastened to embrace his countess. Pale and confused, the latter had barely time to conceal the vicomte in a secret alcove, or ancient hiding-place which she had discovered, and which opened by a sliding panel at *the back* of the couch, whereon he had been reposing when Hatzfeld entered, and after a few gay words of greeting, threw aside his hussar cap, gloves, sabre, and rich pelisse, and with an exclamation of pleasure, satisfaction, and weariness, stretched himself on the same place and the same pillow where the vicomte had lain but a moment before!

"Trembling with apprehension, and paler than ever, the poor little countess sat near a mirror, dreading even the expression of her own face, and scarcely trusting herself to speak.

"And now scarcely a long, tedious, and terrible hour had elapsed, when a casual sound, or some vague suspicion excited by her peculiar manner, prompted Hatzfeld suddenly to uncloset the long panel of the alcove, wherein lay the stranger almost side by side with himself. With a shout of angry astonishment, the count leaped up, and sprang to his lately relinquished sabre.

"*'Stay,'* exclaimed the countess, throwing herself upon his sword-arm; *'he is only a poor wounded man, whom I have saved and concealed.'*

"*'In my bed—or beyond it—could you find no more fitting place, madam?'* exclaimed her husband, endeavouring to free himself from her impetuous grasp, while sombre fury and fierce suspicion sparkled in his eyes.

"*'Hatzfeld—believe me—Hatzfeld, I speak the truth!'*

“ ‘Swear that you do,’ said he, menacing her white neck with the gleaming weapon.

“ ‘I swear it,’ she exclaimed, ‘by our Lady of Oettingen, I swear——’

“ ‘What?’

“ ‘That he is only a poor stranger.’

“ ‘And that you never saw him before?’

“ ‘Never before the night of the ambush.’

“ ‘And that he is—who?’ queried the count, sternly.

“ ‘A mousquetaire of King Louis.’

“ ‘O Christi Kreutz! a soldier of King Louis!’ reiterated the count; ‘what matters it—Frenchman or Austrian—one can reach hell as soon as the other!’

“He made a thrust at Chateau noir, who though weak from his bruises, sprang from the alcove, and would infallibly have been slain had not the countess hung upon her fiery husband’s sword-arm, praying him by all he held sacred and dear to spare her the horror, the disgrace, and lifelong reproach of an act so cruel as this man’s slaughter in her chamber; but she spoke to one who heeded and who heard her not.

“In his blind fury or suspicion, the count disdained to hear her, and coarsely strove to thrust her from him, bruising her tender breasts and hands, as she clung about him wildly. Though so faint that he could scarcely stand, Chateau noir had now reached and drawn his sword; and how this matter might have ended, there are no means of knowing, had it not at this crisis been cut short by the ball of a field-piece passing through the house with a frightful crash, and then they heard the sharp shrill notes of the Prussian trumpets sounding *to horse*, as a party of the Duc de Broglie’s Cavalry, who were again advanc-

ing towards Munden, approached the mansion, and seeing a squadron of Blue Hussars in the lawn with a standard displayed, had suddenly opened a fire on them from three pieces of flying artillery.

"Leaving our colonel to the care of his advancing friends, Hatzfeld had to depart on the spur for Munden, which was his head-quarters and nearest fortified post, while his fair young countess became the lawful prisoner of the Mousquetaires Gris. The vicomte treated her with every courtesy, and she was escorted with all honour to the quarters of the Duc de Broglio, whose timely approach had arrested an act of assassination.

"In his anger at Count Hatzfeld, and anxiety to remain with us, Chateau noir, immediately on procuring a new horse, assumed once more the command of the Grey Musketeers, and marched at our head, on the expedition against the town of Munden.

"The sun was setting when we, who formed the advanced guard, came in sight of Munden, at the confluence of two streams, which there unite and are named the Weser; and its current rippled in pink and gold as the tints of evening deepened on the laden barges that floated by the quays, on the spires of the churches, and the quaint architecture of the streets. The scenery was neither bold nor striking; but the sun seemed to linger for a time 'at the gates of the west,' casting upward his rays through cloud and sky, diverging like the fiery spokes of a mighty wheel, and these continued to waver and play, to fade and gleam again from below the dark line of the horizon, long after the sun himself had disappeared from our eyes.

"As the last bright vestige of his flaming disc went down, a cannon—the solitary evening gun—boomed

from the fortifications of Munden, and the Prussian standard was slowly lowered for the night ; and this was to us a significant notice that as yet our approach was unseen.

“Munden we considered one of the most important places on the Weser. On one side it had eight solid bastions faced with stone, full of earth and impenetrable to cannon-shot. A half-moon lay before every curtain and the ditch was broad. The counterscarp, covered way and palisadoes were all in the best order, and the town was garrisoned by three thousand men, five hundred of whom were Irish, whose backs had never been seen by an enemy. Count Hatzfeld commanded the whole, and his second was the Baron O'Reilly, a soldier as resolute and determined as himself, consequently we had every reason to expect that broken heads would be numerous enough.

“If my warlike friends expect a detail of the siege and capture of Munden, I regret that I can afford them but a brief note of the operations, which were pressed by M. de Broglio with great vigour. The battalions de Picardie blockaded it on one side, while those of Normandie enclosed it on the other. M. de Contades broke ground before the strongest bastions, and M. de Broglio undertook to storm and destroy the works and bridges on the Weser, while the Vicomte de Chateau noir, with the Mousquetaires Gris et Rouges and the cavalry, covered the roads and collected supplies.

“The fire of our artillery, which was heavy, was neutralized by the elevation at which they were discharged, and by the compactness of the earthen parapets ; but ultimately a breach was effected in two days, and a host of brave fellows volunteered for the assault. Among these were all the Grey Mousque-

taires and about a hundred of the Dragoons of Brissac, dismounted. The honour of leading the stormers at midnight was assigned to the vicomte, who appeared in his brilliant state uniform, with all his orders sparkling on his breast.

“‘Is this wise, vicomte?’ asked the old Duc de Broglio.

“‘Wherefore, maréchal?’

“‘You will be the mark of every musket to-night.’

“‘So much the better for others,’ replied the gay noble ‘Allow me to please myself, Monseigneur le Duc. I may as well be killed in my best coat to-night as have it sold at the drum-head to-morrow.’

“The second volunteer for the storming party was a mere child—a son of the Comte de Brille, who had been unjustly executed for losing a military post under General Lally, in India. The boy was serving as a private soldier under M. de Contades, and was burning for an opportunity to distinguish himself; thus when we advanced towards the breach mingling together pell-mell, men of all ranks and arms united in a mass, and falling fast on every side, with shot of every sort and size passing us with an incessant *hum* or *whistle*, tearing up the turf, shattering stones, and rending huge branches off the trees that grew on the banks of the river, the vicomte turned, with an emotion of pity, and said to the boy—

“‘M. de Brille, my young brave, return while there is yet time.’

“‘My father perished innocently on the scaffold in the Place de Grève, vicomte,’ replied the boy, on whose pale cheek glowed the light of the fireballs, which filled the air above and sputtered in the muddy ditches below; ‘and I shall to-night redeem his

coronet from the temporary tarnish it has suffered, or die. I, too, am a De Brille !'

" 'But the breach is just before us.'

" 'Well !'

" 'And you have no fear ; pardon me, boy, I am your senior officer, and, believe me, your sincere friend.'

" 'I thank you,' said he, haughtily ; 'fear—I have none.'

" 'Thou art a brave chick—Vive M. le Comte de Brille !' exclaimed the stormers, and the eyes of the lad flashed fire.

" 'I know, vicomte,' said he, 'that at this moment my poor old mother, the widowed countess, is praying for me at home ; and God,' he added, pointing with his sword to the starlighted heaven, 'will spare the widow's son !'

" 'Bravo ; forward, then, to the assault—to the assault ! France and Vive Louis le Roi !'

" But he was *not* spared ; he fell, pierced by a mortal wound. Like a swollen surge the stormers swept over him, and through the ghastly gap in the shattered rampart hewed a passage into the heart of the place, driving the foe before them. Count Hatzfeld was among the first who fell, for, after a brief encounter, Chateau noir slew him at the third pass. After this the Prussians gave way, and the only resistance we experienced was from O'Reilly and his Irishmen, who took possession of a Lutheran church, where they fought like incarnate devils, swearing to blow themselves up, if they had powder enough, but never to surrender.

" By noon, however, they hoisted a white flag on the steeple, and agreed to leave the place with the honours of war, which we were glad to accord them.

By this time there were only two hundred left alive; and at their head the gallant O'Reilly marched out, with one standard displayed; it bore the Irish harp and Prussian eagle. One drum was beating before them; and, in the old fashion, each man had a bullet in his mouth and four charges of powder in his pouch.

"We cheered them heartily and saluted them with all the honours of war, and then the drums of the Regiment de Normandie were beaten before them down through that terrible breach, which was strewn with dead and wounded, and where the blood was battenning in the sun or oozing and trickling between the stones; and from thence they crossed the Weser, and marched to Beverungen.

"On our advance towards the latter place, they were soon compelled to retire again; for, when we carried the town by assault, they retired from it on the Prussian side.

"My next service was on the field of Minden, where—but, gentlemen, you know the rest."

Such was the varied narrative of Allan Robertson, the Grey Mousquetaire.

On his recovery, being sick of exile and of the French service, he expressed a great desire to join any of our Highland regiments, even as a volunteer. His wish was warmly seconded by the officers of the 51st Regiment, and his hopes were realized beyond his expectations; for, by their desire and the recommendation of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the Forty-second—the old Black Watch—then serving under General Amherst on the American Lakes; but before leaving the camp

of the Allies, from whence he was first sent home in charge of sick and wounded soldiers, he had the satisfaction of seeing the strange career of his enemy, the Chevalier de Cœurdefer, terminated with abrupt ignominy.

At Fellinghausen—a severe battle, the name and results of which are now absorbed and forgotten in the greater glories of the previous encounter at Minden—the Free Company of the chevalier charged our 51st or Second Yorkshire Regiment, to which Allan Robertson had for a time attached himself as a volunteer. This occurred among those dense and ancient forests which surround Fellinghausen, and which, on this day in particular, rendered the operations of the cavalry on both sides almost futile.

Issuing from a jungle, heedless of the shells which exploded in the air or roared and hissed along the ground, and of the leaden rain that sowed the turf about them, the wild troopers of the *Franche Compagnie* fell *sabre à la main* on the 51st, who formed square in a trice, and by a withering fire swept them back in disorder. Then the Black Prussian Hussars, led by Count Redhaezl, a dashing noble, in his twentieth year, by a furious flank movement, cut them wholly to pieces. Beneath the sabres of the hussars a hundred men and horses rolled upon the earth, and many prisoners were taken. Among these were the Chevalier Jules, his chaplain, and a score of his troopers, all of whom were more or less wounded. They were immediately enclosed by the square of the 51st, and were soon after transmitted to the rear.

After the battle, the chevalier and his ghostly friend, the late canon of Notre Dame de Paris, were deemed such desperate characters that their paroles were not accepted, and they were placed in a secluded

house with the other prisoners, under a guard of Keith's Highlanders, commanded by Captain Fotheringham, of Powrie, an officer who had covered himself with distinction in the late battle. There they remained for some time without Maréchal Broglio, who was probably but too glad to be rid of them, making the least effort for their ransom or exchange, until Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, to whom a report was made on the subject, declared "that to supply such fellows with rations was simply feeding what ought to be hanged."

In an evil moment over their cups, the chaplain informed the chevalier that he had, concealed about him, notes and gold to the value of fifty thousand francs, the plunder of various persons and places.

"Fifty thousand francs!" said the chevalier; "*mordieu!* with that sum I should soon gild over the most watchful eyes and achieve my liberty."

This thought haunted him day and night, and with one so unscrupulous the sequel may easily be guessed.

One night the chaplain was roughly wakened by a hand being heavily laid on his throat, and he found a masked man standing over him, armed with a bayonet, and commanding him to yield his ill-gotten wealth on pain of instant death!

A loud cry, cut short by a death-stab in the throat followed, and, in less than a minute, the chevalier found himself a prisoner in the hands of the startled quarter-guard, beside the dead body of his comrade and with a blood-dripping bayonet, as a terrible testimony against him.

A court-martial next day made short work with him, and he was sentenced to death—a doom which he met with the most singular coolness and contempt.

His fate was announced to him at night, and he was chained to a tree lest he should escape before *reveille* next morning, when the sentence was to be put in execution. He conversed with his guards, smoked, laughed and sang catches, and was provokingly cool and gay to the last. On perceiving his old brother student, Robertson, loitering near him, he said,

"You have the odds of me to-night, *mon ami* ; but a Prussian bullet ere long may, perhaps, enable you to overtake me *en route* to the infernal regions."

"Be thankful, chevalier, that you end your life in camp, and not in Paris," replied the Mousquetaire, quietly

"Wherefore?"

"Because a soldier's death and a soldier's grave are a better fate than a felon's on the dissecting-table."

"Perhaps so—*peste* ! unpleasant thought to have a parcel of medical *gamins* amusing themselves with one's intestines and arteries."

"Think, sir," said Allen, gravely and with pity, "you are to die to-morrow morning."

"Better then, than to-morrow night, if it is to be. *Allons* ! comrade, another light ; for, *sang Dieu* ! my pipe has gone out !"

So passed his last night on earth.

Grey morning came and the great-coated guard got under arms. The chevalier was unchained from the tree and marched to a secluded spot, where his grave, which the pioneers of the 51st had dug overnight, yawned in the damp mould among the bright green grass. He walked calmly round it and looked down with all the curiosity of an amateur or mere spectator. He then stood erect opposite the provost-marshal's guard, with a scornful smile and with folded arms.

"I thank you, M. le Prevot," said he, smiling gaily; "all is as it should be—'tis just my length; five feet ten inches."

The guard, or firing party, which was composed of twenty men of the 51st, were confounded, and, perhaps, disgusted by his unparalleled coolness. He declined to have his eyes bound up.

"Make ready!" said the provost-marshal, and his guard cocked their arms at the *recover*, according to the position of those days.

"*Pardonnez moi*," said the unmoved chevalier; "I have a little request to make of you, M. le Prevot."

"What is it, sir?"

"Don't bury that devil of a friar near me."

"You mean your victim?"

"*Peste!* so you name an avaricious monk, who wanted fifty thousand francs all to himself."

"Your chaplain."

"Yes—so don't bury him near me, I say."

"Why, chevalier?"

"He might trouble me in the night, for he has been a worse fellow in life than I, and is not likely to sleep so sound in that dark hole as poor Jules de Cœurdefer; so now with your permission, I shall end this scene myself. Once more, *soldats, appretez-vous armes!*"

The muskets were levelled at him, and steadily he looked at the twenty iron tubes before him.

"*Joue!*" he added rapidly, "*FEU!*"

The report of twenty muskets rang sharply on the still morning air, and pierced by eleven bullets the chevalier fell dead.

His body, shattered and covered by the blood that spouted from his wounds, was lowered, while warm,

into the grave by the pioneers of the 51st; but before they covered it up, an officer stepped forward and took the cloak from his own shoulders to wrap up his miserable remains.

He who performed this last act of kindness to the earthly tenement of the wild and reckless spirit that had fled, was Allan Robertson of "Ours," the *soi-disant* Mousquetaire Gris.

VII.

THE LETTRE DE CACHET.

IN the ancient church of St. Germain de Prez, at Paris, is a stone which bears the following inscription in English :—

M.S.

ADAM WHITE, OF WHITEHAUGH,
MAJOR IN THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF SCOTTISH HIGH-
LANDERS, 1789.

R.I.P.

On that stone, or rather on its inscription, the following legend, compiled from the traditions of the regiment, was written.

Lately, every mess-table in the service rang with a romantic story that came by the way of Calcutta. It was reported and believed, that an officer of Sale's gallant brigade, who was supposed to have been killed at Cabul, thirteen years ago, had suddenly re-appeared, alive, safe and untouched. He had been all that time a prisoner in Kokan ; his name had long since been removed from the Army List ; and on reaching Edinburgh, his native place, he found that his wife had erected a handsome monument to his memory, was the mother of a brood of little strangers, and had become the "rib" of one of his oldest friends.

This reminds me of the adventures of Adam White

of Ours, who served with the Black Watch under Wolfe and Amherst.

In the year 1757 three additional companies were added to our regiment, which, the historical records say, "was thus augmented to thirteen hundred men, all Highlanders, *no others being recruited for the corps.*" These new companies were commanded by Captains James Murray, son of Lord George Murray, the Adjutant-General of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, James Stewart of Urrard, and Thomas Stirling, son of the Laird of Ardoch. The two subalterns of the latter were Lieutenant Adam White, of the old Border family of Whitehaugh, and Ensign John Oswald, one of the most remarkable characters in the British service—and of whom more anon.

White's father had been a major in the army of Prince Charles; he had been wounded at the battle of Falkirk, taken prisoner near Culloden, marched in chains to Carlisle, and was hanged, drawn, and quartered by the barbarous laws of George II., while his old hereditary estate was forfeited and gifted to a Scottish placeman of the new régime.

Adam White was a handsome and dashing officer, who had served under Clive in the East; and on the 9th of April, 1751, when an ensign, led the attack on the strong pagoda named the Devil's Rock, when six months' stores of Ali Khan's army were taken with all their guards. Like many others who were ordered on the American campaign, Adam White had left his love behind him; for in those days a lieutenant's pay was only a trifle more than that of the poor ensigns—for they (Lord help them!) when carrying the British colours on the frozen plains of Minden, and up the bloody heights of Abraham, had only *three shillings and threepence per diem.*

Thus, for White to marry would have been madness; and as he had only his sword, and that poor inheritance of pride, high spirit, and pedigree, which falls to the lot of most Scottish gentlemen—for he was descended from that Quhyt, to whom King Robert I. gifted the lands of Stayhr, in the county of Ayr—poor Lucy Fleming and he had agreed to wait, in hope that his promotion could not be far distant now, when he had served six years as a subaltern, and the army had every prospect of a long and severe war with France for the conquest of North America. With the minstrel he had said—

“Have I not spoke the live-long day,
And will not Lucy deign to say
One word her friend to bless?
I ask but *one*—a simple sound,
Within three little letters bound,
Oh let that word be *yes*.”

Lucy answered in the affirmative, and so they parted

Lucy Fleming, the only daughter of a clergyman of the Scottish Church, lived at her father's secluded manse in Berwickshire, among woods that lie on the margin of the Tweed, in a beautiful and sequestered glen, where tidings of the distant strife came but seldom, save when the Laird of Overmains, and Rowchester, or some other neighbouring proprietor, sent “with his compliments to the minister” an old and well-read copy of the *London Gazette*, or more probably the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, “sair thumbed by ilka coof and bairn;” for newspapers were few and scarce in those days, and the tidings they contained were often vague, marvellous, or unsatisfactory. But Lucy was only eighteen; and she

lived in hope, while her lover in a crowded and miserable transport was ploughing down the North Channel, making a vain attempt to remedy sea-sickness by brandy and water, endeavouring to forget his melancholy among comrades who were full of bilious recollections of the last night's hock and champagne, and were seeking to drown their sense of discomfort in rough practical jokes, mad fun, and fresh jorums of *eau de vie*.

Done in the best style of Sir John de Medina, a famous foreign artist, who in those days resided in Edinburgh, and who now sleeps there in a quiet corner of the old Greyfriars Kirk-yard, a miniature of Lucy in a gold locket, with a braid of her black hair, was White's best solace; and for many an hour he lay in his swinging hammock, apart from all, gazing upon the soft features Medina's hand had traced. This miniature cost our poor subaltern half-a-year's pay; but the prize-money of Trichinopoli had paid for it; and now when rocking far, far at sea, oblivious of the ship's creaking timbers, the groaning of blocks, and jarring sounds of the main-deck guns, as they strained in their lashings; the whistling of the wind through the rigging; and the varied din of laughter, occasional oaths and hoarse orders bellowed from the poop, he abandoned himself, lover-like, to the sad and pleasing employment of poring over that little memento, until the dark hazel eyes seemed to smile, the red lips to uncloze, the light of love and joy to spread over all her features, and her parting tears seemed to fall again, hot and bitterly from her cheek upon his; yet the last recollection of his dear little Lucy was her pale, wan face, with eyes red and swollen by weeping, as she stood on the stone stile of the old kirk-yard wall, when he bade her farewell, just as the

lumbering stage from Berwick bore him away, perhaps—for ever.

In the same spirit did he brood over the thousand trifles that the lover treasures up in memory, and on none more than the love-music of Lucy's voice, which he might never hear again.

Never again!—he shrank from those terrible words and, trusting through God's grace to escape the chances of the war that were before him, he endeavoured to reckon over the days, the weeks, the months, and it might be the years (oh what a prospect for a newly separated lover!) that must pass, before he should again see the little secluded kirk-hamlet, with its blue-slatted manse, half buried among the coppice; the Tweed brawling over its pebbled bed in front, under the white-blossomed hawthorns and green courtree foliage; the ancient church with its stone spire, its old sepulchral yews, and black oak pulpit, where for more than forty years the father of his Lucy had ministered unto a poor but pious flock.

He was an old and white-haired pastor, whose memory went back to those terrible times, when Scotland drew her sword for an oppressed kirk and broken covenant—

“When the ashes of that covenant were scattered far and near,
And the voice spoke loud in judgment, which in love she would
not hear.”

Adam White saw in fancy the dark oak pew, where on Sunday Lucy sat near her father's pulpit, and close to a gothic window, from which the sun, each morning in the year, cast the red glow of a painted cross on her pure and snow-white brow; and so, with his mind full of these things, with a tear in his eye and a prayer of hope on his lip, “rocked on the stormy

bosom of the deep," our military pilgrim went to sleep in his cot, as the Lizard light faded away, and word went round from ship to ship that Old England had sunk into the waste of sky and water, far, far astern.

By the many casualties of foreign service, Adam White, on joining the regiment in America, found himself junior captain.

It was now the spring of 1758, and George II. was King. Lieutenant-General Sir Jeffry Amherst, K.C.B., was proceeding on the second expedition against L'Isle Royale, now named Cape Breton, which had belonged to the French since 1713, and was deemed by King Louis the key to Canada and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Meanwhile, Major-General James Abercrombie of Glassa, a gallant Scottish officer, with the 1st Scots Royals, the Black Watch, the 55th, or Westmoreland Regiment, the 62nd, or Royal North Americans, and other troops, to the number of seven thousand regulars and ten thousand provincials, landed from nine hundred batteaux, and one hundred and thirty-five whale-boats, with all their cannon, provisions, and ammunition, on the 6th of July, at the foot of Lake George, a clear and beautiful sheet of water thirty-three miles long, and surrounded by high and verdant mountains. That district, now so busy and populous, was then silent and savage. No sound broke the stillness of the romantic scenery, or the depths of the American forest, but the British drum or Scottish pipe, as the troops formed in four columns of attack, and advanced against the Fort of Ticonderoga.

Our regiment, then styled "Lord John Murray's Highlanders," was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Grant; his second was Major Duncan Campbell of Inveraw and never did two better or braver

officers wear the tartan of the old 42nd. Viscount Howe, a brilliant officer of the old school of puffs, pigtails, knee-breeches, and Ramilie wigs, led the 55th.

Ticonderoga is situated on a tongue of land extending between Lake George and the narrow fall of water that pours with the roar of thunder into Lake Champlain, a hundred feet below. Its ramparts were thirty feet high, faced with stone, surrounded on three sides by water, and on the fourth by a dangerous morass that was swept by the range of its cannon and mortars. The approach to this morass—the *only avenue* to the fort—was covered by a dense abattis of felled trees of enormous size, secured by stakes to the ground, and having all their branches pointed outward.

The garrison, which consisted of eight battalions, was five thousand six hundred strong; and as the assailants advanced, it was the good fortune of our hero, Adam White, to learn from an Indian scout that three thousand French, from the banks of the Mohawk river, were advancing to reinforce Ticonderoga. These tidings he at once communicated to General Abercrombie, and orders were given to push on without delay. The praise he obtained for his diligence made the breast of our poor "sub" expand with hope; and with a last glance at his relic of Lucy Fleming, he shouldered his spontoon, and hurried with his company into the matted jungle.

The officer who commanded in Ticonderoga was brave, resolute, and determined. Twenty-four years before he had been a grenadier of the Regiment de Normandie, and served with the army of the Rhine under the famous Maréchal the Duke of Berwick. At the siege of Philipsburg in 1734, the Prince of Conti was so pleased by his intrepid bearing, that he placed

a purse in his hand, apologizing for the smallness of the sum it contained; "but we soldiers, mon camarade," continued the prince, "have the privilege to plead that we are poor."

Next morning the young grenadier appeared at the tent of Conti, with two diamond rings and a jewel of great value.

"Monseigneur le Prince," said he, "the louis in your purse I presume you intended for me, and I have sent them to my mother, poor old woman! at Lillebonne; but *these* I bring back to you, as having no claim to them."

"My noble comrade," replied the prince, placing an epaulette on his left shoulder, "you have doubly deserved them by your integrity, which equals your bravery; they are yours, with this commission in the Regiment de Conti, which, in the name of King Louis, I have the power to bestow."

"Bravo, prince, this is noble!"

"Bravo! it equals anything in Scuderi!" exclaimed two officers, who were at breakfast with the prince.

The first of these was Maurice Count Saxe, general of the cavalry; the second was the famous Victor Marquis de Mirabeau, the future political economist, who was then a captain in the French line.

In twenty-four years this grenadier became a general officer and peer of France by the title of Comte de Montmorin; and in 1758, he commanded the French garrison in Ticonderoga, where he left nothing undone to render that post impregnable. Thus a desperate encounter was expected.

Formed with the grenadiers in the reserve, the 42nd marched with muskets slung, and their thirteen

pipers, led by Deors MacCrimmon their pipe-major, made the deep dark forests ring to that harsh but wild music, which speaks a language Scotsmen only feel ; and the air they played was that old march, now so well known in Scotland as the "Black Watch ;" and loudly it rang, rousing vast flocks of wild birds from the lakes and tarns, and scaring the Red men from their wigwams and camps in the dense forests of pine that covered all the then unbroken wilderness.

The day was hot—the sun being 96° in the shade ; the shrubs were all in blossom, and the wild plum and cherries grew in masses and clusters in the jungle, through which the heavily-laden columns of attack forced a passage towards Ticonderoga, leaving their artillery in the rear, as the officer commanding the engineers had reported, that without employing that arm, the works might be carried by storm.

While the reflection of all Lucy might suffer, should he fall, cost poor White a severe pang, he was the first man who sent his name to the brigade-major, as a volunteer to lead the escalade.

"But," thought he, "if successful, my promotion is insured ; and if I miss death, I shall, at least, be one step nearer Lucy."

Jack Oswald, who volunteered next, consoled himself by some trite quotation from Bossuet (he was always quoting French writers), that he had not a relation to regret in the world.

The country was thickly wooded, and the guide having lost the track through those hitherto almost untrodden wastes, the greatest confusion ensued. Brigadier-General Viscount Howe, who was at the head of the right centre column, suddenly came upon a French battalion led by the Marquis de Launay,

who was in full retreat, and a severe conflict ensued. The viscount, a young and gallant officer, whom Abercrombie styles "the Idol of the Soldiers," fell at the head of his own regiment, the 55th, as he was calling upon the French to surrender. A chevalier of St. Louis rushed forward and shot him by a pistol ball, which pierced his left breast. The chevalier was shot by Captain Monipennie, and received three musket balls as he fell. The French were routed; many were slain, and five officers with one hundred and forty-eight privates were taken.

Meanwhile, the column of which the Black Watch formed a part, had been brought to a complete halt in a dense forest, where the rays of the sun were intercepted by the lofty trees; the guides had deserted, and the officer in command was at a loss whether to advance or retreat, when Adam White, who had been famous for beating the jungle and tigerhunting in India, found a war-path, and boldly taking upon him the arduous and responsible office of guide, conducted the troops through the wilderness; and thus, on the morning of the 8th July, the waters of Lake Champlain, long, deep, and narrow, appeared before them, shining in the clear sunrise, between the stems of the opening forest. Beyond rose the solid ramparts of that Ticonderoga which had proved so fatal to the British arms in the last campaign, faced with polished stones, grim with shadowy embrasures and pointed cannon, peering over trench and palisade; and over all waved slowly in the morning wind the white banner, with the three fleurs de lis of old France.

Fire flashed from the massive bastion, and then the alarm-gun pealed across the water, waking a thousand echoes in the lonely woods; and the drum beat hoarsely and rapidly the call to arms, as the heads of

the four British columns in scarlet, with colours waving and bayonets fixed, debouched in succession upon the margin of that beautiful lake; and there a second time Captain White of Ours was warmly complimented by General Abercrombie for his skill in conducting his comrades through a country of which he was totally ignorant.

"And if I live to escape the dangers of the assault, believe me, sir," continued the general, "this second service shall be recorded to your advantage and honour."

But poor White thought only of his betrothed wife, and far away from the shores of that lone American lake, from its guarded fortress and woods, where the stealthy Red man glided with his poisoned shafts, and from the columns of bronzed infantry, wearied by toil and stained by travel, his memory wandered to that sweet sequestered valley, where the pastoral Tweed was brawling past the windows of the old manse; and to the honeysuckle bower, where, at that moment, perhaps, Lucy Fleming, with pretty foot and rapid hand, urged round her ivory-mounted spinning-wheel; for, in those days of old simplicity, every Scottish lady spun, like the stately Duchess of Lauderdale, so famous for her diamonds and her imperious beauty.

But now the snapping of flints, the springing of iron ramrods that rang in the polished barrels, the opening of pouches and careful inspection of ammunition by companies at open order, gave token of the terrors about to ensue; and old friends as they passed to and fro with swords drawn to take their places in the ranks, shook each other warmly by the hand, or exchanged a kindly smile, for the hour had come when many were to part, and many to

take their last repose before the ramparts of Ticonderoga.

"Stormers to the front!" was now the order that passed along the columns, as the arms were shouldered, and the companies closed up to half-distance, while the grenadier companies of the different corps were formed with the Highlanders, as a reserve column of attack; for on them, more than all his other troops, did the general depend; and a fine-looking body of men they were, those old British Grenadiers, whom Wolfe ever considered the flower of his army, though they wore those quaint, sugar-loaf Prussian caps, which we adopted with the Prussian tactics, and though their heads were all floured and pomatumed, with a smart pigtail trimmed straight to the seam of the coat behind, their large-skirted coats buttoned back for service and to display their white breeches and black leggings—their officers with triple-cocked hats and sleeve-ruffles, just as we see them in the old pictures of Oudenarde and Fontenoy.

As Colonel Grant had been wounded by a random shot, Major Duncan Campbell of Inveraw, a veteran officer of great worth and bravery, led the regiment, and Adam White was by his side.

The cracking roar of musketry, and the rapid boom-boom-booming of cannon, with the whistle and explosion of mortars, shook the echoes of the hitherto silent waste of wood and water, and pealed away with a thousand reverberations among the beautiful mountains that overlook Lake Champlain, as the British columns rushed to the assault; but alas! the entrenchments of the French were soon found to be altogether impregnable.

The first cannon-shot tore up the earth under the feet of Ensign Oswald, and hurled him to the ground;

but he rose unhurt, and rushed forward sword in hand.

The leading files fell into the abattis before the breastwork, and on becoming entangled among the branches, were shot down from the glacis, which was lofty, and there perished helplessly in scores.

The Inniskillings, the East Essex, the 46th, the 55th, the 1st and 4th battalions of the Royal Americans, and the provincial corps, were fearfully cut up. Every regiment successively fell back in disorder, though their officers fought bravely to encourage them, waving their swords and spontoons; but the French held the post with desperate success. Proud of their name, their remote antiquity and ancient spirit, the Scots Royals fought well and valiantly. At last even they gave way; and then the Grenadiers and Highlanders were ordered to ADVANCE.

While the drums of the former beat the "point of war," and the pipes of the latter yelled an onset, the reserve column, led by Inveraw, rushed with a wild cheer to the assault, over ground encumbered by piles of dead and wounded men, writhing and shrieking in the agonies of death and thirst.

Impetuously the Grenadiers with levelled bayonets, and the Black Watch, claymore in hand, broke through a bank of smoke, and fell among the branches and bloody entanglements of the fatal abattis.

"Hew!" cried White, "hew down the branches with your swords, my lads, and we will soon be close enough."

"Shoulder to shoulder! Clann nan Gael an guillan a chiele," cried old Duncan of Inveraw; but at that instant a ball pierced his brain, he fell dead, and on White devolved the terrible task of conducting the

final assault. Oswald was by his side, with the King's colours brandished aloft.

Hewing a passage through the dense branches of the abattis by their broadswords, the Black Watch made a gallant effort to cross the wet morass and storm the breastwork by climbing on each other's shoulders, and by placing their feet on bayonets and dirk-blades inserted in the joints of the masonry. These brave men were totally unprovided with ladders.

White was the first man on the parapet, and while exposed to a storm of whistling shot, he beat aside the muzzles of the nearest muskets with his claymore, and with his left hand assisted MacCrimmon, the pipe-major, Captain John Campbell, and Ensign Oswald, to reach the summit; and there stood the resolute piper, blowing the *onset* to encourage his comrades, till five or six balls pierced him, and he fell to rise no more.

A few more Highlanders reached the top of the glacis, but they were all destroyed in a moment. White fell among the French, and was repeatedly stabbed by bayonets. And now the Grenadiers gave way; but still the infuriated Black Watch continued that bloody conflict for several hours, and "the order to retire was *three times* repeated," says the historical record of the regiment, "before the Highlanders withdrew from so unequal a contest."

At last, however, they *did* fall back, leaving, besides Adam White and Major Campbell of Inveraw, Captain John Campbell (of the fated house of Glenlyon, who had been promoted for his valour at Fontenoy), Lieutenants Macpherson, Baillie, and Sutherland; Ensigns Rattray and Stuart of Banskied, with three hundred and six soldiers killed; Captains Graham, Gordon, Graham

of Duchray, Campbell of Strachur, Murray, and Stewart of Urrard, with twelve subalterns, ten sergeants, and three hundred and six soldiers, wounded ; making a frightful total of *six hundred and forty-eight* casualties in one regiment !

Oswald received a ball through his sword arm, but brought off the colours, tradition says, in his teeth !

The last he saw of his friend White was his body, still, motionless, and drenched in blood, under the muzzle of a French cannon, but whether he was then alive or dead it was impossible for him to say.

Four hours the contest had continued, and then Abercrombie retired to the south side of Lake George, leaving two thousand soldiers and many brave officers lying dead before Ticonderoga.

The regiment deplored this terrible slaughter, but the loss of none was so much regretted as Inveraw, Adam White, and old MacCrimmon the pipe-major ; and as the shattered band retired through the woods towards a bivouac on the shore of Lake George, the pipers played and many of the men sang " MacCrimmon's Lament," which he had composed on the fall of his father, Donald Bane, who had been piper to MacLeod of Dunvegan, and was killed in a skirmish with Lord Loudon's troops near Moyhall thirteen years before, in the dark epoch of Culloden ; and the effect of this mournful Highland song, as it rose up sadly from the leafy dingles of the dense American forest, was never forgotten by the spirit-broken men who heard it :—

" The white mountain-mist round Cuchullin is driven,
The spirit her dirge of wailing has given ;
And bright blue eyes in Dunvegan are weeping,
For thou art away to the dark place of sleeping.

Return, return—alas, for ever !
 MacCrimmon's away to return to us never !
 In war or in joy, to feast or to fray,
 To return to us never, MacCrimmon's away !

“ The breath of the valley is gently blowing,
 Each river and stream is sadly flowing;
 The birds sit in silence on rock and on spray,
 To return on no morrow, since thou art away !
 Return, return, &c.

“ On the ocean that chafes with a mournful wail,
 The birlinn is moored without banner or sail,
 And the voice of the billow is heard to complain,
 Like the cry of the Tar' Uisc from wild Corriskaig.
 Return, return, &c.

“ In Dungevan thy pibroch so thrilling, no more
 Will waken the echoes of mountain and shore ;
 And the hearts of our people lament night and day,
 To return on no morrow, since thou art away !
 Return, return, &c.”

For many a year after, this lament was used by the regiment as a dead march.

“ With a mixture of grief, esteem, and envy, I consider the great loss and immortal glory acquired by the Scots Highlanders in the late bloody affair,” says a lieutenant of the 55th, in a letter dated from Lake George, July 10. “ I cannot say for them what they really merit ; but I shall ever fear the wrath, love the integrity, and admire the bravery of these Scotsmen. There is much harmony and good regulation amongst us ; our men love and fear us, as we very justly do our superior officers ; but we are in a most d—nable country, fit only for wolves and its native savages.”—*Caledonian Mercury*, Sept. 9, 1758.

For many a year after, Ticonderoga found a terrible echo in the hearts of the Highlanders ; a cry for vengeance, as if it had been a great national affront,

went throughout the glens, and in an incredibly short space of time more than a thousand clansmen volunteered to join the regiment. So the King's warrant came to form them into a second battalion; and it was further enacted that "from henceforth our said regiment be called and distinguished by the title and name of our 42nd, or *Royal Highland Regiment of Foot*, in all commissions, orders, and writings. Given at our Court of Kensington, this 22nd day of July, 1758, in the thirty-second year of our reign." Blue facings now replaced the buff hitherto worn by the corps.

This warrant was issued while the survivors of Ticonderoga were encamped on the southern shore of Lake George.

In due time the tidings of this second repulse of the British troops before that fatal fortress reached the secluded manse on Tweedside; and from the cold and conventional detail of operations, as given in the official despatch of General Abercrombie, poor Lucy turned, with a pale cheek and anxious and haggard eyes, to the list of killed and wounded; and the appalling catalogue that appeared under the head of 'Lord John Murray's Highlanders' struck terror to her soul. Her heart beat wildly, and her eyes grew dim; but mastering her emotion, the poor girl took in the fatal roll at a glance, and in a moment her eye caught the doubly distressing announcement—

"Wounded severely, and since missing, Captain Adam White."

"God help me now, father!" she exclaimed, and threw herself on the old man's breast; "he is gone for ever!"

"Missing!"

That term used in military returns and field reports to express the general absence of men dead or alive, struck a vague terror, mingled with hope, in the heart of Lucy Fleming. But then White was also *wounded*, and the dread grew strong in her mind that he might have bled to death, unseen or unknown, in some solitary place, with no kind hand near to soothe his dying agony or close his glazing eyes; and expiring thus miserably, have been left, like thousands of others, in that protracted war, unburied by the Red Indians—a prey to wolves and ravens, with the autumn leaves falling, and the rank grass sprouting among his whitened bones.

These thoughts, and others such as these, filled Lucy with a horror over which she brooded day and night; and it was in vain that her only surviving parent, the old minister,

“A father to the poor—a friend to all,”

sought to encourage her by rehearsing innumerable stories of those who had returned, in those days of vague and uncertain intelligence, after being mourned for and given up, yea, forgotten by their dearest friends and nearest relatives; but in the first paroxysm of her grief and terror Lucy refused to be consoled.

The name of the missing man was still borne in the Army List; and by the slaughter of Ticonderoga he was gazetted to the rank of brevet-major, and Oswald to a lieutenancy.

Then weeks and months slipped away, but Adam White was heard of no more.

Every hope that inventive kindness could suggest, or the uncertainty of war, time, and distance could supply, were advanced to soothe the sufferer, who caught at them fondly and prayerfully for a time;

but suspense became sickening, and day by day these hopes grew fainter, till they died away at last.

The colonel of the regiment, Lieutenant-General Lord John Murray (son of John Duke of Athole, who, after the revolution, had been Lord High Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament), an officer who took a vivid interest in everything connected with his regiment, spared no exertion or expense to discover the missing officer ; but, after a long correspondence with the Marquis de Montcalm, who commanded the French in America, M. Bourlemarque, who commanded near Lake Champlain, and the Comte de Montmorin, commandant of Ticonderoga, no trace of poor White could be discovered, as all prisoners had long since been transmitted to France.

At Chelsea, Lord John Murray appeared in the dark kilt and scarlet uniform of the regiment to plead the cause of its noble veterans who had been disabled at Ticonderoga ; and becoming exasperated by the parsimony, partiality, and gross injustice of the Government of George II., a monarch who abhorred the Scots and loved the English but little, he generously offered "the free use of a cottage and garden to all 42nd men who chose to settle on his estates." Many accepted this reward, and the memory of their gallant colonel—the brother of the loyal and noble Tullybardin, who unfurled the royal standard in Glenfinnan—was long treasured by the men of the Black Watch.

But this tale, being a true narrative, though enrolled among our regimental legends, will not permit of many digressions.

White's name disappeared from the lists at last ; another filled his place in the ranks, and after a time even the regiment ceased to speak of him, in the ex-

citement of the new campaign in the West Indies, where, in the following year, 1759, the most of his friends fell in the attack on Martinique or the storming of Guadaloupe; and Jack Oswald, who was a strange and excitable character, becoming disgusted with the slowness of promotion, after being "rowed" one morning for absence from parade, sold out, left the service in a pet, became an amatory poet, and then a dangerous political writer, under the well-known *nom de plume* of Sylvester Otway.

Long, sadly, and sorely did Lucy Fleming pine for the lost love of her youth. The mystery that involved his fate, and the snapping asunder of the hopes she had cherished for years, the shattering of the fairy altar on which she had garnered up these hopes, and all the secret aspirations of her girlish heart, affected her deeply. She had all the appearance of one who was dying of a broken-heart; and yet she did not so die. Many have perished of grief and of broken-hearts, but our fair friend with the black ringlets and the black eyes was *not* one of these.

In time she shook off her grief, as a rose shakes off the dew that has bent it down, and like the rose she raised her head again more beautiful and bright than ever; for her beauty was now chastened by a certain pensive sadness which made her very charming; and thus it was, that in the year 1761—three years after the fatal repulse of the British troops before Ticonderoga—she attracted especial attention at the Hague, whither her father, the amiable old minister, had gone for a season, leaving his well-beloved flock and sequestered manse upon the Scottish border, to benefit the health of his pale and drooping daughter. Being furnished with introductory letters from his friend Home, the author of "Douglas," who was then

conservator of Scottish privileges at Campvere, the best society was open to them.

At the balls and routs of the Comte de Montmorin, the French resident, Lucy soon eclipsed all the blue-eyed belles of Leyden and the Hague. Enchanted by the charms of the beautiful brunette, their countrywoman, a crowd of gay fellows belonging to the Scots brigade in the Dutch service followed her wherever she went; and those who saw her dancing the last cotillion by M. Brioul of Versailles, the fashionable composer of the day, or the stately and old-fashioned *minuet de la cour*, with the bucks of Stuart's regiments or MacGhie's musketeers, might have been pardoned for supposing that poor Adam White of Ours, and the dark days of Ticonderoga, were alike forgotten—as indeed they were; for Time, the consoler, was fast smoothing over the terrible memories of three years ago; and again Lucy could listen with a downcast eye and a half-smiling blush to the voice that spoke of love and admiration.

Thrice the Comte de Montmorin asked her hand in marriage, and thrice she refused him; but again monseigneur returned to the charge.

"Ah! mademoiselle," said he, "I am lured towards you as the poor moth is lured towards the light—as an eaglet soars towards the glorious sun—soars, but to sink panting and hopeless down to earth again. Never did a Guebre worship the sacred fire with half the tremulous ardour I worship you; for mine is a worship of the heart and soul—the love of father, lover, husband, and brother—all combined in one!"

"And so, M. le Comte, you *do* admire me," said Lucy, trembling.

"In that, Mademoiselle Fleming, I would only be as other men."

"Well—"

"I love you, mademoiselle."

"But so do many more."

"Mon Dieu ! I know that too well ; but none love as I do."

It was not in bombast like this that poor Adam White had wooed and won her love ; yet in six months after her arrival at the Hague, to the dismay and discomfiture of six entire battalions of the Scots brigade—at least the officers thereof—she became the wife of M. le Comte Montmorin, Peer of France, Knight of St. Louis, and all the royal orders—he who in former days had been the trusty grenadier of Philipsburg and the resolute general at Ticonderoga ; and though the old minister sorrowed in his heart for the brave and leal-hearted lad she had loved in other days, and who was buried in his soldier's grave so far away ; and though he deemed, too, that the old manse by Tweedside would be lonely now, without her, as the count belonged to an ancient Protestant house in Lillebonne, and had a magnificent fortune, et cetera, he had no solid objection to offer ; and so he pronounced the irrevocable nuptial blessing, and handed over his last tie on earth—the last flower of a little flock who were all sleeping "in the auld kirkyard at hame," to the titled stranger.

On the occasion the Scots brigade consoled themselves by giving a magnificent ball ; and none danced more merrily thereat than the friend of the lost lover, Jack Oswald, late of Ours, who had been taken prisoner during some of his wanderings, and sent to France ; but had made his escape in the disguise of a poissard, and was wandering home, *viâ* the Hague and Rotterdam.

"Poor Adam fell at Ticonderoga," said he, in a pause of the dancing—"I saw him knocked on the head—'tis well he lived not to see this day !"

"But the count is so rich!" said a disappointed man of the Scots brigade.

"Tush!" snarled Oswald, "the fellow is a mere Frenchman—a heartless fool, who would laugh in the face of a corpse, as old Inveraw of Ours used to say."

Let us change the scene to a period of thirty-one years after.

It is now the year 1789.

M. le Comte de Montmorin, a venerable peer, was then the secretary of state for the foreign department under Louis XVI. Madame la Comtesse, after being long the mirror of Parisian fashion, had become a staid and noble matron, with a son in the French Guards, and two marriageable daughters, the belles of Paris. The old minister, their grandsire, had long since been gathered to his fathers, and was sleeping far away, among the long grass and the mossy headstones of his old grey kirk on bonny Tweedside. Another occupied his humble manse, another preacher his pulpit, and other faces filled the old oak pews around it.

The horrors of the French Revolution were bursting over Paris!

The absolute power of the crown of the Louis; the overweening privileges of a proud nobility and of a dissipated clergy, with their total exemption from all public burdens, and the triple tyranny under which the people groaned, had made all Frenchmen mad. A determined and fierce contest among the different orders of society ensued; the mobs rose in arms, and the troops joined them. A new constitution was demanded, and equality of ranks formed its basis; for the cry was,

“Vive the people ! down with the rich, the noble, and the aristocrats !”

The flower of the French nobles either perished on the scaffold or fled for safety and for foreign aid ; the King himself became a fugitive, but was arrested on the frontiers and brought back to Paris. The streets of that city swam in blood, and the son of Lucy Fleming, a brave young chevalier, perished at the head of his company in defending the beautiful Marie Antoinette, and his head was made a foot-ball by the rabble along the Rue St. Jacques. A thousand times Lucy urged her husband to fly, for Paris had become a mere human shambles, but the determined old soldier of Ticonderoga and Quebec stood by his miserable king, and coolly proceeded each day to the foreign office on foot ; for the mobs systematically murdered every aristocrat who dared to appear in a carriage, sacrificing even the valets and horses to their mad resentment.

In July, a vast armed multitude assailed the Bastille, and foremost among the assailants was a Scottish gentleman—known by many as the notorious Sylvester Otway ; by others as Jack Oswald of the Black Watch.

After quitting the regiment, this remarkable man (whose father was the keeper of John's coffee-house at Edinburgh) had made himself perfect master of the Greek, Latin, and Arabic languages ; and he became a vegetarian, in imitation of the Brahmins, some of whose opinions he had imbibed during service in India. He became a violent political pamphleteer, and on the outbreak of the French Revolution repaired at once to Paris, where his furious writings procured him immediate admission into the Jacobin club, in all the transactions of which he took a leading part, and was appointed to the command of a regiment of in-

fantry, which was raised from the refuse, the savage and infamous population of the purlieus of Paris; and they marched sans breeches, shoes, and often sans shirts, with their hair loose, and their arms, faces, and breasts smeared with red paint, blood, and gunpowder.

At the head of this rabble, on the evening of the 14th of July, Oswald appeared with other leaders before the walls of the terrible Bastille; and bearing in his hand a white flag of truce, summoned the governor, the Marquis de Launay, "to surrender in the name of the sovereign people;" but that noble proudly and recklessly despised this motley rout of armed citizens, and opened a fire upon them. The cannon taken from the Hotel des Invalides soon effected a breach, and a private of the French Guards, with John Oswald, the *ci-devant* lieutenant of the Black Watch, were the two first men who entered the place. The poor garrison were all slaughtered or taken prisoners; among the latter were De Launay, his master-gunner, and two veteran soldiers, who were dragged to the Place de la Grève and ignominiously beheaded.

The terrible Bastille, for centuries the scene of so many horrors, and the receptacle of broken hearts, was demolished, sacked, and ruined! The most active in that demolition was the author of "Euphrosyne," and the "Cry of Nature"—the wild enthusiast, John Oswald. Intent on releasing the suffering captives who were believed to be immured there, he hurried, sword in hand, from tower to tower, from cell to cell, and vault to vault; through staircases and corridors, dark, damp, and horrible, where for ages the bloated spider had spun her web, and the swollen rat squatted in the damp and slime that distilled from the massive walls to make a hideous puddle on the floors

of clay, amid which the bones of many a hapless wretch, forgotten and nameless now, lay steeping with their rusted chains.

In one of these, the darkest, lowest, and most pestilential—for it was subject to the tides of the Seine, where the oozing water dropped from the vaulted roof, where the cold slimy reptiles crawled, and where the massive walls were wet with dripping slime—he found a human being, almost an idiot, chained to a block of stone. He was old; his hair and beard were white as the thistle-down: he seemed a living corpse; his aspect was terrible, for existence seemed a miracle, a curse in such a place; and on being brought to upper earth and air by these blood-steeped men of the people, he became senseless and swooned.

Three other prisoners were found, and then, to its lowest vaults, the infamous Bastille was levelled—even to its base, and its records of tyranny, torture, suffering, human crime, and inhuman horror perished with it.

“The only State prisoners, where so many were supposed to have entered,” says the *Edinburgh Magazine* for that year, “the only prisoners that were forthcoming in the general delivery amounted to four! Major White and Lord Mazarine were two out of that number. The first gentleman, a native of Scotland, was in durance for the space of twenty-eight years; he had never in that time been heard of by his friends, nor in the least expected thus to be enthralled. When restored to liberty, he appeared to have lost his mental powers, and even the vernacular sounds of his own language. The Duke of Dorset has taken him under his direct protection; this is unasked, and therefore the more honourable.”

So this miserable wreck, aged, pale, and wan, worn almost to a skeleton, nearly nude, with his limbs fretted by iron fetters, and all but fatuous; insane,

and with scarcely a memory of his native tongue or past existence; in whose eyes the light of life and intelligence seemed dead, and who had forgotten the days when he could weep or feel, was our long-lost comrade, the soldier of Ticonderoga?

Inspired by just indignation, and determined to unravel this terrible mystery, the Duke of Dorset took him in a fiacre to the hotel of the Comte de Montmorin, the only minister then in Paris, to demand the reason of this outrage upon the laws of war, of peace, and of common humanity; but the official of the unfortunate Louis could only shrug his shoulders, make the usual grimaces and apologies, and plead, that as the records of the Bastille had perished in the sack of that prison, it was totally beyond his power to explain the affair; for not a scrap of paper remained to show how or why this brave officer of the Black Watch, who had been wounded and taken prisoner in action in 1758, should have been found in that dreadful place thirty-one years after. The Duke of Dorset perceived, with surprise, that while speaking the Comte de Montmorin was ghastly pale, and that his eyes were filled with terror. It would have made a fine subject for a painter, but a finer still for a novelist—the delineation of this interview, as it took place in the drawing-room of the Hotel de Montmorin on the morning after the demolition of the Bastille.

The unfortunate victim of a government which had long made that infamous prison an engine of tyranny, was introduced by our proud and determined ambassador, who spoke for him in no measured tones; for alas! the poor major could scarcely put three words together, and for some hours seemed to have forgotten the sound of his own voice.

In the stately and now elderly French lady seated on the gilt fauteuil, between her shrieking and pitying daughters, clad in her high stays, hooped petticoat, and figured satin, with an esclavage round her neck, and her white hair powdered and towered up into a mountain of curls, flowers, and feathers, à la Marquise de Pompadour, it was impossible for Adam White to recognise the once beautiful and black-eyed Lucy of his youth—the simple Scottish girl of the quiet old manse on Tweedside, for whom his sorrowing heart had yearned with agony, in the long and dreary days of captivity, and in the longer watches of the silent night, until love and youth and blessed hope all passed away together.

It was as difficult for her to trace in that wan, aged, and resuscitated man, the handsome young officer who had left her side to fight Britain's battles under Amherst and the hero of Quebec. She was now a white-haired matron, and he a wild-eyed, haggard old man—old by premature years, for eight-and-twenty in the Bastille had crushed him by a load of unavailing care and sorrow. How many seasons had passed over that dark and vaulted solitude during which his pained and weary eyes had never met a friendly smile, or his ear welcomed a kindly greeting.

Eight-and-twenty summers had bloomed and withered, and eight-and twenty winters had spread their snows upon the hills! In that long space of time, how many had been wedded and given in marriage, or been laid in their last homes?—how many of the brave and good, the noble and the beautiful, had gone to "the Land of the Leal," where there is no dawning or gloaming, where the sun shines for ever, and the flowers never die!

For eight-and-twenty years all the pulses of life had seemed to stand still; and now, under their changed aspect and character, and ignorant of each other's presence, Lucy Fleming and Adam White stood within the same apartment, without a glance of recognition. Weak, tottering, and frail, White was placed in a chair, and the countess brought wine to him from a side table. His aspect was that of a dying man; her eyes were full of pity, and her daughters wept to see this poor old man, whose wandering faculties were awaking to a new existence after the long and dreamless sleep of eight-and-twenty years, and to whom the upper air, the blessed sunshine, and the twitter of the happy birds, were all as strange and new as if he had never known them.

"Your name, monsieur le prisonnier?" asked her husband, coldly, and with averted eye.

"Adam White—yes, yes—I am sure it was so—Adam White; once a major in the 42nd Regiment of his Britannic Majesty George II.," he replied, with great difficulty and long pauses.

"George II. has been dead these twenty-eight years, sir," replied the Duke of Dorset, kindly placing an arm upon his shoulder, while, with outspread hands and eyes dilated with terror, the countess started back as if a spectre had risen before her.

"Dead! dead!" muttered the major. "I too have been dead, I think—and who now is on the throne?"

"His grandson, George III."

"Know you the crime for which you were arrested, monsieur?" asked the count, who did not seem to notice the agitation of the countess.

The sunken eyes of Major White flashed, but the

emotion died at once, for his heart seemed broken and his spirit crushed.

"Crime!" said he; "I was wounded and taken in the assault on Ticonderoga by the Comte de Montmorin."

"I commanded there, and I am he."

"This was thirty-one years ago—my God! oh, my God!"

"Be calm, dear sir," said the Duke of Dorset.

"And you have been all that time in the Bastille?"

"Yes, monseigneur."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the duke.

"You were arrested"—

"One night in the streets of Paris, near the Port St. Antoine, when I was at liberty upon parole, as a prisoner of war."

"When was this?"

"In 1761—three years after Ticonderoga."

"Ah, we had peace with Britain in 1763," said the count, averting his eyes, and endeavouring to assume a composure which he did not feel under the keen scrutiny of Dorset's eye. "And so we meet again—fortune has cast us together once more."

"Fortune—say rather fatality," replied White, as some old memory shook his withered heart.

"Did you ever hear how or why you were arrested?"

"Once, and once only—I was told—I was told that it was on the authority of a *lettre de cachet*, filled up by King Louis in the name of the Comte de Montmorin."

"It is an infamous falsehood!" exclaimed the count, passionately.

"Perhaps so," sighed White, meekly; "the man who told me so has been dead twenty-three years."

"And this arrest was"—

"On the anniversary of Ticonderoga—the night of the 15th of July, 1761."

"The 15th of July!" exclaimed the countess, wildly, and in a piercing voice; "on the morning of that very day my desk was rifled of your letters, and your miniature, Adam White!—O my friend—I see it all—I see this horrible mystery!"

White turned his hollow eyes and haggard visage towards her in wonder. He passed a hand repeatedly across his eyes, as if to clear his thoughts, then shook his white head, and relapsed into dreamy vacancy. After a painful pause, "That voice," said he, "is like one which used to come to me often—very often—in the Bastille; in my dreams it used to mingle with the rustle of the straw I slept on."

He smiled with so ghastly an expression that the Duke of Dorset grew pale with anger and compassion. He had gleaned from White the story of his life, and discovered in a moment that the countess was the Lucy Fleming of his early love; and that the count, on discovering the wounded and long-missing major to be in Paris in 1761, to preclude all chance of the lovers ever meeting again, had consigned him to the Bastille, there to be detained for life, as it was termed "IN SECRET."

"Monseigneur," said he, sternly, "I see a clue to this dark story; and believe me, that the king, whom I have the honour to represent, will take sure vengeance for this act of more than Italian jealousy, and for an atrocity which cannot be surpassed in the annals of yonder accursed edifice, which the mob of yesterday have happily hurled to the earth."

With these words he retired, taking with him Adam White, who seemed reduced to mere childhood, for recollection and animation came upon him only by gleams and at unexpected times. As they withdrew, the countess turned away in horror from her husband, and fainted in the arms of her terrified daughters.

The inquiry threatened by our ambassador was never made. Paris was then convulsed, and France was trembling on the brink of anarchy, even as the weak Louis trembled on his crumbling throne. The exertions of his Grace of Dorset to unravel more of the mystery, and the fears of the Comte de Montmorin, were alike futile, for next morning the poor major was found dead in his bed. He had expired in the night. The sudden revulsion of feeling produced by a release, after so many years of blank captivity, had proved too much for his weak frame and shattered constitution. He was buried in the church of St. Germain de Prez; and when Oswald's *sans-culottes* lifted the dead man from the bed, to lay him in the humble shell provided by the curé of the parish, there dropped from his breast a locket. It contained a miniature and a withered tress of black hair—the last mementoes left to him of all that he had loved in the pleasant days of youth and hope, and prized beyond even blessed hope itself, in the solitude and horror of the long years that had followed Ticonderoga. The ruffians who had desecrated the regal sepulchres of St. Denis respected the heritage of the dead soldier, so that the locket was buried with him; and there, in the ancient church of St. Germain, Oswald, the political enthusiast, interred his old and long-lost comrade with all the honours of war.

The stone which was erected in the church, and of

which I have given the brief inscription, is said, traditionally, to have been the gift of a lady—who, need scarcely be mentioned. How long this lady and the count her husband survived the disclosures consequent to the destruction of the Bastille, I have no means of knowing ; but French history has recorded the fate of Jack Oswald.

His two sons left Edinburgh and joined him at Paris, where, to illustrate the complete system of equality and fraternity, he made them both drummers in his regiment, among the soldiers of which his severe discipline soon rendered him unpopular ; and on his attempting to substitute pikes for muskets, the whole battalion refused to obey, and then officers and men broke out into open mutiny.

“Colonel Oswald’s corps,” continues the editor of the “Scottish Biographical Dictionary,” “was one of the first employed against the royalists in La Vendée, where he was killed in battle. It is said that his men took advantage of the occasion to rid themselves of their obnoxious commander, and to despatch also his two sons, and an English gentleman who was serving in his regiment.”

And thus ends another legend of the Black Watch.

VIII.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN GRANT.

COLQUHOUN GRANT, a captain of one of our battalion companies during the Peninsular war, was a hardy, active, strong, and handsome Highlander, from the wooded mountains that overlook Strathspey. Inured from childhood to the hardships and activity incidental to a life in the country of the clans, where the care of vast herds of sheep and cattle, or the pursuit of the wild deer from rock to rock, and from hill to hill, are the chief occupations of the people ;—a deadly shot with either musket or pistol, and a complete swordsman, he was every way calculated to become an ornament to our regiment and to the service. General Sir William Napier, in the fourth volume of his “History of the Peninsular War,” writes of him as “Colquhoun Grant, that celebrated scouting officer, in whom the utmost *daring* was so mixed with subtlety of genius, and both so tempered by *discretion*, that it is difficult to say which quality predominated.”

In the spring of 1812, when Lord Wellington crossed the Tagus, and entered Castello Branco, rendering the position of Marshal Marmont so perilous that he retired across the Agueda, by which the general of the allies, though his forces were spread over a vast extent of cantonments, was enabled to victual

the fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Alameda, the 42nd, or old Black Watch, were with the division of Lieutenant-General Grahame, of Lynedoch. The service battalion consisted of 1160 rank and file, and notwithstanding the fatigues of marching by day and night, of fording rivers above the waist-belt, and all those arduous operations by which Wellington so completely baffled and out-generalled Marmont in all his attempts to attack Rodrigo—movements in which the sagacity of the “Iron Duke” appeared so remarkable, that a brave old Highland officer (General Stewart of Garth) declared his belief that their leader had the *second sight*,—not a man of our regiment straggled or fell to the rear, from hunger, weariness, or exhaustion; all were with the colours when the roll was called in the morning.

The information that enabled Wellington to execute those skilful manœuvres which dazzled all Europe, and confounded, while they baffled, the French marshal, was supplied from time to time by Colquhoun Grant, who, accompanied by Domingo de Leon, a Spanish peasant, had the boldness to remain in rear of the enemy's lines, watching all their operations, and noting their numbers; and it is a remarkable fact that while on this most dangerous service he constantly wore the *Highland uniform, with his bonnet and epaulettes*; thus, while acting as a scout, freeing himself from the accusation of being in any way a spy, “for,” adds Napier, “he never would assume any disguise, and yet frequently remained for three days concealed in the midst of Marmont's camp.”

Hence the secret of Wellington's facility for circumventing Marmont was the information derived from Colquhoun Grant; and the secret of Grant's ability for baffling the thousand snares laid for him

by the French, was simply that he had a Spanish love, who watched over his safety with all a woman's wit, and the idolatry of a Spanish woman, who, when she loves, sees but *one* man in the world—the object of her passion.

When Marmont was advancing, Wellington despatched Captain Grant to watch his operations "in the heart of the French army," and from among its soldiers to glean whether they really had an intention of succouring the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo—a desperate duty, which, like many others, our hero undertook without delay or doubt.

Thus, on an evening in February, Grant found himself on a solitary mountain of Leon, overlooking the vast plain of Salamanca, on the numerous spires and towers of which the light of eve was fading, while the gilded vanes of the cathedral shone like stars in the deep blue sky that was darkening as the sun set behind the hills; and one of those hot dry days peculiar to the province gave place to a dewy twilight, when the Tormes, which rises among the mountains of Salamanca, and washes the base of the triple hill on which the city stands, grew white and pale, as it wandered through plains dotted by herds of Merino sheep, but destitute of trees, until it vanished on its course towards the Douro, on the frontiers of Portugal.

Exhausted by a long ride from Lord Wellington's head-quarters, and by numerous efforts he had made to repass the cordon of picquets and patrols by which the French—now on his track—had environed him, Grant lay buried in deep sleep, under the shade of some olive-trees, with a brace of pistols in his belt, his claymore by his side, and his head resting in the lap of a beautiful Spanish peasant girl, Juanna, the

sister of his faithful Leon, a warm-hearted, brave, and affectionate being, who, like her brother, had attached herself to the favourite scouting officer of Wellington, and, full of admiration for his adventurous spirit, handsome figure, and winning manner, loved him with all the ardour, romance, and depth of which a Spanish girl of eighteen is capable.

Juanna de Leon and her brother Domingo were the children of a wealthy farmer and vine-dresser, who dwelt on the mountainous range known as the Puerto del Pico, which lies southward of Salamanca; but the vines had been destroyed, the *granja* burned, and the poor old agriculturist was bayoneted on his hearthstone by some Voltigeurs of Marmont, under a Lieutenant Armand, when on a foraging expedition. Thus Juanna and her brother were alike homeless and kinless.

The girl was beautiful. Youth lent to her somewhat olive-tinted cheek a ruddy glow that enhanced the dusky splendour of her Spanish eyes; her lashes were long; her mouth small, and like a cherry; her chin dimpled; her hands were faultless, as were her ankles, which were cased in prettily embroidered red stockings, and gilt zapatas. With all these attractions she had a thousand winning ways, such as only a girl of Leon can possess. Close by lay the guitar and castanets with which she played and sung her weary lover to sleep.

Her brother was handsome, athletic, and resolute, in eye and bearing; but since the destruction of their house, he had become rather fierce and morose, as hatred of the invading French and a thirst for vengeance were ever uppermost in his mind. He had relinquished the vine-bill for the musket; his yellow sash bristled with pistols and daggers; and with

heaven for his roof, and his brown Spanish mantle for a couch, he had betaken himself to the mountains, where he shot without mercy every straggling Frenchman who came within reach of his terrible aim.

While Grant slept, the tinkling of the vesper bells was borne across the valley, the sunlight died away over the mountains, and the winding Tormes, that shone like the coils of a vast snake, faded from the plain. The Spanish girl stooped and kissed her toil-worn lover's cheek, and bent her keen dark eyes upon the mountain path by which she seemed to expect a visitor.

One arm was thrown around the curly head of the sleeper, and her fingers told her beads as she prayed over him ; but her prayers were *not* for herself.

Innocent and single-hearted Juanna !

Suddenly there was a sound of footsteps, and a handsome young Spaniard, wearing a brown capa gathered over his arm, shouldering a long musket to which a leather sling was attached, and having his coal black hair gathered behind in a red silk net, sprang up the rocks towards the olive-grove, and approached Juanna and the sleeper. The new comer was her brother.

"Domingo, your tidings?" she asked, breathlessly.

"They are evil ; so wake your Senor Capitano without delay."

"I am awake," said Grant, rising at the sound of his voice. "Thanks, dearest Juanna ; have I been so cruel as to keep you here in the cold dew—and watching me, too?"

"Caro mio !"

"It *was* cruel of me ; but I have been so weary that nature was quite overcome. And now, Domingo, my *bueno camarado*, for your tidings?"

"I would speak first of the Marshal Marmont."

"And then?"

"Of yourself, senor."

"Bravo! let us have the Marshal first, by all means."

"I have been down the valley, and across the plain, almost to the gates of Salamanca," said the young paisano, leaning on his musket, and surveying, first, his sister with tender interest, and then, Grant with a dubious and anxious expression, for he loved him too, but trembled for the sequel to the stranger's passion for the beautiful Juanna. "I have been round the vicinity of the city from Monte Rubio and Villares to the bridge of Santa Marta on the Tormes—"

"And you have learned?" said Grant, impetuously.

"That scaling-ladders have been prepared in great numbers, for I saw them. Vast quantities of provision and ammunition on mules have been brought from the Pyrenees, and Marmont is sending everything—ladders, powder, and bread—towards—"

"Not Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeda."

"Si, senor."

"The devil! You are sure of this?"

"I counted twenty scaling-ladders, each five feet wide, and reckoned forty mules, each bearing fourteen casks of ball cartridges."

"Good—I thank you, Domingo," said Grant, taking paper from a pocket-book, and making a hasty note or memorandum for Lord Wellington.

"Ay—Dios mi terra!" said Juanna, with a soft sigh, as she dropped her head upon Grant's shoulder, and Domingo kissed her brow.

"Now, where is Manrico el Barbado?" asked the captain, as he securely gummed the secret note.

"Within call," said Domingo, giving a shrill whistle.

A sound like the whirr of a partridge replied, and then a strong and ferocious-looking peasant, bare legged, and bare necked, with an enormous black beard (whence came his soubriquet of *el Barbado*), sprang up the rocks and made a profound salute to Grant, who was beloved and adored by all the guerrillas, banditti, and wild spirits whom the French had unhoused and driven to the mountains; and among these his name was a proverb for all that was gallant, reckless, and chivalresque.

"Is your mule in good condition, Manrico?"

"He was never better, senor."

"Then ride with *this* to Lord Wellington; spare neither whip nor spur, and he will repay you handsomely."

"And how about yourself, senor?"

"Say to his lordship that I will rejoin him as early and as I best may."

The Spanish scout concealed the note in *his beard* with great ingenuity, and knowing well that he could thus pass the French lines with confidence, and defy all search, he departed on his journey to the British head-quarters; and the information thus received from Grant enabled the leader of the allies to take such measures as completely to outflank Marmont, and baffle his attempts upon Almieda and the city of Rodrigo.

"So much for my friend Marmont," said Grant, "and now, Domingo, for *myself*."

"Read this," said Domingo, handing to him a document; "I stabbed the French sentinel at the bridge of Santa Marta, and tore this paper from the guard-house door."

It proved to be a copy of a General Order, addressed by Marmont to the colonels of the French regiments, "saying" (to quote General Napier) "that the notorious Grant, being within the circle of their cantonments, the soldiers were to use their utmost exertions to secure him; for which purpose guards were also to be placed, as it were, in a circle round the army."

"Caro mio, read this to me," whispered Juanna.

He translated it, and terror filled the dilating eyes of the Spanish girl; her breath came thick and fast, and she crept closer to the breast of her lover, who smiled and kissed her cheek to reassure her.

"Have you closely examined all the country?" he asked Domingo.

"I have, senor."

"Well?"

"There is but *one* way back to Lord Wellington's head-quarters."

"And that is—"

"At the ford of Huerta on the Tormes."

"Six miles below Salamanca?"

"Yes."

"I will cross the ford, then."

"But a French battalion occupies the town."

"I care not if ten battalions occupied it—I *must* even ride the ford as I find it; 'tis a saying in my country, Domingo, where I hope our dear Juanna will one day smile with me, when we talk of sunny Spain and these wild adventures."

"No—no—you will never leave Spain," said Juanna, with a merry smile. "Your poor Spanish girl could never go to the land of the Inglesos, where the sun shines but once in a year—not once every day, as it does here in beautiful Leon: but say no

more of this, or I shall sing *Ya no quiero amores*," &c., and, taking up her guitar, she sang with a winning drollery of expression which made her piquant loveliness a thousand times more striking:—

"My love no more to England—to England now shall roam,
For I have a better, sonder love—a truer love at home!

If I should visit England,

I hope to find them true;

For a love like mine deserves a wreath!

Green and immortal too!

But, O! they are proud, those English dames, to all who thither
roam,

And I have a better, dearer love—a truer love at home!"

"You have *me*, Juanna—dearest Juanna!" exclaimed Grant, tenderly, as he kissed her.

"And now for Huerta," said Domingo, slapping the butt of his musket impatiently; "the moon will be above the Pico del Puerto in half an hour—vaya—let us begone."

Grant placed Juanna on the saddle of his horse, a fine, fleet, and active jennet presented to him by Lord Wellington, and led it by the bridle, while Domingo slung his musket, and followed thoughtfully behind, as they descended the hill with the intention of seeking the banks of the Tormes; but making a wide detour towards the ford. The moon was shining on the river when they came in sight of Huerta, a small village, through which passes the road from Salamanca to Madrid. A red glow at times shot from its tile works, showing the outlines of the flat-roofed cottages, and wavering on the olive-groves that overhung the river, which was here crossed by the ford. While Grant and Juanna remained concealed in a thicket of orange-trees in sight of Huerta, Domingo, whose godfather was a tile-burner in the town, went forward to

reconnoitre and make inquiries; and in less than twenty minutes he returned with a gloomy brow and excited eye.

"Well, Domingo, what news?" asked Grant, on whose shoulder the head of Juanna was drooping, for she was nearly overcome by sleep and fatigue.

"I have still evil news, Senor."

"Indeed."

"The French battalion occupies Huerta, and the main street is full of soldiers. Guards are placed at each end, and cavalry videttes are posted in a line along the river, patrolling constantly backwards and forwards, for the space of three hundred yards, and two of these videttes meet always *at the ford*, consequently, be assured, they know that you are on *this side of the Tormes*."

"The deuce!" muttered Grant, biting his lips. "M. le Maréchal Marmont is determined to take me this time, I fear; but I *will* cross the ford, Domingo, in the face of the enemy too! Better die a soldier's death under their fire, than fall alive into their hands."

"A soldier's death, and a sudden one, is sure to follow, Senor Capitano," added Domingo, gloomily, and poor Grant was not without anxiety for the issue. He thought of Juanna, and some recollection of the ignominious fate of the gallant Major André, when found beyond the American lines, under similar circumstances, may have flashed upon his memory.

"Do not weep, Juanna," said he to the Spanish girl, who strove to dissuade him from attempting the ford; "your tears only distress and unman me, when all my courage is wanted."

"Caro mio, if you love me, stay, for you cannot

deceive me as to the peril—it is great—and if taken, what mercy can you expect from Marshal Marmont?”

“But I will *never* be taken, alive at least,” responded the Highlander, with a fierce and sorrowful embrace; “’tis better to die than be taken, and perhaps have the uniform I wear—the uniform of the old Black Watch—disgraced by a death at the hands of a provost marshal.”

The young Spanish girl caught the fiery enthusiasm of her lover, and nerved herself for the struggle, and for their consequent separation; but Domingo had once more to examine the ground and so many points were to be considered, that day began to brighten on the Pico del Puerto and the Sierras of Gredos and Gata, before Grant mounted his horse; and by that time, the French drums had beaten *reveille*, and the whole battalion was under arms at its alarm-post, a greensward behind the tile-works. Juanna and her lover parted with promises of mutual regard and remembrance until they met again.

“When will it be—oh, when will it be?” she moaned.

“In God’s appointed time—quando Dios sera servido,” replied Grant. “Farewell, Juanna mia, a thousand kisses and adieux to you.”

“Bueno—away!” said Domingo, taking Grant’s horse by the bridle—“away before day is quite broken!”

As they hurried off, Juanna threw herself on her knees in the thicket, and prayed to God and Madonna for her lover. She covered her beautiful head with that thick mantle usually worn by the women of Leon, to shut out every sound; but lo! there came a loud, yet distinct shout from the river’s bank, and

then a confused discharge of firearms that rang sharply in the clear morning air.

"O Madonna mia!" exclaimed the Spanish girl, and with a shriek she threw herself upon her face among the grass.

Meanwhile Grant had proceeded in rear of the tile-works, close by where the French regiment was paraded in close column at quarter distance, and so near was he, that he could hear the sergeants of companies calling the roll; but a group of peasants assembled by Domingo, remained around his horse, with their broad sombreros and brown cloaks, to conceal it from the French, along *whose front* he had to pass to reach the ford. From the gable of a cottage, he had a full view of the latter—the Tormes brawling over its bed of rocks and pebbles, with the open plain that lay beyond, and the two French videttes, helmeted and cloaked, with carbine on thigh, patrolling to and fro, to the distance of three hundred yards apart, but meeting at the ford.

"Their figures seem dark and indistinct, in the starry light of the morning," said Grant.

"But we know them to be dragoons," said Domingo.

"Si, senores," added the brother of Manrico el Barbado; "from this you may perceive that their helmets and horses are afrancesado."

"Frenchified—yes; now when I whistle, let go my horse's head, and do you, my good friends in front, withdraw to give me space, for now the videttes are about to part, and I must make at dash at it!"

At the moment when the patrols were separated to their fullest extent, and each was one hundred and fifty yards from the ford, Grant dashed spurs into his horse, and with his sword in his teeth and a cocked

pistol in each hand, crossed the river by three furious bounds of his horse. Receiving without damage the fire of both carbines, he replied with his pistols, giving each of the dragoons a flying-shot to the rear, but without injuring either of them. There was an instantaneous and keen pursuit; but he completely baffled it by his great knowledge of the country, and reached a cork-wood in safety, where he was soon joined by Domingo de Leon, who, being attired as a peasant, and unknown to the French, was permitted to pass their lines unquestioned.

Marmont's rage on Grant's escape was great; the sentinels at the ford were severely punished, and the officer commanding the regiment in Huerta was deprived of his cross of the Legion of Honour. Grant was not satisfied with the extent of his observations, for he became desirous of furnishing Lord Wellington with still further intelligence.

From the conversations of French officers whom he had overheard, he made ample notes, and proved that means to storm Ciudad Rodrigo were prepared; but he was resolved to judge for himself of the direction in which Marmont meant to move, and also to see his whole division on the line of march. For this purpose he daringly concealed himself among some copice on the brow of a hill near the secluded village of Tamames, which is celebrated for its mineral springs, and lies thirty-two miles south-west of Salamanca. There he sat, note-book in hand, with Leon, smoking a cigar, and lounging on the grass, while his jennet, unbitted, was quietly grazing close by, and the whole of Marmont's brilliant division, cuirassiers, lancers, infantry, artillery, and voltigeurs defiled with drums beating, tricolours waving, and eagles glittering through the pass below; and Grant's skilful eye counted every cannon

and reckoned over every horse and man, with a correctness which astonished even Lord Wellington. The moment the rear-guard had passed, he mounted, and although in his uniform, rode boldly into the village of Tamames, where he found all the scaling ladders left behind. With tidings of this fact, and the strength of Marmont's army, he at once despatched a letter to Wellington, by Manrico el Barbado, who, as before, concealed it under his nether-jaw; and this letter, which informed the allies that the preparations to storm Rodrigo were, after all, a pompous *feint*, allayed their leader's fear for that fortress, and to Marmont's inexpressible annoyance, enabled him to turn attention to other quarters,

Fearless, indefatigable, and undeterred by the dangers he had undergone, Grant *preceded* Marmont (when that officer passed the Coa) and resolved to discover whether his march would be by the duchy of Guarda upon Coimbra, the land of Olives; or by the small frontier town of Sabugal, upon Castello Branco, which stands upon the Lira, a tributary of the Tagus, and still displays the ruins of the Roman Albicastrum from which it takes its name.

Castello Branco is a good military position; but to reach it, a descent was necessary from one of those lofty sierras that run along the frontier of Portuguese Estramadura, and are jagged by bare and sunburned rocks, or dotted by stunted laurel bushes. From thence, he traversed a pass, at the lower end of which stands the town of Penamacor in the province of Beira, thirty-six miles north-east of Castello Branco. There, our adventurous Highlander, accompanied by Manrico el Barbado and the faithful Domingo de Leon, concealed himself in a thicket of dwarf-oaks; and there a very remarkable adventure occurred to

him, while waiting the approach of the French, whose advanced guard he hourly expected to see in the dark mountain pass below. Their horses were beside them.

Wrapped in their cloaks, the captain and his two Spanish comrades, after a supper of broiled eggs—*huevos estrallados*—sat by a fire of leaves and withered branches, and after sharing a bottle of vino de Alicant, composed themselves to sleep—a state of oblivion soon obtained by the two sturdy paisanos; but Grant remained unusually restless, thoughtful and awake. His mind was full of other times and past events—of distant scenes and old familiar faces. He thought of his home, of the regiment, and of Juanna, whom he had left at Huerta; and as the red sunset deepened into night upon that lofty mass of rock which is washed by the Eljas and crowned by the picturesque houses, the strong fortifications, and the three churches of Penamacor, the light and shadow blended into one, and darkness came broadly and steadily on; then a strange and mysterious sensation of sadness stole over him—a solemn melancholy which he strove in vain to account for and dispel.

At last, when about to drop asleep, about ten o'clock, he started up, for a broad blaze of light illumined all the citadel of Penamacor. He saw its solid ramparts and the sharp spires of its three churches standing in black and bold relief against the unwonted glow that filled the sky above the city; he heard the clanging of an alarm-bell, the hum of voices, and the tread of feet, as two vast and dark columns of infantry debouched from the pass and began to descend the mountains towards the bridge of the Eljas.

"The enemy—the enemy!" he exclaimed. "Up, up, Domingo—Manrico, awake!"

Roused by his voice they sprang to his side ; but lo ! at that moment, the light faded away from the citadel ; the sounds of the alarm-bell, the hum of distant voices, and tread of marching feet died away ; the columns vanished, and the hollow way from the pass to the river was lonely and silent as before, in the clear light of the star-studded sky !

Of all these alarming sights and sounds, Manrico and Domingo had seen and heard nothing !

"It was a dream !" said Grant, as he threw himself on the sward in alarm and perplexity, while his heart beat wildly and strangely—and for the remainder of that night sleep never closed his eyes. The three wanderers passed the whole of the next day lurking in the oak woods that overhang the pass of Penamacor, and Domingo, who, after sunset, ventured into the town for some provisions for supper, returned to say that *no* lights had been burned, and *no* alarm had been given last night, as *no* fear was entertained of the approach of Marmont.

Night again drew on, and the three companions were all alike watchful and awake.

The hour of ten began to toll from the bells of Penamacor. At the first stroke Grant felt a nervous sensation thrill over his whole body, while the same solemn melancholy of the same time last night again weighed down his heart.

At the tenth stroke, lo ! a brilliant light flashed across the sky. It shot upward from the citadel of Penamacor ! Again, as before, the crenelated battlements and the sharp spires of the three churches stood darkly out from the blaze, which was streaked by the ascent of hissing rockets ; again the alarm-bell sent its iron clangour on the wind, but mingled with the boom of cannon ; again came the hum of voices,

and again two dark and shadowy columns debouched from the black jaws of the mountain gorge and descended towards the bridge of the Eljas; but this time there came horse and artillery; the uplifted lances and the fixed bayonets gleamed back the starlight, while the rumble of the shot-laden tumbrils rang in the echoing valley.

"Madre de Dios! the enemy!" exclaimed the two Spaniards, starting to their muskets.

"What! do you, too, see all this?" exclaimed Grant, wildly, as he smote his forehead; for now he had begun to distrust the evidence of his own senses, and a horror that these mysterious visions, known in Scotland as *the second sight*, were about to haunt him, made his head reel.

"See them—yes, senor, plain as if 'twas day," said Domingo.

"O! senor capitano, 'tis the French—the French! the ladrones los perros!" exclaimed Manrico, rashly firing his musket at three or four soldiers, whose outline, with shako and knapsack, appeared on a little ridge close by. Four muskets, discharged at random, replied, and in a moment the three scouts found themselves fighting hand to hand with a mob of active little French voltigeurs.

The latter recognised the Highland uniform of Grant, and finding him with two Spaniards, knew him at once to be the famous scouting officer, for whose arrest, dead or alive, Marmont had offered such a princely reward, and uttering loud shouts, they pressed upon him with bayonets fixed, and muskets clubbed.

Strong, active, and fearless, he hewed them down with his claymore on all sides. He shot two with his pistols, and then hurled the empty weapons at the

heads of others, and, with Leon, succeeded in mounting and galloping off; but Manrico was beaten down, and left insensible on the mountain side.

"Grant and his follower," says General Napier, "darted into the wood for a little space, and then, suddenly wheeling, rode off in different directions; but at every turn new enemies appeared, and at last the hunted men, dismounting, fled on foot, through the thickest part of the low oaks, until they were again met by infantry detached in small parties down the sides of the pass, and directed in their chase by the waving of the French officers' hats on the ridge above. (Day had now broken). Leon fell exhausted, and the barbarians who first came up killed him, in spite of his companion's entreaties."

"My poor Juanna, what will now become of you?" exclaimed Grant, on seeing his faithful Domingo expiring under the reeking bayonets of the voltigeurs; and now, totally incapable of further resistance, he gave up his sword to an officer, who protected him from the fury of his captors. He was at last a prisoner!

A few days after this, Manrico, covered with wounds and with one arm in a sling, appeared sorrowfully before Lord Wellington, to announce that Grant, "*el valoroso capitano*," had been taken, after a desperate conflict in the pass of Penamacor. Lord Wellington was greatly concerned for the safety of his favourite officer, and the greatest excitement prevailed in the ranks of his regiment, for Colquhoun Grant was well beloved by the soldiers of the Black Watch. To the guerilla chiefs Wellington offered a thousand dollars for the rescue of Grant, and his letters proclaiming this reward were borne by Manrico and the broken-hearted Juanna through some of the wildest and most

dangerous parts of the frontier ; but Marmont took his measures too well, and kept his valuable prisoner too securely guarded, for rescue or escape to be thought of.

The officer who had captured him, M. Armand, was a young sous-lieutenant of the 3rd Voltigeurs (the same who had destroyed the *granja* of Leon the farmer) ; but he had a heart that would have done honour to a marshal of the empire ; and, with all kindness and respect, he conducted him to the quarters of the Marshal Duc de Raguse.

The latter invited the captive to dinner, and chatted with him in a friendly way about his bold and remarkable adventures, saying that he (Marmont) had been long on the watch for him ; that he knew his companions, Manrico the Bearded, Leon and his sister Juanna (here Grant trembled), and that all his haunts and disguises were known too.

“Disguises—pardon me, M. le Maréchal,” said Grant, warmly—“disguises are worn by spies ; I have never worn other dress than the uniform and tartan of my regiment.”

“Vrai Dieu ! the bolder fellow you !” exclaimed the Duc de Raguse. “You are aware that I might hang you ; but I love a brave spirit, and shall only exact from you a special parole, that you will not *consent* to be released by any partida or guerilla chief on your journey between this and France.”

“Monseigneur le Duc, the exaction of this parole is the greatest compliment you can pay me,” replied Grant, who, on finding matters desperate, gave his word of honour, and was next day sent towards the Pyrenees with a French guard, under M. Armand, his captor. Grant, without suspicion, was bearer of a treacherous letter to the Governor of Bayonne, in

which he was designated by Marmont "a treacherous spy, who had done infinite mischief to the French army, and who was not executed on the spot out of respect for *something resembling a uniform* (i.e., the Scottish dress) which he wore; but he (Marmont) desired that at Bayonne Grant should be placed in IRONS, and sent up to Paris." (*Peninsular War*, vol. iv.)

On the first night of his march to the rear, M. Armand halted in a grove of cork and beech-trees, within a mile of Medellin, on the Guadiana—the birth-place of Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico; but as a guerilla chief with 5000 desperadoes held possession of the town and bridge, our lieutenant of Voltigeurs, with his prisoner and escort, were forced to content themselves with such shelter as the light foliage of the wood afforded.

The night was pitchy dark; the blackness that involved the sky, the mountains, the vale through which the Guadiana wound, and the wood where our travellers bivouacked, was palpable, painful, and oppressive; but at times it was varied by the red sheet lightning which shot across the southern quarter of the sky, revealing the lofty Sierra, whose sharp peaks arose afar off like the waves of a black sea, and the stems and foliage of the cork and beech-trees in the foreground.

On this night occurred the most horrible episode of Grant's military adventures.

After having drained their canteens of Lisbon wine, and discussed their ration of cold beef and commissariat biscuit, Grant and Armand, the voltigeur, lay down fraternally side by side in their cloaks to repose; their escort lay close by, long since asleep; for Grant had given his parole that he "would not attempt to escape," and such were their ideas of mili-

tary honour and value for a soldier's word, that these brave Frenchmen never doubted him.

Just as the two officers were about to sleep, they became aware of various cold and dewy drops, or clammy creeping things, that continued to fall upon them from the beech trees overhead.

"Sangbleu!" exclaimed the lieutenant of Voltigeurs; "we are all over creepers or cockroaches, and they drop like rain from this old beech upon us."

"Let us seek another tree, my friend," said Grant, drowsily; "one place is the same as another to me now."

"Diable! let us shift our camp then—but do you smell the lightning? It must have scorched the grass."

"Why?"

"There is a stench so overpowering here on every breath of wind."

Moving a few paces to their left, they lay down at the root of another beech tree; but there the same cold dewy drops seemed to distil upon them like rain; yet the night was hot, dry, and sultry; and ever and anon there fell those hideous creepers, whose slimy touch caused emotions of horror.

"Tudieu!" shouted the Frenchman, springing up again; "I cannot stand this! We had better have beaten up the guerillas in their quarters at Medellin. Holo, Corporal Touchet—flash off your musket, and let us see what the devil is in these trees!"

Roused thus, the corporal of the escort cocked his piece; and as he fired, the two officers watched the beeches in the sudden and lightning-like gleam that flashed from the muzzle.

Lo! the dark figure of a dead man swung from a branch, about twelve feet above them!

"Ouf!" said the voltigeur, with a shudder of horror.

"These beeches bear strange nuts," said Grant, as they hastily left the wood, and passed the remainder of the night on the open sward in front of it. When day dawned, Grant went back to examine the places where they had first attempted to sleep. The corpses of a man having a voluminous beard, and a woman with a profusion of long and silky hair, were suspended from the branches; and, as they swung mournfully and fearfully round in the morning wind, the crows flew away with an angry croak, and a cry of horror burst from the lips of Grant on recognising Manrico el Barbado and—*Juanna de Leon*!

* * * *

Three weeks after this, Colquhoun Grant saw the long blue outline of the Pyrenees undulating before him, as he approached the frontier of France, a country for which he had now the greatest horror; and during the whole march from Medellin towards Bayonne, the young subaltern of Voltigeurs experienced the greatest trouble with his prisoner, on whom that frightful episode in the cork wood had left a dreadful impression.

In his hatred and animosity to France and everything French, Grant, from that hour had resolved, that though he could not with honour attempt to escape while in Spain, he would spare no exertion or trouble, no cunning or coin, to leave France, and return once more to find himself sword in hand before the ranks of Marshal Marmont, whom he now viewed as the assassin of that poor maiden of Leon.

As they approached Bayonne, he took an early opportunity of deliberately tearing open the sealed letter which the marshal had given him for the Governor of

that fortress, and made himself master of its contents. Instead of finding its tenor complimentary and commendatory as he had been told, he saw himself therein designated as a "dangerous spy who had done infinite mischief to the French army," and who should be marched in fetters to Paris, where no doubt tortures such as those to which Captain Wright was subjected in the Temple, or a death on the scaffold awaited him ! The contents of this letter more than released him from any parole.

"Oho, M. le Duc de Raguse, is this your game?" said Grant, as he tore the letter into the smallest bits, and buried them in a hole. "Let me see if I cannot make a Highland head worth a pair of French heels."

Arrived at Bayonne, Lieutenant Armand presented him to the governor and bade him adieu. Then Grant confidently requested, in the usual way, to be furnished with a passport for Verdun, the greatest military prison in France. This the governor at once granted him, little suspecting that he meant to commence an escape the moment he left the garrison. Aware that, guarded as all the avenues from Bayonne and the Pyrenean passes were by French troops of every kind, flight towards Spain was impossible, he resolved to make the attempt in the *opposite*, and consequently less to be suspected, direction. The moment he left the governor's quarters, Grant quietly put the passport in the fire, and repairing to the suburb of St. Esprit, which, from time immemorial has been the quarter of the Portuguese Jews, he sold his silver epaulettes and richly-laced Highland uniform, to a dealer in old garments, and received in lieu the plain frogged surtout, forage cap, and sabre of a French staff-officer ; he stuck the cross of the Legion

of Honour at his button-hole, and after promenading along the superb quay, after repairing boldly to the "Eagle of France," an hotel in the Place de Grammont, he ordered an omelette and a bottle of vin ordinaire with all the air of a Garde Imperiale and sat down to dinner.

Inquiring of the waiter "if there were any officers in the house about to proceed to Paris?" he was told that "M. le General Souham was about to leave that very night." Grant procured a card, and writing thereon *Captain O'Reilly, Imperial Service*, sent it up, and was at once introduced to old Souham, who was just about to start, and was in the act of buckling on his sabre.

"Captain O'Reilly," said he, frowning at the name, and glancing round for a French Army List, but fortunately none was at hand.

"Of what regiment?"

"Lacy's disbanded battalion of the Irish Brigade."

"Ah! And in what can I serve you, monsieur?"

"Allowing me to join your party about to proceed to Paris."

"You do me infinite honour, M. O'Reilly."

"Thanks, general."

"From whence have you come?"

"The banks of the Coa."

"Sacre! the banks of the Coa!"

"Yes; I am attached to the staff of M. le Duc de Raguse."

"Ah! old Marmont. Peste! he is my greatest friend. M. Armand of the 3rd Voltigeurs brought me a letter from him, in which he says that a dear friend of his would join me on my way to Paris."

"How kind of brave Marmont," said Grant; "he never forgets me."

"So he has captured the notorious Scaramouche, Captain Grant?"

"Yes; a wonderful fellow that!"

"Quite a devil of a man; allons, let us go; you have a horse of course?"

"No, M. le General."

"One of mine is at your service."

"Mille baionettes! You quite overwhelm me."

In half an hour after this, Grant, with Souham and two other French officers had crossed the wooden drawbridge of Bayonne, and left the citadel of M. Vauban with all its little redoubts in their rear, as they all rode merrily *en route* to Paris; Souham by the way telling twenty incredible stories of Wellington's prince of scouts, the Scottish Captain Grant. In a house of entertainment in the Rue Royale at Orleans, Grant fortunately made the acquaintance of a man who proved to be an agent in the secret service of the British Government. This person furnished him with money and a letter to another secret agent who lived in an obscure part of Paris, where he arrived, still disguised as an officer in the suite of General Souham, and as such, for a time, he visited all the theatres, the gardens, the operas; and all splashed and travel-stained, as fresh from the seat of war, was presented to the great Emperor, who patronizingly spoke to him of the probability of restoring Lacy's Irish Regiment, "by recruiting for it among the Irish in the prisons of Bitche and Verdun, in which case his services would not be forgotten," &c., "and his promotion to a majority would be duly remembered," &c. &c. Grant could not foresee that in *three* years after this, the old Black Watch, after raising the cry of "Scotland for ever" at Waterloo, would make the Tuileries ring to their Highland

pipes, and that he would actually compose the well-known parody—

“Wha keep guard at Versailles and Marli,
Wha, but the lads wi’ the bannocks of barley?”

He spoke French with fluency, having been a pupil of the famous Jean Paul Marat, when that notable ruffian taught French in Edinburgh, where, in 1774 he published a work entitled “The Chains of Slavery.”

Grant thanked the Emperor, and thinking that the daring joke had been carried quite far enough, he doffed his French uniform, sabre and all, and making a bundle thereof, flung the whole into the Seine one night. Then, attiring himself in an unpretending blouse, he repaired to the house of the secret agent, presented his letter, and obtained more money to enable him to reach Britain.

“Monsieur is in luck,” said the agent; “I have just ascertained that a passport is lying at the foreign office for an American who died, or was found dead this morning.”

“How is your American named?”

“Monsieur Jonathan Buck.”

“Very good—thanks! From this very hour I am Jonathan Buck,” said the reckless Grant. He reloaded his pistols, concealed them in his breast, and repairing to the Foreign Office, demanded his passport with the coolness of a prince *incog*.

“Your name, monsieur?”

“M. Jonathan Buck,” drawled Grant through his nose.

The passport was handed to him at once, and long before the police could ascertain that Monsieur Buck had departed this life at 9 A.M., and yet had received his papers at 9 P.M., on the same day, our hero had

left Paris far behind him, and was travelling post towards the mouth of the Loire.

On reaching Nantes, he repaired at once to Paimbœuff, twenty miles further down the river, where all vessels, whose size was above ninety tons, usually unloaded their cargoes; and there he boarded the first vessel which had up the stars and stripes of America, and seemed ready for sea. She proved to be the *Ohio*, a fine bark of Boston, Jeremiah Buck, master.

"'Tis fortunate," said Grant through his nose, as he was ushered into the cabin of the Yankee; "I am a namesake of yours, captain—Jonathan Buck, of Cape Cod, seeking a cabin passage to Boston."

"All right—let me see your passport, stranger?"

"Here it is, skipper."

"Well, for a hundred and fifty dollars, I am your man," drawled the Boston captain, who was smoking a long Cuba; "but it is darned odd, stranger, that I have been expecting *another* Jonathan Buck, my own nephew, from Paris; he is in the fish and timber trade, and hangs out at old Nantucket; but he took a run up by the dilly to see the Toolerie, the Looover, and all that. Well, darn my eyes, if this is not my nephew's passport!" exclaimed the American suddenly, while his eyes flashed with anger and suspicion. "Stranger, how is this?"

In some anxiety, Grant frankly related how the document came into his possession, and produced the letters of the secret agent, proving who he was, beseeching the captain, as a man come of British blood and kindred, to assist him; for, if taken by the French, the dungeon of Verdun or Bitché, or worse, perhaps, awaited him.

The Yankee paused, and chewed a quid by which he had replaced his cigar. Full of anxiety, yet without fear, Grant summoned all his philosophy, and

recalled the words of Bossuet, "That human life resembles a road which ends in frightful precipices. We are told of this at the first step we take ; but our *destiny* is fixed, and we *must* proceed."

Natural sorrow for the loss of his relative, and the native honesty of an American seaman, united to open the heart of the captain to our wanderer, and he agreed to give him a passage in the *Ohio* to Boston, from whence he could reach Britain more readily than from the coast of France, watched and surrounded as it was by ships and gunboats, troops and gens d'armes, police, spies, passports, &c. Believing all arranged at last, Grant never left the ship, but counted every hour until he should again find himself in Leon, the land of his faithful Juanna, with his comrades of the Black Watch around him, and the eagles of Marmont in front.

At last came the important hour, when the anchor of the *Ohio* was fished ; when her white canvas filled, and the stars and stripes of America swelled proudly from her gaff-peak, as she bore down the sun-lit Loire with the evening tide ; but now an unlooked-for misfortune took place. A French privateer, the famous *Jean Bart*, ran foul of her, and, by carrying away her bowsprit and foremast, brought down her maintopmast too. Thus she was forced to run back to Paimbœuff and haul into dock.

For our disguised captain of the 42nd Highlanders to remain in the docks, guarded as they were by watchful gens-d'armes, was impossible ; thus, on being furnished by the skipper of the *Ohio* with the coarse clothes of a mariner, and a written character, stating that he was "Nathan Prowse, a native of Nantucket, in want of a ship," he stained his face and hands with tobacco-juice, shaved off his moustache, and repaired

to an obscure tavern in the suburbs of Paimbœuff, to find a lodging until an opportunity offered for his escape. Under his peajacket he carried a pair of excellent pistols, which he kept constantly loaded; and a fine dagger or Albacete knife, a gift of poor Domingo de Leon.

As he sat in the kitchen of this humble house of entertainment, his eye was caught by a printed placard above the mantelpiece. It bore the imperial arms, with the cipher of the Emperor, and stated that "the notorious spy Colquhoun Grant, a captain in a Scottish regiment of the British army, who had wrought so much mischief behind the lines of le Maréchal Duc de Raguse, in Leon, and who had been brought prisoner to France, where he had broken his parole, was wandering about, maintaining a system of espionage and Protean disguises; that he had, lastly, assumed the name, character, and passport of an American citizen, named Jonathan Buck, whom he had wickedly and feloniously murdered and robbed in the Rue de Rivoli at Paris; that the sum of 2,000 francs was hereby offered for him dead or alive; and that all prefects, officers, civil and military, gend'armes, and loyal subjects of the Emperor, by sea and land, were hereby authorized to seize or kill the said Colquhoun Grant wherever and whenever they found him."

With no small indignation and horror, the Highlander read this obnoxious placard, which contained so much that wore the face of truth, with so much that was unquestionably false.

"So Buck, whose papers I have appropriated, has been murdered—poor devil!" was his first reflection; "what if the honest skipper of the *Ohio* should see this precious document and suspect *me*? In that case I should be altogether lost."

He retired from the vicinity of this formidable placard, fearing that some watchful eye might compare his personal appearance with the description it contained; though his costume, accent, and the fashion of his whiskers and beard altered his appearance so entirely that his oldest friends at the mess would not have recognised him. He hastily retired upstairs to a miserable garret, to think and watch, but not to sleep.

When loitering on the beach next evening, he entered into conversation with a venerable boatman, named Raoul Senebier, and an exchange of tobacco pouches at once established their mutual good-will. Grant said that "he was an American seaman out of a berth, and anxious to reach Portsmouth in England, where he had left his wife and children."

The boatman, an honest and unsuspecting old fellow, seemed touched by his story, and offered to row him to a small island at the mouth of the Loire, where British vessels watered unmolested, and in return allowed the poor inhabitants to fish and traffic without interruption.

"I can feel for you, my friend," said old Senebier; "for I was taken prisoner at the battle of Trafalgar, and was seven years in the souterrains of the *Château d'Edimbourg*, separated from my dear wife and little ones, and when I returned, I found them all lying in the churchyard of Paimbœuff."

"Dead—what, all?"

"All, all, save one—the plague, the plague!"

"Land me on the isle, then, and ten Napoleons shall be yours," said Grant, joyfully, and in twenty minutes after, they had left the crowded wharves, the glaring salt-pans which gleam on the left bank of the Loire, and all its maze of masts and laden lighters, as

they pulled down, with the flow of the stream and the ebb-tide together. The fisherman had his nets, floats, and fortunately some fish on board ; so, if overhauled by any armed authority, he could pretend to have been at his ordinary avocation. They touched at the island, and were told by some of the inhabitants that not a British ship was in the vicinity, but that a French privateer, the terrible *Jean Bart*, was prowling about in these waters, and that the isle was consequently unsafe for any person who might be suspected of being a British subject ; so, with a heart that began to sink, Grant desired old Raoul Senebier to turn his prow towards Paimbœuff.

Morning was now at hand, and the sun as he rose reddened with a glow of Italian brilliancy the tranquil banks of the Loire, and the sails of the fisher-craft that were running up the stream. No vessels were in sight, for terror of the British cruisers kept every French keel close in shore ; but suddenly a large white sail appeared to the southward, and in the lingering and ardent hope that she was one of our Channel squadron, Grant prevailed upon Raoul to bear towards her. The wind became light, and all day the two men tugged at their oars, but still the ship was far off, and yet not so distant but that Grant, with a glistening eye and beating heart, could make out her scarlet ensign ; when evening came on, and a strong current, which ran towards the Loire, gradually swept the boat towards the coast of France, and just as the sun set, old Raoul and the fugitive found themselves suddenly close to a low battery, a shot from which boomed across the water, raising it like a spout beyond them. Another and another followed, tearing the waves into foam close by.

"We must surrender, monsieur," said Raoul, wring-

ing his hands; "and I shall be brought in irons before M. le Prefect for aiding the escape of a prisoner of war."

"Call me your son," said Grant; "say we were fishing, and leave the rest to me."

"I have a son," said Raoul; "he escaped the plague by being where he is now, on board the *Jean Bart*."

They landed under the battery; a little corporal in the green uniform of a Voltigeur, with six men, conducted them with fixed bayonets before the officer in command. He was a handsome young man, and Grant in a moment recognised his former captor and companion, M. Armand, the sous-lieutenant of the 3rd Voltigeur Regiment.

"Milles demons! is this you, monsieur?" exclaimed Armand, who knew Grant at once.

"Exactly, Monsieur le Lieutenant," replied Grant, with admirable presence of mind; "'tis I, your old companion, Louis Senebier, captain of a gun aboard the *Jean Bart*, from which I have a day's liberty to fish with my father, old Raoul of Paimbœuff, whom you see before you here; but understanding that a rascally British cruiser is off the coast, we were just creeping close to the battery when monsieur fired at us."

"Is this true, M. Senebier?" asked Armand, with a knowing smile.

"All true; my son is said to be very like me," replied the old fisherman, astounded by the turn matters had taken.

"Like you? Not very, bon! But you may thank heaven that I am not M. le Prefect of the Loire. Leave us your fish, M. Senebier, and be off before darkness sets in. See," he added, with a furtive but

expressive glance at Grant ; “ see that you keep your worthy father clear of yonder British ship, which will just be abreast of the battery and two miles off about midnight.”

Armand placed a bottle of brandy in the boat, and, while pretending to pay for the fish, pressed Grant’s hand, wished him all success, and pointed out the bearings of the strange sail so exactly, that the moment darkness set fairly in, Raoul trimmed his lug sail and ran right on board of her ; for her straight gun streak, her taper masts, and her snow-white canvas shone in the moonlight above the calm blue rippled sea, distinctly in the clear twilight of the stars.

“ Boat ahoy !” cried a sentry from the quarter ; “ keep off, or I shall fire.”

“ What ship is that ?” asked Grant, in whose ears a British voice sounded like some old mountain melody.

“ His Britannic Majesty’s frigate *Laurel*, of thirty-six guns.”

“ Hurrah !”

“ Who the devil are you ?”

“ A prisoner of war just escaped.”

“ Bravo !” cried another voice, which seemed to be that of the officer of the watch ; “ sheer alongside, and let us see what like you are. Stand by with the man ropes—look alive there !”

Grant shook the hard hand of Raoul Senebier, gave him five more gold Napoleons, and, in a moment after, found himself upon the solid oak deck of a spanking British frigate. Now he was all but at home, and his Proteus-like transformations and disguises were at an end. A single paragraph from the “ History of the War in the Peninsula” will suffice to close this brief story of Colquhoun Grant’s

adventures, of which I could with ease have spun three orthodox volumes, octavo.

"When he reached England, he obtained permission to choose a French officer of equal rank with himself to send to France, that no doubt might remain about the propriety of his escape. In the first prison he visited for this purpose, great was his astonishment to find the old fisherman (Raoul Senebier of Paimbœuff) and his real son, who had meanwhile been captured, notwithstanding a protection given to them for their services. But Grant's generosity and benevolence were as remarkable as the qualities of his understanding; he soon obtained their release, and sent them with a sum of money to France. He then returned to the Peninsula, and within four months from the date of his first capture, was again on the Tormes, watching Marmont's army! Other strange incidents of his life could be told," continues General Napier, "were it not more fitting to quit a digression already too wide; yet I was unwilling to pass unnoticed this generous, spirited, and gentle-minded man, who, having served his country nobly and ably in every climate, died not long since, exhausted by the continual hardships he had endured."

But his name is still remembered in the regiment by which he was beloved; and his adventures, his daring, and presence of mind, were long the theme of the old Black Watch at the mess-table, the bivouac, and the guard-room fire.

IX.

THE STORY OF DICK DUFF.

DICK DUFF, the lieutenant of our light company in 1812, was one of the happiest and most lively fellows in the British service. He sang and was merry from morning till night, and was occasionally uproarious from night till morning ; and not even all the horrors of the retreat from Burgos could repress his flow of spirits. Moreover, he was the terror of innkeepers, and made the lazy hosteleros and keepers of posadas attend to his various commands with a celerity that astonished themselves ; for Dick Duff could swear with marvellous fluency in Spanish and five other foreign languages ; he had served at Malta, in Egypt, and Holland ; and was wont to boast that he had acquired the whole vocabulary of oaths. This was highly necessary, Dick was wont to allege, "lest in a casual war of words with any ragamuffin on whom one might chance to be billeted, an officer and gentleman should have the disgrace of being put down by the sauce piquant of a rascally foreigner."

Dick had joined the service as a full private in the year 1800, having been forced into the ranks by his chief or landlord.

He was the second son of a respectable sheep farmer on the mountains of Mull, where his forefathers had resided for ages. His elder brother,

Hamish, when a child, had been swept out to sea (while playing among the fisher-boats on the beach) and was drowned, to the grief and dismay of his parents, to whom a wandering Scottish priest, Father John of Douay, had foretold his birth, and predicted his future usefulness and greatness in the church. His mother, an old Catholic of the house of Kepoch, looked upon this elder child as blessed by Heaven, and in the fulness of her heart she gladly dedicated it to the then oppressed church of her forefathers, in token of which she had unavailingly tied to his neck a valuable *amulet*.

Their landlord, like many other Scottish feudatories in the year 1800, became desirous of appearing a person of importance in the eyes of the Government; to this end he resolved to raise a kilted regiment among his tenants, and on procuring a letter of service, immediately called upon them for their sons.

These tidings caused some consternation in Argyleshire, a county from which every war, prior to 1800, had swept at least *four thousand* of its best men, few of whom ever survived to return.

The aged father of Dick appeared with others before their feudal tyrant, who threatened to deprive every parent of his farm, if his sons delayed or declined to volunteer for service; and this can easily be done, as the Highland crofter has seldom a written lease to show, believing that the old hereditary cabin of his forefathers is his, as much as the air he breathes or the heather he treads on.

"Duncan Duff," said the laird, who had already donned the uniform of colonel, "I am raising a regiment for the King's service, and must have your son Dick; he is a stout, active fellow, and here is the bounty."

The old man wrung his hands, and said—

"Sir, my son is the only prop of my last days. I am getting old, and may not be able to work long at my little croft."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about your croft," sneered the laird.

"If my only son goes to battle, what will become of *me*?"

"The parish will attend to *that*," was the cruel reply.

The eyes of the old Highlander flashed fire, but reverence for his chief repressed the mingled threat and curse that rose to his tongue.

"Please yourself, Duncan," resumed the feudatory ; "I have only to warn you that another person has made my factor an advantageous offer for your farm, and your son's enlistment or his disobedience will materially influence me in considering the said offer."

"My croft, sir ! have not I and my fathers been here under your family for four hundred years and more; and is not our blood the same?"

"Stuff! I tell you that I must have a thousand men, and cannot spare your son."

"I had another son, sir—a poor child who was drowned in his infancy; had he lived, one should have gone to battle and one remained—but God deals hardly with me."

"I care not," was the dogged reply; "men I want, and men I shall have!" for the letter of service gave the laird an opportunity to nominating all his officers, nearly fifty in number.

So Dick became a soldier in the laird's regiment, and as the old man could not remain on his little farm alone, he became a soldier too, in his sixtieth year, and on the long dusty marches in Holland, poor

Dick was often seen carrying the knapsack, firelock, and canteen of his brave old father, whom he buried with his own hands after he was killed by the French at the battle of Alexandria, where he, and twenty others, perished in a rash attempt to rescue their chief, the colonel, who was there wounded and taken prisoner. Dick's promotion was rapid, and after passing through the intermediate ranks, he found himself, by his own merit, a lieutenant in the Highland regiment of this obnoxious laird in the year 1808; and his reason for leaving it and exchanging into ours, was a mishap that occurred to him in Glasgow.

His corps had been quartered for a year in the barracks of the Gallowgate in the capital of the west, and Dick, who was decidedly of convivial, and scandal whispered of somewhat nocturnal, habits, and having, moreover, a high appreciation of the virtues of Glasgow punch, was in the habit of going home every night in the happiest mood of mind; and on more than one occasion was assisted by the friendly arm of the watchers and warders of the civic guard, or of the corporal of the patrol. The regiment marched for Edinburgh, changing quarters with the brave old Pompadours, who were so called from the colour of their facings resembling Madame's gown; but Dick, having obtained a month's leave between returns, resolved to enjoy himself a little longer among his old haunts, and remained behind, exulting in freedom from duty and the seclusion of mufti.

A week after the regiment marched, Dick Duff found himself about midnight propped against a lamp-post in the High-street, with very vague ideas of his own name, rank, and residence, and seriously weighing in his own mind whether the pavement and row

of lamps extending to the right, or those that lay to the left, led to the barracks; for his faculties were so cloudy, that he had become utterly oblivious as to the circumstance of his being on leave, in plain clothes, and living at a west-end hotel.

After long and serious pondering, Dick instinctively discovered the right way by old habit, and proceeded, somewhat deviously, of course, through the delightful locality known as "the Sautmarket," and along the Gallowgate, until he found himself before the dark gate of the barracks, and heard the familiar step of the great-coated sentry pacing slowly to and fro inside. Here he kicked with vigour, and struck up his favourite mess-room song—

"Who knows but our girls—
(We have known stranger things!)
When once they've got feathers,
May make themselves wings;
And like swallows in winter,
May soon take their flight;
And for lovers of '*ours*,'
Bid their husbands good-night."

"Hallo! gate—gate!" shouted Dick, sprawling against it with outstretched hands.

"Who comes there?"

"Friend—particular friend of yours, my boy—very."

The drowsy sergeant of the guard unfastened the barrier, and sulkily passed a lantern once or twice across the face of the visitor, till it was knocked out of his hand by Dick, who exclaimed—

"D—n it, sir, what d'ye mean?—light me to my quarters."

"I beg pardon, sir," said the sergeant, who thought Dick might be one of the staff; but the lantern was

extinguished, so our friend resumed his song, and stumbled on alone to the old staircase, with which he was quite familiar; and ascending by mere force of habit to his room, found the door-handle on the right as usual, and entered.

"All right," muttered Dick, "all right. Here's the bed-post—and the candlestick should be *here*."

But he could neither find candle nor matches, and resolving to "row" his man in the morning, he threw off his clothes, tumbled headlong into bed, and was soon sound asleep.

Now it happened that the proprietor of the afore-said quarters was the officer of the main-guard, who as the next day proved Sunday, was to come off duty at eight o'clock a.m., and duly at the hour of seven his servant entered to prepare a fire and lay breakfast. Hearing a vehement snore proceed from his master's bed, the servant drew back the curtains, and, to his no small surprise, discovered the dark, sun-burned, and well-whiskered visage of a stranger, whom he immediately awoke; but not without considerable difficulty and after reiterated efforts.

"Who are you," grumbled Dick; "and what the devil do you want?"

"What do *you* want here?"

"Where, old fellow?"

"In my master's bed."

"Master's bed, you scoundrel!" stuttered Dick; "how dare you intrude into an officer's room? be off, or I shall send you to the *shop* in a minute." And so, Dick Duff, believing that he had settled the little mistake satisfactorily, again composed himself to sleep, while the servant hurried to the main guard to acquaint his master that "a thief was in possession of

his bed and quarters." These tidings promptly brought up the officer with his sword in his hand, and a file of the guard at his heels.

Dick was once more roused, and wrathfully, too, from his slumbers, to find by his bedside two soldiers and an officer *cap-à-pie* in a strange uniform.

"What do you mean, fellow, by this unwarrantable in-in-in-trusion?" asked Dick, with great dignity.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the officer in a louder key.

"You'll soon find that out—off with you, sir, or by heavens I'll parade you where you won't like it. I have a pair of saw-handled pacifiers that are the deuce for hitting at fifteen paces."

"What the devil are you about in my quarters?"

"Your quarters?"

"Yes, sir, *my* quarters," thundered the Captain of Pompadours.

"Come, now—I like that."

"D—n it, sir?"

"Don't get excited, old fellow; is not this number three stair, four room?"

"Yes, of course it is."

"Then allow me to insinuate, sir, that you are drunk—very drunk, in uniform too—disgraceful; consider yourself under arrest. Sir, these quarters are *mine*—you will retire, if you please."

And Dick, who was still very groggy, again addressed himself to sleep. Trembling with anger, the Pompadour for a moment doubted the evidence of his own senses; but seeing all his own luggage and property in the room, and being certain that his brain was not turning, though the cool impudence of Duff confounded him,

"Coporal of the guard," said he, in a stifled tone of anger, "handcuff this insolent fellow, and march him to the cells."

"Handcuff—the devil!" shouted Dick.

This imperative order made him spring up, and at that moment, the recollection of the change of barracks, his month's leave, and the last night's potations, flashed upon him. Unhappy Dick was sobered in a moment, and his countenance fell, and he turned to explain—to apologize; but the Pompadour would listen to nothing. Our friend was ignominiously hauled from bed, hastily dressed, roughly handcuffed, and despite all his assertions that he was "an officer—an officer and a gentleman," &c. &c., he was marched to the guardhouse, into which he would have been thrust, had not a staff-officer, the friend with whom he had supped overnight, passed in at that moment and recognised him.

The officer explained, Dick expostulated, the Pompadour was sulky; but after fiery threats, mutual apologies and expressions of friendship for life were exchanged, and Dick dined that evening at the mess, of which he was made an honorary member; but the story "found vent," with a hundred absurd additions; and Dick was so quizzed about it by the small wits of his own corps, that he exchanged into Ours, and joined us about the time Corunna was fought.

But before the battalion embarked, he fell into another scrape by inserting in the Edinburgh papers the following advertisement!—

"Vive l'amour! any fair dame of spirit, maid . . . or widow, who would wish to see the world, and will join her fortunes with those of a gallant officer, about to embark for the seat of war—age 25, height five feet ten inches by one foot ten across the shoulders

—good looking decidedly, may have her offers carefully considered, by forwarding her name and qualifications to the President of the Mess Committee.”

But for the hurry of embarkation, old Sir David Dundas, he of the “Eighteen Manœuvres,” who then ruled at the Horse Guards, would have made this piece of impertinence a dear joke to Dick Duff.

The latter, at Torres Vedras was severely wounded in the left leg, and given over for a time to the care of a pretty patrona, who was so kind to him, and like Corporal Trim’s Beguin, fomented the wounded part so tenderly, that Dick remained so long on crutches, we thought he would never get off *them* or be well ; tell one night getting tipsy at the quarters of his friend Garriehorn of the Grenadiers, he walked home, he never knew how, *without them* ; and as he had been heard singing his invariable and inevitable song,

“ Who knows but our girls,
(We have known stranger things),” &c.

in the Plaza of Torres Vedras, he was obliged to report himself “fit for duty” next day, despite the tears of his patrona.

After serving at Busaco, Fuentes d’Onor, Badajoz, and Salamanca, his battalion, with Stirling’s old Highland Brigade, endured all the horrors of the retreat from Burgos.

At the siege of the latter, the task of storming the famous hornwork, which had a hard sloping scarp of twenty-five feet, and a counter-scarp of ten, was specially confided to the 42nd Highlanders, who assailed the bastion after darkness had set in, and rushed on with great gallantry. Dick Duff was the first man up on the first ladder ; and his feather bonnet was literally blown off his head by a volley of

balls ; every man by his side was bayoneted ; and as each poor fellow in his fall knocked down others, the loss was terrible !

Sword in hand, Major Cox entered the gorge ; Major (afterwards General Sir Robert) Dick led the regiment on *en masse*, and the hornwork was immediately captured ; but two lieutenants and thirty-two rank and file were killed ; four officers, one volunteer, and one hundred and sixty-four Highlanders were wounded. Captain Donald Williamson expired that night of his wounds. Lane, the poor gentleman volunteer, was severely wounded and became senseless ; but revived, on finding two of the Cameron Highlanders gently abstracting a gold watch worth fifty guineas from his pocket.

"I beg your pardon, my lads," said he ; "but I am not quite done with this."

"We beg yours, sir," answered they ; "but we thought you dead, and supposed we might take it, as well as others."

They carried him carefully to the rear ; and as they were returning, two stray shots killed them both. Lieutenant Gregorson was killed, and found stripped naked, by Lieutenant Orr, who buried him in a trench. In the gorge of this hornwork, so fatal to the Black Watch, their old Quartermaster Blanket, had both his legs carried away ; so he might fairly have sung,

"O now let others shoot,
For here I leave my *second legs*,
And the *Forty-second Foot*."

He lived long a prisoner at Bitche and Verdun, and by his fiery temper and wooden pins was named by the French *le Diable Boiteux*.

In this siege the regiment had other losses ; but the concentration of the enemy's forces, and the advance of superior numbers, obliged the Duke of Wellington to retire into winter quarters on the frontiers of Portugal ; and the fatigues and privations incident to this retrograde movement, fell on no regiment more heavily than on our friends of the Black Watch.

On a gloomy afternoon in the month of November, pressed by the enemy's cavalry, who were vastly superior to the British, the brigade of which the 42nd formed a part, entered the ancient and pleasant city of Valladolid, all drenched and bedraggled by fording the swift Pisuerga ; for the French, to impede our previous advance, had blown up the principal arch of the bridge.

Dick Duff was taken prisoner by the French hussars in a taberna, at Villahoz, by the treachery of the keeper, a well-known Spanish rogue, named Antonio Morello. By his captors and the hostalero he had been stripped nude, but made his escape and rejoined the regiment (just as it was entering Valloria) clad only in a pair of short scarlet pantaloons, which he had taken from a dead Frenchman of the line, and his aspect created no small surprise in the ranks—but I cannot add merriment, for our soldiers were then at the lowest ebb of misery and desperation. During this terrible retreat the rain had been incessant, and poured pitilessly down on the wet, dripping sierras and rough muddy mule roads traversed by our troops, whose sufferings and privations were indescribable.

The baggage was generally far in the rear, and the troops were without tents or other means of shelter from the inclemency of the weather. The *vivas* that greeted the British advance were no longer heard—

gloom, sombre desperation, and scowling famine were in every eye. The arrears of pay were in many instances beyond parallel. Many regiments had not received a penny for nine months—nine months of constant fighting! (How many tradesmen in England would have worked for that period without wages?)

The officers were reduced to about a shirt each; most of the men had only the collars or wrists of their linen remaining—many had not a vestige. "Their jackets were so patched," says an officer of the Gordon Highlanders, in his narrative, "that I know nothing to which I can so aptly compare them as parti-coloured bed-covers; for there were not fifty in my own regiment but had been repaired with cloth of every colour under the sun."

So admirably is the kilt adapted for marching and activity, that the Highland corps were the only battalions *without stragglers*.

Hollow-eyed and gaunt, bearded and grisly, emaciated and miserable in aspect, footsore and shoeless, their jackets turned to black and purple, their feather bonnets reduced to quills, and all trace of pipeclay long since washed out of their belts, yet heavily laden with knapsacks, great-coat, blanket, haversack, wooden canteen, camp-kettle, sixty rounds of ball-cartridge, their arms and accoutrements covered with mud and mire—after many days' of incessant alarm, halting and forming square to repel the enemy's cavalry, who at times charged into the rivers up to their very holsters—the Black Watch defiled along the quaint old streets of Valladolid, with their pipes playing a fiery *spraidsearach Gaelhealach*, or Highland march; but it failed to rouse either the spirit or bearing of the men.

As our troops were retreating, their entrance excited no enthusiasm in the sullen and ungrateful Spaniards. They gazed apathetically from under their heavy eyebrows and broad sombreros, as battalion after battalion defiled past, nor manifested the smallest interest until some Highland regiment approached, when cries of—"Look at the Scots," broke from every quarter.

"*Mira los Escosses ! Viva los valiantes ! Viva los Escosses—los hombres valerosos.*"

Others, who knew the number of the Black Watch, varied the cry with—

"*Viva la Regimiento Quarenta Dos !*"

Through streets of old and decaying houses the regiment defiled to the Plaza Mayor, while the bells of San Benito, St. Paul, and the Scottish College were tolled mournfully. All the balconies there were covered with tapestry; and amid a profusion of crimson velvet, a portrait of Ferdinand VII. was hung in the great Plaza. There the battalion dispersed in search of billets; the officers to inquire if the baggage had come up; to sigh for camp-beds and portmanteaux, that might be stuck in the mud twenty miles off; or to swear at stupid servants or drunken bat-men, who had let them fall into the hands of pillagers and paisanos.

Wellington and his aides-de-camp had taken up their quarters in the Scottish College, the rector of which, an old Highlander, though sick and dying, welcomed them warmly.

Dick Duff, Garriehorne, the captain of Grenadiers, and Colquhoun Grant, the famous scouting officer, whose adventures are already, we hope, familiar to the reader, made their way straight to a posada, previous to entering which an "examination of ammu-

nition" took place, and among four purses two duros could only be mustered. At this time, many officers actually sold their silver epaulettes to the Jews of El Campo *for bread*.

"Ugh!" said Dick; "this comes of one's paymaster being nine months in arrear! and yet, though we have scarcely a tester among us, we are fighting for an island which, according to the learned Bochart, was named by the Phœnicians emphatically—*the land of tin!*"

An arched door gave admittance from the street to the lower story of the posada, where the horses and mules were generally stabled; from this, an open ladder gave access to the common hall; a second ladder led to the sleeping apartments, which were minus carpets, bells, plaster, and almost without windows or furniture; but, as Dick said to the grumbling captain of Grenadiers, no one looks for such things in a Spanish inn.

Several Spanish officers were already in the public room, all travel-stained and splashed with mud, but wrapped in their cloaks, and all with their feet planted on the only brassero, round which they sat in a circle, smoking and making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit; while the host, an old and sour-visaged Asturian, with clumsy hands and enormous shoulders, superintended the cooking of various edibles, which simmered and sputtered in stone jars on the flat hearth, the fuel piled upon which cast a lurid glow from under the broad impending mantel-piece on his swarthy visage, his stealthy eyes, and black grisly beard. This fellow was repulsive in aspect; but his wife, *la patrona*, was a pretty paisana, not much above eighteen years of age, dressed in the picturesque costume of the country, and having her

handsome legs encased in the tightest and brightest of scarlet stockings. She welcomed us with smiles of the utmost good humour that two brilliant eyes and a mouth filled with the finest teeth could express.

"All right, Garriehorne," said Dick, in his bantering way; "here is one of the beautiful sex—come esta senora, how handsome you look to-night; 'pon my soul, I feel quite inclined to fall in love with you. Senor Patron—what is in the crocs, old fellow?"

Displeased by Dick's mode of addressing his young wife, the host affected not to hear.

"What can you let us have for supper, senora?" asked Garriehorne, unbuckling his sword, "hot castanos and garlic, of course, with Xerez and ripe grapes."

"Ripe grapes in November," growled the sulky patron; "what the devil are you talking about, senor oficial?—*Ninas y vinas son mal de guardar!*"

"Which means—"

"That ripe maidens and ripe grapes require vigilance to keep long," said the pretty patrona, with a waggish smile. "We have a fine guisado in this croc, senor."

"A guisado!" exclaimed Dick. "By Jove, the very thought of it makes me more hungry than ever."

"What is it made of?" said the captain of Grenadiers, doubtfully.

"Don't you know — everything! hare, rabbit, chicken, pheasant, claret and water, bacon, salt, garlic, onions, pepper, pimentos, Valdepenas butter, a bunch of wild thyme—"

"The deuce! what more?"

"A little oil, and then it would add glory to the wedding of Camacho," said Dick.

"The senor caballero is quite a Spanish cook,"

said the pretty patrona ; " but," she added, with a furtive glance at Dick's pair of French pantaloons, " I hope we shall not lose—"

" Lose—not at all, my dear senora. You shall be paid in gold as pure as your wedding ring."

" If we have it," added Garriehorne, aside.

" So serve up the guisado. Its odour is exquisite ! By Jove, we four Hannibals have here found our Capua ! But, Senor Patron," continued Dick, speaking with his mouth very full, " you are singularly like an ugly fellow whom I met yesterday—what is your name ?"

" Morello."

" The devil it is ! that name proved an unlucky one to me lately."

" Where, senor ?"

" At Villahoz."

" I have a son there—"

" Keeper of a venta ?"

" Si, senor."

" The villain ! he betrayed me to the French for ten dollars."

" Likely enough of Antonio," said the young wife ; " he is my step-son, and proves mala, mala—very bad."

" Step-sons frequently do in a step-mother's eyes, my dear patrona."

" He hates his father—"

" The unnatural wretch !"

" Hates him for having married *me*."

" In that I almost agree with him," said Dick.

" But he hates me, too."

" Hates you—so young, so charming !"

" Yes, senor, and daily vows to have revenge ; believing that I have cheated him out of his birthright."

"Dick, what are those fellows round the brassero jabbering about?" asked the grenadier.

"Oh, they are mere cazadores, who say we should not have given up Madrid, or Burgos either, without a battle."

"Faugh! don't speak of Burgos; I am sick of shelling, storming, and mining. A battle, indeed! but, perhaps, they know better than Lord Wellington."

"A pretty woman that patrona is, ugh!" added Dick, as he drew off his boots. "See how muddy and deep the path that leads to glory and Portugal is! There are three inches of the mud of immortality, at least."

By this time our friends had finished the guisado, which proved excellent, and a huge leathern bota of Xerez had been passed rapidly from hand to hand. They became comfortable—then jolly. Dick sang his usual song, and they all retired to pass the night in a crazy garret, and to thank Heaven that they were not for out-picquet on the Burgos road, and that they were to halt and not march all the next day.

Exhausted by toil, and perhaps somewhat overcome by their potations, and what our old friend Sancho Panza would term "the blessed scum" of the hot and savoury guisado, Colquhoun Grant and Garriehorne fell into a sound sleep on the hard floor, with plaids around them, and their swords at hand; but poor Dick Duff's restless disposition kept him long awake.

He thought of the young and pretty patrona, with her taper legs and melting black eyes; of her scowling old spouse, and the rascal, Antonio Morello, who yesterday had so nearly procured him—the said Dick Duff—three inches of a French bayonet, or a three years' sojourn at Bitche or Verdun on parole. Then,

as the moon shone brightly, he rose and looked out upon the scenery, where the bright flood of her silver light fell aslant on the spires of the churches, and gilded with a white lustre the pinnacles and little square belfries of the convents. On one side lay a narrow street which led to the Plaza Mayor; on the other, spread a wilderness of flat roofs, from amid which the huge cathedral, begun, but never finished, by Philip II., reared its dark outline; beyond, lay the beautiful plain watered by the Esqueva, stretching away in the moonlight and the haze it exhaled. All was silent and still, and no one seemed abroad save one man, whom Dick perceived to be reconnoitring the posada with stealthy eyes and steps. He placed a short ladder against one of the lower windows, which opened in two halves. He pushed the lattice open and entered.

"Is this fellow a thief or a lover?" thought Dick; "if an affair of gallantry, it is no business of mine. Bah! what is there to steal from a Spanish posada? and to interfere with the nocturnal rambles of some loving stableboy or amatory muleteer would be rather an insane proceeding on my part."

With these reflections he resumed his place on the floor, and was about to drop asleep—for on service all curiosity becomes blunted; the value of property and the risk of death but of little consequence—when a cry pierced his ear.

A cry! it was a wild and despairing one, that rang terribly along the wooden corridor; a struggle—the stamping of feet—the explosion of a pistol, with the fall of a body heavily on the floor followed; and then all became still save the barking of the *perro de casa*, or house-dog, in the yard. Duff's first thought was of the enemy—that their cavalry were in the town—

and that the picquets had been repulsed on the Burgos road. Then he thought of the intruder.

"Up, Grant," said he; "get your sword, Garriehorne—the French or the devil are at work here!"

"Help, senores caballeros—help!" cried a piteous voice in the corridor.

"Is that you, senor patron?"

"Si, senor—'tis I and the senora patrona—open, por amor de Dios—the posada has been attacked by thieves"

"By thieves"—

"Yes; and by the holy of holies, I have had the narrowest of escapes," he added, dragging in his young and pretty wife. Both were in their night dresses; both were breathless and ghastly pale.

"What was the meaning of that pistol-shot?"

"You shall hear, senor—you shall hear," replied the host, staggering to a seat. "Dios mio! I was sound asleep, my day's work has been a severe one, so many noble caballeros have been about the house all day long. I was asleep; but the senora patrona saw a man in our room; he carried a pistol in one hand, a lantern in the other. Her cries awoke me, and I sprang from my bed to reach my Abacete knife, which usually lies on a stool close by; when lo! there was a flash in my eyes, a pistol-ball grazed my right ear, and buried itself in the pillow I had just left! Santiago! my knife was in my hand; I became blind! I rushed upon the would-be assassin; once, twice, ay, thrice, my knife was buried in his heart; at first there was a cry of agony, then I heard the breast-bone crack, as, with a heavy sob, he was dead. Ouf!" he added, as a light was brought; "see how my right hand and arm are drenched in blood."

He flung the knife on the floor, and it sounded like a knell.

"Grant, look to the poor patrona," said Duff. "Come, Garriehorne, the man may not be dead yet."

"O, senor, I warrant him dead enough; my first stab went straight to the heart," replied the hostalero, grinding his teeth with savage energy.

Proceeding along the dingy corridor, they reached his bedroom, where a man, in a pool of thickening blood, lay prostrate on the floor.

"He is quite dead," said Garriehorne.

"Grant, turn the poor devil over, and let us see what like he is," said Dick Duff.

He was turned on his back, and a hoarse cry burst from old Morello, on recognising in the relaxed jaw and fixed eye-balls of the corpse the features of—
his son Antonio!

* * * * *

"Come, gentlemen, let us quit this place," said Dick, with a shudder; and, as they issued into the empty streets, daylight was beginning to struggle through their sinuous windings, while the merry rattat of the British and Portuguese drums was heard, as they beat *reveille* in El Campo, the market-place, and before the old royal palace, where Anne of Austria first saw the light, and which, to the fourth story, was full of allied troops. The inlying picquets (always turned out in those days an hour before daylight) were standing under arms, looking pale, wan, and drowsy in their dark great-coats, in the Plaza Mayor. This place was square, and surrounded by an arcade, within which are shops, and the brick houses have balconies of gilded iron at all the windows. At a corner of the old palace our ramblers passed under a curious projecting clock, like that of

Strasbourg; but being a loyal old Spanish clock, of true Castilian origin, it had never gone since the French entered Spain.

"Senor," said Dick Duff to a Spanish cazadore who passed, and who seemed, like himself, to be on the look-out for a place of entertainment, "what house is that?"

"You mean the house without windows?"

"Si, senor, and which has only those little holes to admit light through its high walls."

"The Holy Office, senor."

Dick shrugged his shoulders and quickened his pace.

"And is that place opposite the convent so famed for its pretty nuns?"

"Which, senor?"

"The convent of the Bleeding Heart."

"No, senor," said the don, with a dark look; "it is the monastery of the Bloody Nose."

"You seem to be a wag, my friend—well, and what place is that which the staff are just leaving?"

"El Colegio de los Escosses."

"Bravo—the Scots College!" said they altogether; "muchos gratias, senor—we shall go there."

And just as Wellington, cloaked and muffled, with a telescope slung over his shoulder, his blue cape and cocked hat covered by oiled skins, trotted into the Plaza Mayor, followed by his aides-de-camp, one of whom was Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians, Dick Duff and his comrades presented themselves at the arched doorway of the ancient Catholic seminary.

"A college of priests!" said Dick; "I would infinitely prefer a convent of nuns—but we cannot choose, unfortunately."

"Now, Duff," said Garriehorne, "you must behave with propriety."

"Oh, you shall see ; I am arranging my face to a most becoming length."

While they were speaking the door unfolded, and a grave, dark-complexioned priest, clad in a long black satann, appeared before them. His mild glance of anxious inquiry expanded into a kind smile when he saw the tartans and plumed bonnets of the visitors ; for he was a Scotsman, and in those days, anterior to the Catholic emancipation, the Scottish clergy of the ancient faith were all but outcasts, and usually exiles from their own country ; thus the poor man's heart filled and his eyes glistened, as he stretched out his hands inviting them to enter, and led them through the garden towards the main building of the college.

This Scottish college at Valladolid was founded by the family of Semple, one of whom, Robert, known as the great Lord Semple, was long ambassador from James VI. of Scotland to Philip II. of Spain ; a service on which he acquitted himself with reputation and honour to his country, while his rigid adherence to the Catholic Church won him the respect of the Spaniards. The revenue of this college is about 1000*l.* per annum, and the edifice was anciently a house of the Jesuits. Its lands are to be held of the Spanish crown *while vines shall continue to grow on them*, and in its cellars is a jolly wine-tun capable of holding eighteen thousand bottles—the mention of which made Dick Duff's eyes twinkle with delight. Its chapel had a crucifix which grew out of a thorn-tree to convert a Jew, but is now in the cathedral ; and still better, it had a valuable library, wherein hangs a portrait of the founder in rich robes carrying a baton, and another of his lady, Agnes Montgomery,

daughter of Hugh, Earl of Eglinton. Six miles from the city, the college has a handsome country mansion, which Wellington occupied for one night during the Burgos retreat.

The ancient faith in Scotland was then all but extinct. A few wandering priests, braving the severe penalties of the Scottish law, lurked in the wildest parts of the Highlands, and, protected by the gentilities of clanship, administered the rites of the Roman Church to its scattered adherents. At Glenlivat, in the eighteenth century, a little academy was maintained by them almost in secret; there philosophy and divinity were taught to boys of talent, after which they were sent abroad to the Scottish colleges of Rome, Douay, Ratisbon, or Valladolid, from whence, as Jesuits or secular priests, they returned to preach once more unto the clans the faith in which their fathers died.

All these odds and ends of information *anent* this Scoto-Spanish establishment were told to the military visitors by Father John Cameron, in a low and gentle tone, as if he feared to wake some one, and all the Scottish priests and students, who crowded about the Highland officers in the little refectory, where wine and fruit were freely proffered, spoke in the same remarkable manner, stopping ever and anon as if to listen for a passing sound; while gravity and anxiety were impressed on every face.

Rattling Dick Duff had so completely adopted the bearing of a modest, quiet, and seriously-disposed young man, that the heart of Father John Cameron, a priest well up in years, was quite won; and Dick began to feel some compunction, while telling him with the utmost gravity, that "a natural abhorrence of gaiety and military uproar, with a love of retire-

ment and of cloistral seclusion, &c. &c., had brought him and his companions, Captain Garriehorne and Colquhoun Grant, the famous scout who so tormented the Duc de Raguse, to visit them;" but he added, "what the devil is the matter? Is any one dead or hidden here—what's the row, that you all speak in whispers, as if the walls had ears?"

"It is a strange story," said the old priest, Father Cameron; "our beloved rector, without an apparent ailment, believes himself at the point of death. It is a sad narrative to me, for I loved the rector as a younger brother; although many years his senior (more than I dare reckon now), his talents and his piety made him superior to us all. He believes that the day, the hour—yea, the moment of his departure *is fixed*: it is a solemn, a terrible presentiment—but you, as soldiers, will be inclined to smile at it and me."

"Nay, sir," replied Dick, "you wrong us there; for on service we see every day the most terrible fulfilment of presentiments. I had a brother drowned upon the 16th of November—my father ever said it was *our fatal day*, and had been so for ages. He was wounded by my side on the 16th of November, when our Highlanders stormed one of the West India Isles, and on the 16th of November he was killed near the city of Alexandria, and with my own hands I buried him the day before we marched towards the Nile. Poor old man!"

"And there was poor old Major Wallace of Ours," said Grant, "who had always a presentiment that he would die on the 18th of March, the day he was wounded as an ensign at the blockade of Alexandria in 1801, and on the 18th of last March we found him dead in his tent, killed by a random shot, when we were covering the siege of Badajoz."

"Ay," sighed the priest, "there was poured forth the hot blood of many a gallant heart."

"So you see, my dear sir, that solemn presentiments are to be found in the camp as well as in the cloister," added Dick, draining his wine-horn, with a thoughtful smile.

"Our reverend rector is powerfully possessed by the idea that he will not outlive the 16th of this month of November, the day on which his patron——"

The priest hesitated.

"Don't hesitate, my dear sir," said Dick; "for I am come of an old Catholic stock—say on."

"The day on which his patron-saint died, and for a year past this conviction has become stronger in his mind as the time approached; yet he is a hale man and well, though somewhat more feeble than he was wont to be. His patron is Margaret, Queen of Scotland, who died on the 16th of November, and this day is the *fifteenth*. A month ago, he felt this presentiment come more strongly, mysteriously, and solemnly upon him; so that he could no longer attend to his duties as rector, but spent his whole time in abstemious fasting and earnest prayer, as one preparing for a great change. He dismissed all the professors, students, servants, and other inmates to a country house which we possess, six miles from the city, telling us to enjoy ourselves for a brief space, as a dark day of mourning was at hand.

"Impressed by the solemnity of his manner, we set out for the place, and remained there anxiously waiting to hear tidings from him, for he is dearly loved by us all, and by none more than me. A week elapsed, but we heard nothing from Valladolid; at last, I turned back, being his dearest friend, and

moreover, the oldest priest in the college—for I can remember the days when Charles of the Two Sicilies sat on the Spanish throne, and I was one of those who chanted the *De Profundis* by the grave of Charles Edward Stuart ; I can remember when the spires of seventy convents towered over Valladolid, for in El Campo every alternate house was a religious one ; and *now* there are but sixteen and *only* twenty-four convents. Well, gentlemen, I came back to inquire, and soon saw enough to fill me with alarm. In our absence the rector had hung the college chapel with black ; he had moreover raised the pavement before the shrine of St. Margaret, and after measuring his own height, had there dug a grave for himself, eight feet deep, and as I crossed the aisle, its ghastly depth in the black and bone-impregnated earth that lay piled on each side, struck me with awe and terror. I searched for the rector, but was unable to find him in any of the dormitories, refectory, library, or garden. At last, barefooted and bareheaded, clad in sackcloth, and girt by a cord of discipline, I found him kneeling near the grave he had dug ; he was praying earnestly, and never did the divine Murillo conceive a head more noble, or a face more expressive of piety, enthusiasm, worship, and prayer, in all its glory, than those of our rector as I saw him at that moment, with his eyes uplifted from a book of vespers towards the crowned statue of the Scottish Queen, around which twelve little lights were sparkling ; and I could hear the words that came from his pale lips, though they fell faintly and slowly,

“ ‘Deus, qui beatam Margaritam, Scotorum Reginam, eximiâ in pauperes charitate mirabilem effecisti : da, ut ejus intercessione et exemplo, tua in cordibus nostris charitas jugiter augeatur.’ ”

"When I approached, he fainted. I had him at once conveyed to bed and applied restoratives; but so low had his strength and system ebbed by excessive fatigue, prayer, and fasting, that we have scarcely a hope of recovering him, and the conviction that he shall die to-morrow, on the 16th November, the anniversary of his patron's death, seven hundred years ago, is so vividly impressed upon his mind, that knowing its breadth of thought and unyielding energy of purpose, a solemn sadness has come upon us all, and we wait in terror the issue of this gloomy presentiment."

The military visitors were deeply impressed by this strange and fantastic story; and on Father Cameron requesting them to visit the couch where the rector lay, in the hope that their Highland garb might rouse some old or other emotions in his breast, they at once assented and followed in silence to his chamber.

Under cloisters arched and old, they were led through the ancient chapel, where many a stern Jesuit who had heard Loyola preach, and where many a poor priest of the Scottish mission, were at rest from their labours; and past the newly-dug grave where a stone already bore the name of the rector, cut by his own hand. Duff paused for a moment and read thereon,

M.S.

Don Iago de Santa Margareta; Rector del Collegio de los Escosses; Valladolid. Requien a Dios por el.

"Mater Salvatoris, ora pro nobis!" muttered Father Cameron, as he hurried past, and led them into the gloomy little apartment, in which the further to mortify his flesh, the rector had taken up his quarters.

Z

It was square, and floored with red tiles ; on the dull and discoloured walls were two or three Murillos and Alonzo Canos ; in the window, around which the naked vines had clambered, lay a skull before a crucifix ; around were shelves laden with books, many being old tomes of Scottish theology ; and there were many old engravings of the House of Stuart in ebony frames, Prince Charles, James VIII., and Cardinal York.

Dick Duff took all this in at a rapid glance, and then his eyes rested on a thin, wan, and emaciated figure that lay on a plain and uncurtained Spanish bed in a corner of the apartment. The rector's eyes were closed and his hands were clasped. He scarcely seemed to breathe, and yet he was praying earnestly. His profile was sharp and thin ; he did not seem to be much above forty years of age ; yet the hair that clustered round his high and intellectual temples was prematurely silvered over.

"Heavens !" exclaimed Dick, in a suppressed voice, and with a start of terror, "how like my poor old father he looks just now !"

"Like your father ?" reiterated Garriehorne.

"Yes—yes : he is the poor old man's image—just as he lay dead at Alexandria, when I rolled him in my blanket and buried him in the sand, digging his grave with my bayonet—God rest him !"

"The rector's history is a strange one," said Father Cameron ; "but we know not his name, therefore we call him James of St. Margaret."

"But how came he here ?"

"Listen," replied the priest in a low voice, and they all drew aside. "Many years ago I was at sea, flying for safety from Argyllshire, having been hunted from parish to parish, because I had dared to say mass in

secret to our people—for to perform the offices of our faith in Scotland was then to commit a crime. Our vessel was running seaward down the Sound of Mull, when a boat was discovered adrift, without sails or oars; and in that boat we found a little child—a boy—asleep, or worn by terror and the tossing waves into a dreamless torpor. He was brought on board, and to me the discovery of a boy floating thus upon the sea, like Amadis de Gaul or Florizel in their baskets, as we read in the old romances; or like Moses or Judas Iscariot, as we may read in the writings of the Fathers, seemed of great import—the more so, as I found an amulet, or reliquary, at his neck, wherein was a relic of St. Margaret, with a prophecy written by one whom I knew, for I was then but a youth—yea, knew well——”

“Father John of Douay?” exclaimed Dick Duff.

“Yes; John Macdonald of Douay—how know *you* that?”

“Ask me not—ask me not, sir—but proceed.”

“Yes, written by the most reverend father, John of Douay (who was butchered by the French in Flanders), foretelling that this child would yet become great in the church, and would serve God at His altar long and faithfully——”

“This was in the year 1772?” exclaimed Dick, who had listened breathlessly.

“It was, sir. The poor child could tell me nothing of his parents, and knew only that his name was Hamish—that he had seated himself in an old boat upon the beach, and fallen asleep, after which he was awaked by the rough rocking of his new cradle, as it tumbled on the waves, which had risen and floated it out into the Sound. He wept for his mother long and passionately; but I brought him hither, and in

the bosom of our Mother Church he soon learned to forget his earthly mother, who is now, perhaps, awaiting him in heaven——”

“For her wish has doubtless been mysteriously fulfilled,” said Duff, incoherently. “Eternal Power! if this should be the case! Tell me, good sir, is there a scar——”

“Upon his left side?—yes.”

“The mark of a stag’s-horn, which gored him on the rocks of Loch-na-Keal.”

“Yes, yes.”

“Then this child whom you found floating on the sea, and who has lived to become the Rector of your College, is my *brother*, Hamish Duff, for whose supposed drowning in the Sound of Mull, our poor mother died of grief on the sixteenth of November.”

“The *sixteenth* of November! the very day on which he has so long believed he is himself to die.”

Dick threw down his plumed bonnet and hastened to the bedside with his eyes full of tears and a wild expression in his face.

“O how like our old father he looks!” he exclaimed, as he turned down the coverlet.

There was no motion; he placed a hand on the rector’s heart; but there was no pulsation. He was dead—dead, but still warm.

At that moment the clock of the college tolled the half-hour *after* twelve!

Thus as he had so long foretold and foreseen, but by what mysterious intuition or presentiment, Heaven alone knows, he had actually passed away on the early morning of the sixteenth day of November.

* * * * *

The French cavalry were still pressing on, and the

jaded allies were still in full retreat; thus the Scottish fathers of the ancient college hurried the funeral by the next noon, that the Lieutenant of the Black Watch might lay his brother's head in the grave; and accordingly the rector was lowered into the tomb which his own hands had formed before the shrine of St. Margaret, the Patroness of Scotland; and Dick Duff was a changed man, and a grave man too, during the remainder of that horrible retreat, on which so many of our brave soldiers perished of starvation and fatigue; and which Lord Wellington continued without delay, until the Ebro and the Douro were far in his rear; and his harassed army found winter quarters on the frontier of Portugal.

Father John Cameron lived to a good old age, and died Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh, where he now lies interred before the altar of St. Mary's Chapel.

X.

THE FOREST OF GAICH;

OR, THE CAPTAIN DHU.

AFTER the Flemish campaign, under his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and the terrible retreat to Deventer—a retreat in which the sufferings of our troops rivalled those endured by the French after Moscow—the 42nd Highlanders were encamped during the spring of 1795 at Hanbury, in England, under the command of General Sir William Meadows, when their strength, which had been weakened by their recent operations against the French republican armies, was greatly augmented by volunteers from various Highland fencible corps, which had been raised in the preceding year. Among others, they were joined by the two entire flank companies of the Grant Fencibles, or old 97th Regiment, which had been raised to the number of thirteen hundred men by Sir James Grant of Grant, Bart. (locally known as the *Good Sir James*), almost entirely among his own name and clan in Strathspey, a district which has long been famous for its stirring music and the military spirit of its people. These volunteers, in the month of September, set out on their march through Badenoch to join the 42nd, under the command of Captain MacPherson of Ballychroan, who

had been appointed to the corps, the colonel of which was then Major-General Sir Hector Munro, K.B.

Evan MacPherson was generally known in that wild and mountainous district named Badenoch as the Captain *Dhu*, or Black Officer, in consequence of his raven-coloured hair, his swarthy complexion, and dark eyes, and, perhaps also, from the peculiarities of his character, which, though brave to recklessness, was stern, severe in discipline, and at times mysterious, savage, and vindictive.

The captain swore high, drank deep, and gambled as if he had the mines of Peru among the glens of Ballychroan. These qualities, together with his great strength and stature, rendered him more feared than loved in the district of Badenoch, where it was currently believed that he was in league with the devil, and where the story of his terrible end is yet remembered with a shudder by the people round the winter hearth. There are many yet alive in Strathspey who saw and knew Black Evan, and remember the events which I am about to record.

From Speyside he marched his volunteers through Glentromie, and, following the course of the river which gives that valley its name, entered the wilder and more romantic parts of Badenoch, between the Stoney Mountain and Drum Ferrich, till about night-fall, when, to the great bodily discomfort and greater mental discomposure of the soldiers, who dared not complain save in whispers to each other, he halted in the haunted Forest of Gaich, a wild and uninhabited tract of country on the northern slope of the mighty Grampians.

There he ordered them to pile arms, and have a fire lighted in a place which he indicated, near a well, deemed holy, as the water of it had been blessed

by St. Eonaig of old. On this, a white-haired sergeant, Hamish Grant, from Brae Laggan, respectfully ventured to suggest that the fire might burn equally well elsewhere.

MacPherson, who was not accustomed to be trifled with or have his orders disputed, stormed and swore terribly, according to his wont, both in Gaëlic and English.

"Good will never come of it," said the sergeant, moodily.

"Let evil come if it may, and welcome be it!" responded MacPherson, scornfully; "let the old fellow who blessed the well come from his grave at Kilmaveonaig, and, if he chooses, I'll give him a jorum of its water flavoured with Ferintosh."

Muffled in their grey great-coats, or in their plaids of the bright red Grant tartan, the soldiers sat or lay in groups near the fire, which burned cheerfully, and shed a wavering glare along the green mountain slope. The night was calm, and the stars shone brightly overhead; no moon was visible yet, and scarcely a breath of wind stirred the light foliage of the silver birches. Attracted by the unwonted light of the fire, the dun deer were visible at times, but for a moment only, as they peered from their lair among the feathery bracken leaves, and then fled to distant parts of the forest.

The soldiers sung Gaëlic songs to while away the time, and each shared with his comrade the contents of his canteen and havresack; for, having just left their homes in Strathspey, all were amply provided with bread and cheese, beef, venison, and plenty of good usquebaugh; thus, though the place of their halt was weird, wild, and—all save the little runnel that

trickled down the heather slope—unholy, the night seemed likely to pass merrily enough.

Apart from all his men lay Evan MacPherson, of Ballychroan, who on this night was unusually sullen, gloomy, and taciturn; so much so, that the soldiers, all of whom knew him well, remarked that a *tarne-coill*, or black cloud, was upon him; for at times he had his dark or melancholy hour.

“And how could he be otherwise?” said old Sergeant Hamish, in a whisper, as he took a huge *sneishen* from the silver-mounted mull of Corporal Shon Grant, his own cousin, “only seventeen times removed,” as Bailie Jarvie has it. “Oich! oich! who but he would have halted in the Forest of Gaich, and at night too?”

“I’ll sleep with one eye open, at all events,” replied the corporal, impressively, with a wink.

“And I with both my ears,” said Duncan Bane, the piper; “for, by the horns of the devil—”

“Whisht! Oich, don’t name *him* here, for he is, perhaps, nearer than we know of; but what were you about to say?”

“That we shall be lucky if we pass the night without hearing the scream of Comyn’s eagles as they fly towards the Tarff.”

“It is said, they pass through the forest from Benoch Corrie Va always at midnight,” said Donald Bane Grant, or Fair-haired Donald the piper, in a whisper.

Some of the younger soldiers laughed; but the older shrugged their shoulders, and took an additional dram and *sneishen*, as they thought of all the Forest of Gaich had witnessed in other times.

In a previous legend, the fate of the Red Comyn

has been mentioned ; but this forest was the death-scene of his father, the equally traitorous Black Comyn ; and it was to the story of his terrible death the soldiers referred.

"He was killed," said one, "by a fall from his horse, which a weird woman had bewitched."

"Not at all," said the sergeant, bluntly ; for he was well versed in all the oral literature of his native hills.

"How then—how ?" asked several.

"His death happened thus," began the sergeant in Gaëlic. "The Black Comyn was a fierce tyrant, who dwelt in the black Castle of Inverlochy, to which he added the great round western tower, that still bears his name ; and there he and his wife, who was the Lady Marjorie, daughter of John Baliol, King of Scotland, were a terror and a grievance to the whole country by their exactions, extortions, and severity. Every one in Badenoch knows the story of his conceiving a love for two pretty girls whom he saw reaping in a field near Croc Barrodh, and whom, because they fled from him, he ordered his Lowland men-at-arms to strip nude as they came into the world, and in that condition he compelled to finish the reaping of the field in the light of open day, while he and his friends mocked them, and looked on.

"Two days after this, he was at the Cell of St. Eonaig, in Blair Athole, where he tarried at a wayside cottage to obtain a draught of beer. The baron was thirsty, and he drank deep ; the day was hot—he had ridden far, and the beverage was cool, sharp, and refreshing.

"‘This beer of yours pleases me much,’ said he ; ‘whence get you it, dame ?’

“‘I am my own brewer,’ replied the cottager; ‘but the malt is brought from St. John’s Town.’

“‘And the water?’

“‘From yonder stream.’

“‘The Aldnehearlinn?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Good! I shall have such beer made in my Castle of Inverlochy, if it cost me a thousand lives and fifty thousand silver crowns!’ said Comyn, wiping the white froth from his coal-black beard with his steel glove.

“‘Then you must make a road over the Gram-pians,’ said the woman.

“‘And a road I shall make, dame,’ he exclaimed.

“The woman laughed covertly, and bitterly uttered a curse under her breath; for she was the mother of one of the young reapers whom he had so recently dishonoured. Now this woman was a witch, and the beer she had given the Lord of Badenoch was brewed under a spell; thus, whoever drank thereof became her victim and the instrument of her will.

“The Black Comyn resolved that whatever might be the result, he would have beer of the same kind in his Castle of Inverlochy; but to procure the ingredients a road was necessary, and he at once ordered one to be made. Then thousands of men were soon seen at work, with axe and shovel hewing a path from the lonely little cell of St. Eonaig, through the dense fir woods of Craig Urrand, building a bridge across the Bruar in Athole, and digging a way straight to this Forest of Gaich; and thus far it was made when the work was stopped by witchcraft.

“Daily the Black Comyn came to survey the road and to watch its progress over hill and glen, and wood and water, and many observed that daily two eagles

hovered above his head, but high in mid-air, where the arrows of his best archers failed to reach them ; for these screaming eagles were witches, the mother of the two pretty reapers—the beer woman of St. Eonaig, and another cailloch who dwelt by the Lochy, and who came hither to scheme out vengeance and to destroy the Black Comyn's road, lest when finished it might prove an easy avenue for the Perthshire clans to march into Badenoch.

“ By the day of St. Eonaig the road had been made nearly to Gaich, and the dun deer, roused from their lair, were flying before the workmen, when the screams of the two giant eagles were heard overhead ; the men were dispersed or rendered powerless by a spell, while all their horses and oxen took to flight, as if possessed by the demons which entered the swine of old, and rushing headlong over the precipices were destroyed.

“ Comyn beheld this sudden catastrophe with emotions of astonishment and rage, which were soon changed to fear, when the flapping wings and shrill cries of the furious eagles rang close in his ears, and with dusky wings outspread, and monstrous beaks open, he saw them descending swoop upon him.

“ He turned his fleet horse, and goring him with his spurs, fled he knew not whither.

“ The infernal birds pursued him closely, and the summer sun cast their shadows like flying clouds upon his path. He crossed the ridge of the Grampians, and galloped downward at a frightful pace towards Craignaheilar ; but there they overtook him, though he cowered upon his horse's mane, and implored God to save him ! His entreaties were in vain, for God seemed to have abandoned the Black Comyn to the fiends, even as He abandoned his son the Red

Traitor to the dagger of Bruce ; and now the eagles, plunging their beaks and talons in his flesh, tore him limb from limb, and scattered the reeking fragments of his body in the wilderness. One of his legs was still dangling in the silver stirrup when his terrified horse fell dead on the banks of the Tarff*.

"And once in every hundred years," concluded the sergeant, "his spirit is said to ride from Gaich, followed by the screaming eagles."

"And here, too," said the corporal, glancing about him and stirring the embers of the fire, "has been seen many a time, as I have heard my mother say, the great Black Cat of the Woods—the king of all cats."

"Aire Dhia !" exclaimed the sergeant, uneasily ; "that is the devil himself."

"Cat or devil, I care not which," said the corporal ; "but we all know the story of the Laird of Brae na Garacher, who fought in the wars of Montrose, and when hunting here in Gaich, on Yule Eve, shot a black cat of enormous size, and just as he approached, cautiously, to examine the scratching brute, to his astonishment it opened its red mouth and addressed him in very good Gaëlic, begging that he would have the Christian charity to inform the cats at home of his untimely end. You may be sure that Brae na Garacher lost little time after that in making his way out of the forest and reaching home, where he related what had happened, and all the family laughed at him, saying, there was nothing in the world like good Campbelton whiskey for making even a cat speak !

"But lo ! the moment his story was concluded, a

* "At a place still named *Lechois*, or *one foot*, according to Mr. Scrope. See his work on "Deerstalking."

little black kitten, that sat by the hearth, sprang with a fierce bound to the back of a high arm-chair, with its tail bushy like a fox's brush, its ears flat on its head, its yellow eyes glaring with rage, its back erect, and its little body swollen to all appearance thrice its usual size. There it sat for a minute spitting and howling like an evil spirit, and then vanished up the chimney! This event silenced the laughers, and sorely disturbed the mind of the laird, who resolved to consult with the minister about it on the morrow, and, in the meantime, to drink deep before going to bed. About midnight he was awakened by a sound, and, by the dim rays of his night-lamp, saw a black mass hovering over him.

"It was the huge black cat he had shot in the Forest of Gaich!

"Its eyes shone like those of a snake, its fierce claws were extended towards him, its red mouth was open, and its hot breath came balefully upon his cheek, as slowly, surely, and deliberately, it descended from the roof of his bed upon him, and clutching at his throat, lacerated and strangled him to death!"

"And I have heard from my father, who was out with the Prince, God rest them both!" said the piper, "that on the same night of Brae na Garacher's death, when the minister of Kingussie was riding home by the skirts of this forest, he passed a mighty multitude of cats. They covered all the sides of the hills, and swarmed among the rocks and trees, like mites in an old cheese. On reaching home, he found that every cat in the village, and all the adjacent cottages, had disappeared, and gone towards the Forest of Gaich, from whence they never returned."

Just as this third veracious story was concluded by Donald Bane the piper, he, the sergeant, and others

who yet lingered by the watch-fire, as if in that place, so weird and lone, they were loth to commit themselves to sleep, were startled by the presence of a man—a stranger—who suddenly appeared among them, without any one having seen or heard him approach—appeared as if he had sprung from the ground.

His aspect was remarkable, and had something alike impressive and terrible about it. He was dressed like a Lowland peasant; but his complexion was dark as that of a mulatto. His hair, beard, and whiskers were of raven blackness; the latter appendages, which he wore in great profusion, grew close up to his keen and restless eyes, which glared from under the shadow of his beetling brows and broad round bonnet, like those of a polecat from under a bush; but his grey plaid, the folds of which were full and ample, rose high upon his breast and concealed his mouth.

His eyes, which had all the fascinating glare of the fierce bright orbs of the rattle-snake, leisurely surveyed the quailing soldiers one after another in silence, and then he grinned, as if pleased by the startling impression his sudden appearance created, and spreading his strong, brown, swarthy hands over the flames, thrust them almost into the fire, without seeming to feel the heat in any way oppressive.

“Who are you?” asked the sergeant, firmly.

“One whom you may perhaps know well enough by-and-by,” replied the other, with a grimace.

“Are you a Lowlander?” asked the corporal.

“Dioul!” growled the other; “did such pure Gaëlic as mine ever come from the tongue of a bodach in breeks? But speak out, my friends; of what are you afraid?”

“I fear nothing human,” replied the sergeant; “but I fear God, and hate the devil and all his works.”

"What wrong has the devil ever done *you*?"

"He put it in the heart of a vile Cateran to draw his dirk on me at the Inverness cattle tryst in August last."

"Nay, sergeant, it was not the poor devil who caused this, but your hot Highland whiskey and temper to boot. Yet I do not think you have much to complain of, as you well nigh slew him afterwards."

"The devil?"

"No—the Cateran, as you call him. As for the devil, he, poor fellow, is very much maligned on earth, I assure you."

"'Twas only a dab with a dirk I gave the Cateran, and he gave me another."

"A dab—a severe wound?"

"Bah! I would let any honest man do as much to me, for a good dram, any day; like true Highlanders, we parted after the first blood drawn."

The dark man gave one of his ferocious grins, as he said,

"You parted—true; but how fared it with your assailant?"

"He was lodged by the meddling provost and bailies in the bottle dungeon in the middle arch of Inverness Bridge."

"Yes—confined there, with nothing between him and the rain and wind of heaven but an iron grating—a narrow hatch of steel ribs, over which the wayfarers tread, and there he is yet."*

"All this is the provost's fault, *not* mine. *We* march by daybreak," said the sergeant, who had imbibed a strange mistrust and fear of this nocturnal visitor; "whither go you?"

* This *oubliette* perished with the old Bridge of Inverness.

"To a warmer place than even the warmest West Indian Isle," was the significant reply of the other, with a withering glance of malevolence and irony "but it was not to talk with you I sought the Forest of Gaich to-night. My man is here!"

With these strange words, the tall dark man strode to the foot of a tree. There, muffled in his cloak and fast asleep, or to all appearance so, Captain MacPherson was lying with his head pillowed on the root of a gigantic larch, and when shaken roughly by the shoulder, he started up with one of his terrible oaths, but grew pale on beholding the person who aroused him. On recovering himself partially,

"What errand brings you here to-night?" he asked, in a low and stifled voice.

"To see *you*," was the brief reply.

"But why now, fiend?"

"Where so fitting a place as the Forest of Gaich?"

"True—true! fool—madman that I was! What lured me to halt here?"

"What lured you?"

"Yes."

"Shall I tell you?" grinned the other.

"Yes."

"Fatality,"

"Alas! alas!"

"Come," said the visitor, fiercely, "for time presses."

"Hurry no man's cattle," grumbled MacPherson; "so begone, fiend, for I go not with you to-night."

"You will not?"

"No!"

The dark stranger laughed till the very hills seemed



to echo; and that weird sound made the marrow freeze in the bones of the old sergeant, who was listening.

"Come," continued the visitor, "lest I drag you hence."

"Drag!" reiterated the captain, with a furious malediction.

"Yes, drag; for you are powerless as a suckling, and your will is mine."

For a moment their swarthy eyes glared like live coals upon each other. At last those of the Captain Dhu lowered, and he said, in a broken voice,

"Go to the place of tryst, and I shall be with you."

"When?"

"In the snapping of a flint," he groaned, while the perspiration rolled over his pallid brow.

"Ha! ha! Nay, I go not without you."

"Then the curse of God—the bitter, blighting curse that marked the front and withered up the soul of Cain—be on you!" exclaimed the captain, maddened with fear and rage. "Hound of hell, lead on—I follow you! Stand by your arms, men. Sergeant, at your peril, see that no man follows us!"

The swarthy man grinned again on hearing this outburst and these orders; and while the startled soldiers gazed in each other's faces with blank astonishment at the progress and issue of a conversation so strange, and at the aspect of one before whom this terrible officer, the Captain Dhu—he so stern and stormy, so fierce and unyielding—seemed to quail and bow, he and his weird-like visitor went from amidst them, and together sought a lonelier and more sequestered part of the forest.

They remained absent for some time. The whole

party of soldiers were now awakened, and muttered strangely among themselves ; while, regardless of the orders he had received, old Sergeant Hamish Grant, impelled by an irresistible and, perhaps, laudable curiosity, crept slowly forward on his hands and knees ; but he had not proceeded far thus, when he heard the voices of the captain and his nocturnal visitor—the former in tones of entreaty, and the latter in those of authority and fierce derision. Creeping on a few paces further, with a drawn bayonet in his hand, he beheld a sight which, when he considered the proud and stern character of his leader, filled him with blank wonder.

The waning moon was now visible ; it shone out for a moment from behind a mass of crapelike cloud. The dark figures of MacPherson and the stranger were distinctly seen. The place of their meeting was a green fairy ring, covered with rich grass, which waved solemnly in the breeze. Close by it towered three gigantic granite blocks, spotted with green lichens, silent, grim, and lonely, for they were Druidical obelisks ; and in the middle of this circle of Loda lay the “mossy stone of power,” the altar of other times. MacPherson was on his knees ; the dark man towered over him, threatening and commanding, but what he said, the trembling sergeant knew not, though all around was deathly still, save the trembling of the wiry pine foliage ; for at times a tremulous motion will agitate a wood, even when the breath of the wind has passed away. Wan, white, and ghastly, the rays of the sinking moon poured over Benoch-corri-va aslant, and threw the shadows of the Druid stones, and of those who lingered there, far beyond the ancient circle.

A cloud passed over her face, veiling everything for a moment.

When again the still white moonbeams fell on the fairy ring and the Druid stones, no one was there.

The place was lonely and silent.

Full of terror and awe, the sergeant rushed back to the bivouac to tell what he had seen ; but for a time his lips were sealed, for he heard the voice of the captain, who had reached the night-fire before him, ordering the whole to stand to their arms and prepare to march.

Evan MacPherson was deadly pale ; his manner was wild and excited ; but the strictness of discipline, and the known severity of his character, alike forbade inquiry or remark. The arms were unpiled in silence, knapsacks were strapped on, and just as the light of daybreak began dimly and faintly to eclipse the waning moon, the Strathspey men proceeded on their march, which lay across the Grampians, and through Glen Bruar towards Blair Atholl.

A dead silence pervaded the ranks : if any spoke, it was in a whisper, and each man suggested to his comrade that Evan Dhu of Ballychroan had sold himself to the Evil One. If further proofs were required than those afforded by this night-interview, Sergeant Hamish Grant and the piper, Donald Bane, were ready to aver on oath that in every place around the fire and across the forest towards the fairy ring whereon the foot of that mysterious visitor had trod, the grass was scorched and withered. Their clansman, the corporal, who was somewhat sceptical on this point, suggested that these black spots might have been caused by the birch and pine sparks from their watchfires, but old Hamish indignantly repelled the idea ; and the future career of Evan of Ballychroan more than corroborated all that was averred to have

taken place on that eventful night, in the haunted Forest of Gaich.

About the end of September, MacPherson, with his Strathspey men, joined the regiment, which embarked on the 27th October for the West Indies, forming part of the expedition of twenty-two thousand one hundred and fifty-nine infantry, and three thousand and sixty cavalry, led by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and destined to reduce the isles of St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Trinidad. Tempestuous weather succeeded the embarkation, and on the 29th the wind blew a hurricane, which drove many of the Indiamen and transports from their anchors, dismasted some, and bulged others on the beach. The expedition was thus delayed until the 11th November, when again the whole fleet, consisting of three hundred sail, put to sea; but the flagship *Impregnable* was stranded on a sand-bank, and unable to proceed; other disasters succeeded; the *Middlesex*, with five hundred of the Black Watch on board, had her bowsprit and foretopmast carried away by the *Undaunted* when off the Isle of Wight, and was thus left astern of the whole squadron; which had no sooner cleared the British Channel, than it was dispersed by another dreadful tempest, which totally disabled the *Commerce de Marseilles*, a hundred-and-twenty-gun ship (French prize), having the 57th Regiment on board, and caused the loss of several transports and many hundred lives. The admiral was driven back to Portsmouth, and his fleet, after being long tempest-tossed, and scattered over the stormy winter sea, reached Barbadoes in detail.

In the Black Watch, this strange series of disasters were secretly but unanimously attributed to the malevolence and interference of the Devil. The myste-

rious meeting in the Forest of Gaich was remembered, and Evan of Ballychroan was viewed with anything but favour by the soldiers under his command ; yet he did his duty bravely and cheerfully, and was stern and severe as ever when any fault or dereliction of orders occurred. The superstitious dread with which his mountaineers regarded the events of the voyage need not excite surprise, when we remember that, about the same period, the crew of one of his Majesty's crack frigates flatly refused to sail until the captain thereof sent his black tom-cat ashore, or had its ears and tail docked, to alter its feline aspect.

But this long succession of mishaps by sea, and upon the events which preceded the voyage, were forgotten by the Strathspey men, when, on the 9th of February next year, the *Middlesex* ran into one of the harbours of Barbadoes, and the clear brilliant sky and blue waters of the Caribbean Sea were beaming around them ; and then the charming greenness and fertility of this place, the most eastern of these lovely Indian isles, made all long for the shore, eager to disembark, and to escape the vertical heat of a tropical sun blazing on the decks of a crowded transport. ;

Brigades were now detailed to attack and reduce the principal isles of the West Indies. General Whyte, with the brave 39th ("*Primus in Indis*"), the Sutherland Highlanders, and the old 99th, sailed against Demerara and Berbice, which he captured almost without resistance ; while Brigadier-General Moore (the future hero of Corunna), with our old friends the 42nd and other troops, sailed to favour the French in St. Lucia with a visit, and found themselves off the Pigeons' Isle on the 27th April, when they were ordered to land at a little sandy bay, into which the bright blue water ran in glittering ripples,

under shadowy foliage of the most luxuriant and brilliant green.

The landing was made by the troops in four divisions, at four different points; and the first man who leaped ashore was Evan MacPherson of the Black Watch. His company followed with a loud hurrah! and when the four united columns advanced against Morne Fortunée, the principal military post in the island, on officers desirous of leading the forlorn hope being requested "to enclose their cards to the brigade major," the first on the list for this perilous work was the Captain Dhu!

This caused his men to consider and have serious doubts of the affair during the halt in Gaich; for, as Sergeant Grant said, a man who had really sold himself to the Devil would have chosen some less dangerous trade than soldiering; and, moreover, would not have been in such a deuced hurry to risk promotion to a warmer climate than the West Indies.

"But how if his life be charmed," suggested the corporal, "and his skin proof to shot and steel? we have heard of such things in the Highlands. Like Claverhouse, he may have his *appointed time*."

"Lambh dhia sinn!" exclaimed the sergeant; "so have we all."

But the corporal's opinion was not given without finding due weight; and it caused the unfortunate captain to be more closely watched than ever.

Ere nightfall the troops were all under arms, and on the march to assault the great fort of the island; and when, as usual in such cases, old Rawlins the quartermaster was made custodian, *pro temp.*, of all the rings, watches, and purses of the officers, that they might be safe with him in the rear, it was remarked that MacPherson retained his own valuables.

"Ballychroan is a cool fellow," said the officers; "he has quite made up his mind to escape scatheless."

The eve of the tropical sun is brief and beautiful; in the forcible lines of Scott—

"No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With dislike battle target red,
He rushes to his burning bed;
Dyes the wild waves with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night!"

So sank the disc of the West Indian sun into the burning Caribbean sea, and sudden darkness veiled the march of the troops, while the pipes of Donald Bane, and other kilted minstrels of the Black Watch, woke the echoes of the fertile valleys and green cocoa-groves, as the corps formed the avant garde of the midnight movement, which brought the troops close to Morne Fortunée, in the attack on which MacPherson charmed all by his rashness and headlong bravery.

By a mistake of the black guide, General Moore found himself entangled with the French outposts two hours before the other columns came up. An immediate encounter ensued. The 53rd Regiment drove back the enemy; and here Evan MacPherson, ever foremost in danger, leaving his own ranks, pushed on with the English corps, as the dispatch of Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, its commander, relates; and after a hand-to-hand conflict, slew the French Republican general, piercing him through the body with such force that the long fluted blade of the Highland claymore would not come forth; so that he had actually to place his feet upon

the corpse before he could withdraw his weapon. Spurning the body off his sword, he uttered one of his old ferocious oaths of passion and blind fury.

The outpost was carried; by daybreak the other columns came up, and with the loss of fifty grenadiers Morne Fortunée was completely invested.

After this, five companies of the Black Watch, the Black Rangers under Malcolm of Lochore (a Fife-shire gentleman, who had a powerful presentiment that he would that day close his earthly career), the 55th Regiment, and the Light Company of the 57th, were ordered to assault the battery of Secke which was close to the outworks of Morne Fortunée, and, by a dangerous flank-fire, enfiladed the approach thereto.

As they advanced to the attack, MacPherson, being senior volunteer for the forlorn hope, led the stormers. He seemed wild with excitement; his cheek was red, and his dark eyes sparkled with a fiery glow.

Followed closely by six men carrying a scaling-ladder, with his sword clenched in his teeth, and bearing in his arms one of those huge grass-bags which are often used in such affairs to prevent stormers from being hurt by falling into the trenches, and which, for this purpose, are filled with freshly cut grass, he rushed forward at the head of the forlorn-hope-men, nearly all of whom were swept away by a rolling fire of grape, canister, and musket-shot. He tossed his grass bag into the trench, and seizing the ladder, shook off the dying men who clung to it, and with his own powerful hands he erected it at once against the slope of the stone bastion, uttering shouts of rage and triumph as he ascended.

Pell-mell a cheering mass of the Black Watch and 55th men intermingled followed him.

The fire concentrated upon this point was terrible ; it seemed the very crater of a volcano, vomiting flame and missiles, and bristling with points of steel. Lieutenant James Frazer of the Black Watch, and Donald Bane, now the pipe-major, fell dead. The former was caught in the arms of Sergeant Grant just as he was falling over the bastion, and many more were killed and wounded. MacPherson received several cuts and scars ; but he seemed to be regardless alike of danger and pain. On the old sergeant falling in the embrasure stunned by a blow from a musket-butt, the captain snatched the halbert from his hand to replace his claymore which had been broken on a musket-barrel, and armed anew, he hewed a passage into the battery, which was carried in triumph ; but not until the brave Malcolm of Lochore was slain by a grape-shot (thus fulfilling his solemn presentiment) and many of his Rangers had perished by his side.

MacPherson's bonnet had been denuded of its gay plumage by musket-shot, his plaid and uniform had been cut and pierced by sabres and bayonets ; yet he had but three wounds of consequence, and when he presented to General Moore the tricolour which he had pulled down from the battery, the brigadier said,

"By my soul, Captain MacPherson, you seem to bear a charmed life."

To this the captain replied only by one of his strange laughs, as he tore a Frenchman's tricoloured sash into strips to bind up the wounds in his sword-arm, for he had received two bayonet-stabs and a sword-cut in the affair.

But though the battery of Secke had thus fallen, Morne Fortunée was yet untaken ; and when the

Vizie, a fortified ridge under its guns was to be mined and carried by assault, MacPherson again volunteered for service in the front.

The local features and scenery of these isles, torn as they were by convulsions of nature into deep gorges covered with bosky thickets, or invaded by abrupt cliffs and bluffs, made the operations of the troops, who were cross-belted for weeks consecutively, severe and harassing. The hardihood and power of endurance which are characteristic of the Scottish Highlanders, rendered the Black Watch of the greatest service, while, on the other hand, the cavalry of the expedition were soon totally unfit for duty, and the 26th Light Dragoons gradually disappeared altogether.

"St. Lucia presents a chequered scene of sombre forests and fertile valleys, smiling plains and towering precipices, shallow rivers and deep ravines;" but the chief of all its hills are the huge pyramidal Pitons, two sugar-loaf shaped masses of rock, which from their base in the blue ocean to their summits in the sky are ever covered with waving foliage of the most brilliant green. The steep and rugged nature of the country and its pathless woods, where of old the painted Carib lurked, presented innumerable difficulties to the soldiers and seamen, who had to drag the battering guns from the beach into position against Morne Fortunée; but on the 17th May a sufficient number were in readiness to open a fire against the Vizie, or fortified ridge, which had been strengthened by palisades, earthworks, and bastions of stone, on which the French had mounted some of their heaviest guns.

It was proposed to undermine one of these bastions, and Evan MacPherson, who had volunteered for

the engineering department, discovered—no one knew how—an arched place almost immediately under it; and he at once resolved to turn this vault to the best advantage. It was small and domed with stone, having been an oratory hewn out of the hill-side in the days of the Sieur de Rousselan, a French Governor of St. Lucia, who died in 1654, and who was much beloved for his gentleness even by the fierce Caribs, one of whose women he had married.

Here, for three nights preceding the seventeenth of May, the Captain Dhu, with ten soldiers of the 27th Regiment, worked to lay a mine, which, when fired, would blow the whole upper work, with its men, cannon and shot into the air. In the dark they crept to and fro on their hands and knees, reaching the place unmolested it is true, but not *unseen*; for on the third night they were attacked by the French, and a terrible close combat with bayonets and pistols took place in the dark. Most of MacPherson's men were slain and cruelly butchered by the infuriated French; but him they could neither kill, capture, overcome, or drive out of the vault.

Plying his broadsword with both hands, he swept aside the charged bayonets and clubbed muskets like dry reeds by a winter brook; the wounds he inflicted were terrible! Lights were now brought, and in the red blaze of torches, and the ghastly green glare of fire-balls, his tall and muscular form was seen towering over a pile of fallen men who encumbered the slippery and gory floor, towering like an infernal spirit or destroying angel, his sword-blade and his eyes flashing together, his swarthy cheek a deep red, and his black hair waving in elf-like locks.

"*C'est le diable !*" exclaimed the French, and precipitately retired, leaving the vault, but only to adopt

measures more surely to destroy him. Piles of straw, damp hemp, tar-barrels, and powder were flung in. Then fire was applied, and thus all the miserable wounded were suffocated or burned alive, with the corpses of the dead. Even the Captain Dhu did not come forth after this; and at midnight his regiment, with the 27th or Inniskillings, and the 31st or Huntingdonshire Foot, commenced the attack on the fortified ridge of the Vizie without him; and his company was led by Lieutenant Simon Frazer, who was afterwards so severely wounded at the capture of St. Vincent.

Six days the fighting continued, and an unceasing fire was exchanged between the British battery and the fort, until the 27th Regiment, by a desperate exertion of bravery, effected a lodgment within five hundred yards of the French works, where they repulsed a furious sortie of the enemy, and maintained their ground almost over the very place where the miners had been destroyed. This movement proving successful, the French capitulated on the twenty-sixth May, and from that day the Isle of St. Lucia became a British colony, after the loss of one hundred and ninety-four officers and men killed, and five hundred and fifty-four wounded, according to the nominal return; but that document was in error by *one*; for among those returned as slain six days before the capitulation, was the Captain Dhu.

When the interment of the dead took place, the fatal mine was explored, and it presented a dreadful scene, being full of dead soldiers, half scorched, roasted, decomposed, and covered with black festering wounds, while the pavement was so slippery with blood and hideous slime, that the fatigue party could scarcely bear out the remains of their comrades to

their hastily-made graves under the fatal guns of Morne Fortunée.

The 27th found old Bill Hook, the corporal of their Pioneers, literally burned to a mere piece of charcoal; and the remains were alone identified by a brass tobacco-box which the deceased was known to possess.

One body, fearfully blackened by smoke, and having the uniform scorched off it, a sword in its fingers calcined by the fire to a mere stripe of rusty iron, was borne out and laid upon the grass in the bright sunshine; and then with a shout of astonishment old Hamish Grant and others recognised the famous Captain Dhu!

"It is MacPherson, Black Evan of Ballychroan!" they exclaimed; and the whole regiment crowded to gaze on what they believed to be the remains of this brave but terrible fellow.

"Quick—let us bury him!" said some of the soldiers.

But louder cries of astonishment rose from all, when he began to move and breathe; and then, like one awakening from a long trance, opened his eyes and gazed wildly about him.

For six days he had survived the horrors of that dark and terrible vault! The surgeons were promptly on the spot, and no means were left untried to restore MacPherson.

"Oich! oich!" muttered the Strathspeymen; "leave him to himself—the hour of his end is not yet come." Sergeant Grant, who was ordered to see if the vault was now cleared of dead bodies, entered it slowly and with some reluctance; but in a moment after he came forth with a bound, as if he had been shot from a mortar, leaving his bonnet behind him; his grey

hair was on end, his eyes dilated, and his usually nut-brown and weather-beaten cheek was deadly pale with terror.

"What the devil is the matter now?" asked several officers.

"The Devil himself is the matter," gasped the sergeant.

"How—what have you seen?" asked General Moore, laughing.

Hamish could not explain himself in English; but to the Black Watch who crowded about him he related that, on entering the *black-hole*—for so they named the mine—he had seen in the further end thereof the figure of a man, and believing he was some Frenchman who had found concealment there, he drew his sword and approached. Then a pair of bright, fierce, and terrible eyes, glaring like those of an owl or snake, met his gaze; and while secret awe and horror filled his soul, he found himself confronted by a man who was of giant stature, and whose face was darker than that of a mulatto, with a beard of raven blackness, and wearing a grey plaid and Lowland bonnet.

He was the stranger whom they had seen in the Forest of Gaich!

He uttered a shrill laugh, which rung round the vault, and for a moment rooted the poor sergeant to the bloody pavement; then the soldier, wild with terror, rushed into the light of day.

The story that a Scottish sergeant had seen the Devil in the mine occasioned great laughter in the camp, for no trace of his Satanic majesty—not even the print of a cloven hoof—could be found, when the 81st Regiment demolished the whole fabric next day, after dismantling the Vizie.



After the capture of Morne Fortunée, a marked change came over the Captain Dhu. He was subject to fits of profound melancholy and abstraction, and to gusts of passion and fury, when he drank deep and became almost mad, exclaiming that he was tormented by fiends—that the atmosphere was full of flame—that hell was yawning under his feet, and so forth. His excesses soon impaired his health so severely, that he was sent home with invalids, on a year's leave of absence, with a constitution broken by war, wounds, and the wine-bottle; and with a temper soured and furious, none knew by what.

The transport *Queen Charlotte*, in which he sailed from St. Vincent, was wrecked in the Irish Channel; and of three hundred souls who were on board, the Captain Dhu—though but the ruins of what he had been in bodily strength—alone escaped, being cast ashore, lashed to a spar; and after many strange and perilous adventures among the Irish, who were then in arms against the government, in the winter of 1799, he found himself at home in his native place, the beautiful valley of the Spey: and now we have reached the last chapter in his mysterious history—an event which is still locally remembered by the Grants and others in Strathspey as the DARK DEED in the Forest of Gaich.

On the 11th of January, 1800, being the day preceeding Yule, he summoned a party of gillies, and announced his intention of proceeding up the mountains to hunt the red deer in that place.

The Badenoch men looked at each other with perplexity and fear—as, from time immemorial, the Eve of Yule has been the epoch for all mischief, devilry, and witchcraft in the Highlands; and the scene of the proposed hunting was just the

place that men might be supposed to avoid at such a time.

"To hunt on Yule Eve—and in the Forest of Gaich!"

Irresolute and unwilling alike to offend or obey, they gazed at each other in silence.

"Go not forth to hunt to-day," said old Hamish Grant, the sergeant, who, being discharged after long service, was an occasional visitor at the house of his old leader.

"And why not to-day?" thundered Black Evan, with a terrible oath.

"Can you ask?"

"What day is it in particular?"

"The Eve of Yule."

"Would you refuse to fight the enemy on Yule Eve?" asked the captain, scornfully.

"No, Ballychroan," replied the sergeant, proudly; "for on that day in the year '76 I fought with the Americans on the Delaware."

"And what is Yule to me?" exclaimed the captain, as he drank a deep draught. "Ha! ha! what is that to me? Go I shall, though the fiend—the accursed fiend—came up from hell with all his legions to bar the way. Go I shall, Hamish; and go I must?"

"This is most strange!"

"Fatality compels me," said the captain, mournfully and wildly. "Oh, how few could comprehend the misery of a conviction like this! Fain would I give up *existence* if I could receive oblivion in exchange, but not life—*this* life at least. Fain would I rest in my grave, Hamish; but in the grave, even of a saint—yea, under the altar-stone of Iona—I could not find repose."

"I do not understand all this," said the old sergeant, solemnly; "so let us consult the minister about it."

"The minister—bah!"

"You never feared death, Ballychroan?"

"Death—no! for he has everywhere eluded me. You have seen me rush into the breach amid a thousand dangers, and escape them all. I have flung myself upon the levelled bayonets, and among the uplifted swords of the enemy; but the bayonets became pointless, the swords blunted, the bullets harmless as snow-flakes! In the dark vault of the Vizie, the flames spared me; even the ocean itself repelled me, when three hundred brave men went down into its greedy gulf; and, like he who wanders for ever—he who mocked his Saviour on the ascent to Calvary—I seem to bear a charmed life; but yet, like that more happy wretch, I cannot live for ever. No, Hamish, no—my days are numbered!"

"Go not forth to-day," reiterated the old soldier, grasping the arm of the excited captain.

"Bah!" he responded, and drained another glass of whiskey.

"What did Kenneth Ower foretel two hundred years ago?"

"That when a *black* Yule overtook a *black* Laird of Ballychroan, the race would cease."

"Well—you are the first of your family who have the name of Evan *Dhu*—and you have no son."

"Thank Heaven, no! I care not for predictions, and Kenneth Ower Mackenzie, the Brahn prophet, was a fool."

"He foretold strange things though."

"Such as, that oats would replace the fairies on the hill of Tomnahourich, and that ships with sails

unfurled would pass and repass it; but the green bracken and the purple heather wave yet on the Fairies' Hill, and we have heard nothing of the ships."*

"Kenneth Ower never spoke in vain," said the white-haired sergeant.

"I am too old a soldier to be terrified by silly predictions," exclaimed the captain, wrathfully; "so enough of this. Set forward, men—away to the forest! Let us drink, dance, and hunt while we may!"

And quaffing off a huge jug of alcohol, with a party of gillies, whom he had made half tipsy, he departed towards the Forest of Gaich.

Of all that band of hunters, not a man ever came down from the Grampians again!

On that night, when the whole atmosphere seemed calm and still, a terrific tempest, sudden as the discharge of a cannon, swept over the mountains. For hours the forked lightning played and flashed over Benoch-Corri-Va and the haunted Forest of Gaich, while the thunder-peals made the old women in every cottage and clachan totter down on their knees to mutter a prayer for deliverance from evil and danger, as the electric salvos hurtled over the great wooded

* The captain spoke in 1800. "Tomnahourich, the far-famed Fairies' Hill, has been sown with oats," states the *Inverness Advertiser* of 1859; "according to tradition, the Brahn prophet, who lived 200 years ago, predicted that ships with unfurled sails would pass and repass Tomnahourich; and further, that it would yet be placed under lock and key. The first part of the prediction was verified by the opening of the Caledonian Canal, and we seem to be on the eve of seeing the realization of the rest by the final closing up of the Fairies' Hill." In what succeeds I have closely followed local and oral tradition; but the black officer was *not* the last of his race, as he left a daughter, who, I believe, was married in England.

valley, through which the swollen Spey, the most furious of the Scottish rivers, laden with the spoil of a hundred forests, swept with a ceaseless roar to the German Ocean.

Over Gaich, the sky seemed all on fire. It was an expanse of crimson flame streaked with forky green flashes; and against this steady flush the huge Grampians stood strongly forth in sombre outline.

With night this storm passed away.

Three days after, some shepherds whc, in pursuit of their scattered flocks, ventured into the wilderness of Gaich, saw a sight, the memory of which causes many yet to shudder, as they tell to their grandchildren around the winter hearth the story of the Captain Dhu.

A lonely shieling, in which he and his twenty gillies took refuge, had been destroyed by a thunderbolt. Its rafters and stones were scattered over the forest, with the corpses of its inmates—every man of whom had been *torn limb from limb*, and scattered far apart, as if by the hands of some mighty fiend!

Such was the startling end of the Black Captain and his companions.

His evil reputation, the weird locality of his hunting, and the equally weird character of this tempestuous night, have fixed the idea deeply in the minds of the peasantry that Evan Dhu, of Ballychroan, decoyed these twenty Badenoch men into Gaich Forest for the sole purpose of delivering them to the fiend, in conformity with some terrible compact; for the whole scene of the catastrophe bore evidence of their destruction by some infernal agency, rather than, as others averred, the levin brand of Heaven.

At times, on the returning Eve of Yule, those who have been belated in the forest suddenly find them-

selves in the midst of an invisible company of roisterers, whose laughter, shouts, imprecations, and impious songs, fill the poor loiterers with affright; for though the voices seem close to the ear, no one is visible: and these unearthly bacchanalians are supposed to be the spirits of the doomed captain and his companions.

On other occasions, screams, yells and entreaties for mercy—wild, and thrilling, and heartrending—with the hoarse, deep baying of infernal dogs, are swept over the waste on the wind. But since that terrible catastrophe on Yule Eve, 1800, none pass willingly through the Forest of Gaich alone:

NOTES.

I

THE LETTER OF SERVICE.

In the story of Farquhar Shaw, the formation of the Highland Watch has been fully detailed; but the following is the Letter of Service by which the Independent Companies of the *Reioudan Dhu* became the 43rd, and afterwards the 42nd Regiment of the Line:

“GEORGE R.—Whereas, we have thought fit that a Regiment of Foot be forthwith formed under your command, and to consist of ten companies, each to contain one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, three sergeants, three corporals, two drummers, and one hundred effective private men; which said regiment shall be formed out of six Independent Companies of Foot in the Highlands of North Britain, three of which are now commanded by captains, and three by captain-lieutenants:

“Our will and pleasure therefore is, that one sergeant, one corporal, and fifty private men, be forthwith taken out of the three companies commanded by captains, and ten private men from the three commanded by captain-lieutenants, making one hundred and eighty men, who are to be equally distributed into the four companies hereby to be raised; and the three sergeants and three corporals

draughted as aforesaid, to be placed to such of the four companies as you shall judge proper; and the remainder of the non-commissioned officers and private men, wanting to complete them to the above number, to be raised in the Highlands with all possible speed, *the men to be natives of the country, and none other to be taken.*

"This regiment shall commence and take place according to the establishment thereof. And of these our orders and commands, you and the said three captains and the three captain-lieutenants, commanding at present the six Independent Highland Companies, and all others concerned, are to take notice, and yield obedience thereunto accordingly.

"Given at our Court of St. James's this 7th day of November, 1739, and in the 13th year of our reign. By His Majesty's command.

(Signed)

"WM. YONGE.

"To our right-trusty and well-beloved cousin
John Earl of Craufurd and Lindsay."

Letters of service usually contain the *special conditions* under which troops are levied. It is worthy of remark that such are carefully *omitted* in the foregoing.

II.

HIGHLAND SOLDIERS.

In the war between 1755 and 1762, sixty-five thousand Scotsmen were enlisted, according to the "Scots Magazine" for 1763, and of these a great proportion were Highlanders, whose services were extremely ill-required.

"Were not the Highlanders put upon every hazardous enterprise where nothing was to be got but broken bones, and are not all these regiments *discarded* now, but the 42nd?" says a writer in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 6th July, 1764. "The Scots colonel who entered the Moro Castle* is now reduced to half-pay; while an English general, whose avarice was the occasion of the death of many thousands of brave men, is not only on full pay, but in possession of one-fifth of the whole money gained at the Havannah—what proportion does the service of this general, who received £86,000, bear to a private soldier who got about fifty shillings, or an officer who received about £80 †?"

"The 42nd regiment consisted of two battalions and three companies, in all 2300 men, and now (in 1764) there remain only about ninety privates alive of the whole."

A passion for military glory and adventure, with the old patriarchal love of the chiefs and gentlemen who officered the Highland regiments, drew our mountain peasantry in great numbers into their ranks. "Thus we find," according to General Stewart, whose work has been quoted in the text, "that the whole corps embodied in the Highlands amounted to twenty-six battalions of fencible infantry, which, in addition to the *fifty battalions of the line*, three of reserve and seven of militia, formed altogether a force of EIGHTY-SIX HIGHLAND REGIMENTS embodied in the course of the four wars in which Britain had been engaged since the Black Watch was regimented in 1740. From a first glance, allowing 1000 men to each

* Lieutenant-Colonel James Stuart, who afterwards commanded at Cuddalore, in 1789.

† Lieut.-General the Earl of Albemarle received £122,697 10s. The writer is in error.

of these eighty-six regiments, would appear to come near the truth; but on a closer view it will be found to be far short of the actual number—several of the regiments had in the course of their service treble or quadruple their original number in their ranks. Thus the 71st, the 72nd and the 73rd, during the thirty-one years they were Highland (*i.e.* kilted), had at least 3000 Highlanders each, and other regiments had numbers in proportion to the length and nature of their service, both in tropical and temperate climat

“From the commencement of the late war,” according to another and equally careful writer, “the Island of Skye alone had furnished no fewer than 21 Lieutenant-Generals and Major-Generals; 48 Lieutenant-Colonels; 600 other commissioned officers and 10,000 foot soldiers; 4 Governors of British colonies; 1 Governor-General; 1 Adjutant-General; 1 Chief Baron of England; and 1 Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland.”

The game laws and expatriation of the people have now reduced the Highlands and Isles to a wilderness, or nearly so; the clans, whose memory is so inseparably connected with the military history of Scotland in modern times, and with the memory of days gone by, are swept to Australia, or the wilds of that Far West which is now the new home of the Celtic race.

According to Wilson—

Time and tide

Have washed away like weeds upon the sands,
Crowds of the olden life's memorials;
And mid the mountains you might as well seek
For the lone site of fancy's filmy dream.

III.

THE LETTRE DE CACHET.

Of Major White's companion in misfortune, referred to in the legend bearing the above title, the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1789 supplies the following information:—

"The Earl of Mazarine is an Irish peer; he was nearly stopped at Calais, on Friday, on his way here. He was with two other gentlemen, his companions in misfortune, and being all extremely mean and shabbily dressed, were suspected of being bad persons, and no one seemed desirous of embarking in the packet with them. He was at length obliged to declare himself. The people in the packet thought him mad. On landing at Dover, his lordship was the first to jump out of the boat, and in gratitude to Heaven for his deliverance, immediately fell on his knees, and kissing the ground thrice, exclaimed—

"God bless this land of liberty!"

This was one of the last episodes in the history of the terrible Bastille.

THE END.

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